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*FALSTAFF RECRUITING*

*" Have you provided me here half a dozen sufficient men?"*

*III. 2. HENRY II*

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THE WORKS OF

# WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Volume 8

## Henry IV, Part I
## Henry IV, Part II

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# PART ONE OF
# KING HENRY IV

All the unsigned footnotes in this volume are by the writer of the article to which they are appended. The interpretation of the initials signed to the others is: I. G. = Israel Gollancz, M.A.; H. N. H.= Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.; C. H. H.= C. H. Herford, Litt.D.

# PREFACE

## PARTS I AND II OF KING HENRY IV

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

### THE EARLY EDITIONS

(I) *The First Part of King Henry the Fourth*, entered on the Stationers' Registers, under date of February 25, 1597–8, appeared for the first time in a Quarto edition, with the following title-page:—"The History of Henrie the Fourth; with the battell at Shrewsburie, betweene the King and Lord Henry Percy, surnamed Henrie Hotspur of the North. With the humorous conceits of Sir Iohn Falstalffe. At London. Printed by P. S. for Andrew Wise, dwelling in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Angell. 1598." (*Cp.* Grigg's Facsimile edition.)

No less than five subsequent Quarto editions appeared before the publication of the play in the first Folio; they were issued in 1599, 1604, 1608, 1613, 1622. Other Quartos belong to the years 1632 and 1639. Each edition seems to have been derived from its predecessor.

The title of the play in the Folio is, "The First Part of Henry the Fourth, with the Life and Death of Henry Surnamed Hotspurre." The Cambridge editors refer the Folio text to a partially corrected copy of the fifth Quarto. The earlier Quartos were, however, probably consulted by the corrector.

(II) *The Second Part of King Henry the Fourth* was first published in Quarto in 1600, with the following title-page:—"The Second part of Henrie the fourth, continuing to his death, and coronation of Henry the fifth. With the humours of Sir John Falstaffe, and swaggering

Pistoll. As it hath been sundry times publikely acted by the right honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. Written by William Shakespeare. London. Printed by V. S. for Andrew Wise and William Aspley. 1600." (*Cp.* Grigg's Facsimile edition.) The play was entered by the publishers upon the Stationers' Registers on August 23rd of the same year.

By some accident the first scene of Act III had been omitted in some copies of the Quarto. The error was rectified by inserting two new leaves, the type of some of the preceding and following leaves being used; hence there are two different impressions of the latter part of Act II and the beginning of Act II, ii.

The text of this Part in the first Folio was probably ultimately derived from a transcript of the original MS. It contains passages which had evidently been originally omitted in order to shorten the play for the stage. "Some of these are among the finest in the play, and are too closely connected with the context to allow of the supposition that they were later additions, inserted by the author after the publication of the Quarto" (Cambridge editors). Similarly, the Quarto contains passages not found in the Folio, and for the most part "the Quarto is to be regarded as having the higher critical value."

### DATE OF COMPOSITION

There is almost unanimity among scholars in assigning 1 *Henry IV* to the year 1596–1597. (i) According to Chalmers, the opening lines of the play "plainly allude" to the expedition against Spain in 1596. Similarly the expression "the poor fellow never joyed since the price of oats rose" (II, i) may be connected with the *Proclamation for the Dearth of Corn*, etc., issued in the same year. The introduction of the word "valiant," detrimental to the meter of the line, in Act V, iv, 41,

*"The spirits*
*Of (valiant) Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms,"*

may perhaps also point to 1596–7 as the original date of composition: the Shirleys were knighted by the Queen in 1597.

(ii) The earliest reference to the play occurs in Meres' *Palladis Tamia,* 1598; while Ben Jonson ends his *Every Man Out of His Humour* with the words, "You may in time make lean Macilente as fat as Sir John Falstaff." In the *Pilgrimage to Parnassus,* acted at St. John's College, Cambridge, Christmas, 1598, there are what seem to be obvious reminiscences of the tapster's "Anon, Anon, Sir." [1] The point is of special interest in view of Mr. H. P. Stokes' suggestion that 1 *Henry IV* was itself originally a Christmas play of the previous year, 1597.

(iii) General considerations of style corroborate these pieces of external evidence; its subtle characterization, "its reckless ease and full creative power," its commingling of the serious and the comic, its free use of verse and prose, make the play "a splendid and varied historic tragi-comedy" rather than a mere "history,"—"historic in its personages and its spirit, yet blending the high heroic poetry of chivalry with the most original inventions of broad humor" (Verplanck). *Henry IV* bears, in fact, the same relationship to *Richard III, King John,* and *Richard II* that *The Merchant of Venice* does to such early comedies as *Love's Labor's Lost, The Two Gentlemen, Comedy of Errors,* etc. The simple plots of the earlier histories gave place to the more complex *Henry IV,* much in the same way as the simple love-comedies were succeeded by the polymythic method of *The Merchant of Venice.* As far as the introduction of prose is concerned, the case of the present play is specially remarkable; [2] the earlier historical pieces, following the example of Marlowe's *Edward II,* contained practically no prose at all. Similarly, in his avoidance of rhyme as a trick of dramatic rhetoric, Shake-

[1] *Cp.* "I shall no sooner open this pint pot but the word like a knave-tapster will cry 'Anon, Anon, Sir,'" etc.

[2] 1,464 lines of prose occur in *1 Henry IV,* and 1,860 lines in *2 Henry IV,* out of a total 3,170 and 3,437 lines respectively.

speare shows, in *Henry IV*, that he has learned to differentiate between his lyrical and dramatic gifts. His earlier work in the department of history was indeed largely experimental, and bore many marks of Shakespeare's apprentice hand; none of these previous efforts produced a typically Shakespearean drama; in *Henry IV* Shakespeare, as it were, discovered himself.

The *Second Part of Henry IV*, "at once the supplement and epilogue of the first part, and the preparation for the ensuing dramatic history of Henry V," may with certainty be dated 1598–9. Ben Jonson's *Every Man Out of his Humour*, acted in 1599, contains an early allusion to Justice Silence.[1] It was probably not written, as has been maintained on insufficient ground, before the Stationers' entry of 1 *Henry IV* in 1598, the title-page of the first Quarto of Part I, as well as the entry, imply that no second part was then in existence. "Christmas, 1598" may perhaps be the actual date of its first production.

### THE SOURCES OF THE PLOT

The materials of both parts of *Henry IV* were derived from (I) Hall's and Holinshed's *Chronicles*, and (II) from the old play of *The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth*, which was acted before 1588, and of which editions appeared in 1594 and 1597 (Hazlitt, *Shakespeare Library*, Pt. II, i, 323).

(I) On the whole, Shakespeare has followed history closely in this play; among the most striking deviations is, perhaps, Shakespeare's intentional change in making Hotspur and the Prince of the same age, in order to heighten the contrast between them. The characters of Glendower, Northumberland, Mowbray, the Archbishop, and Prince John, as well as that of Hotspur, have all undergone slight changes at Shakespeare's hands. Noteworthy errors (due to the original *Chronicles*), are:—(i) calling the Earl of

[1] *Savi.* What's he, gentle Mons. Brisk? Not that gentleman?
*Fasl.* No, lady; this is a kinsman to Justice Silence.

Fife son to the beaten Douglas—an error due to the omission of a comma in Holinshed; (ii) confounding the Edward Mortimer, prisoner, and afterwards son-in-law of Glendower, and second son of the first Earl of March, with his nephew the Earl of March, entitled to the throne by legitimate succession, at this time a child in close keeping at Windsor Castle. Hence, in one place, Lady Percy is correctly styled Mortimer's sister, in another she is referred to as his aunt (Lloyd, *Critical Essays*, p. 228; Courtenay's *Commentaries on the Historical Plays*, I, pp. 75–159).

(II) The old Chronicle of *The Famous Victories* certainly provided Shakespeare with substantial hints for the comic element of his play,—"Ned, Gadshill, the old tavern in Eastcheap, the hostess, the recognition of Sir John Oldcastle, or at least his horse, down even to the 'race of ginger,' that was to be delivered as far as Charing Cross, meet our eyes as we turn over the pages," but, in the words of the same critic, "never before did genius ever transmute so base a *caput mortuum* into ore so precious."

### FALSTAFF

Sir John Oldcastle, one of the Prince's wild companions in the old play, appears to have been the original of the character subsequently called Sir John Falstaff. A trace of the old name is still to be found in 1 *Henry IV*, where the Prince addresses the knight as "my old lad of the castle" (I, ii, 47): in 2 *Henry IV* (Quarto 1), the prefix "Old." is found before one of Falstaff's speeches. The fact that "Falstaff" was substituted for "Oldcastle" throughout the plays perhaps explains the metrical imperfections of such a line as "Away, good Ned, Falstaff sweats to death" (II, ii, 115). In the final Epilogue the change is still further emphasized. The tradition, however, remained, and in the Prologue to the play of *Sir John Oldcastle* (printed in 1600, with Shakespeare's name on the title-page of some copies) direct reference is made to the

degradation the Lollard martyr had suffered at the hands of the dramatist:—

> "It is no pampered glutton we present,
> Nor aged counsellor to youthful sin,
> But one whose virtue shone above the rest.
> . . . Let fair truth be graced,
> Since forged invention former times defaced."

As late as 1618, Nathaniel Field, in his *Amends for Ladies*, referred to "the fat Knight, hight Oldcastle," and not to Falstaff, as he who "truly told what honor was." This single passage, in Mr. Halliwell's opinion, would alone render it highly probable that some of the theaters in acting *Henry IV* retained the name after the author had altered it to that of Falstaff. (Hence it is inferring too much to argue from the prefix "*Old.*" in a single passage, *2 Henry IV*, I, ii, 137, that the Second Part of the play was written previously to the date of entry of the First Part in February, 1598.)

There is in this case abundance of evidence to confirm the ancient tradition handed down to us by Rowe, that "this part of Falstaff is said to have been written originally under the name of Oldcastle; some of that family being then remaining, the Queen was pleased to command him to alter it." Many Protestant writers protested against the degradation of the famous Lollard. "It is easily known," wrote Fuller in his *Worthies of England* (ed. 1811, ii, p. 131–2), "out of what purse this black penny came; the Papists railing on him for a heretic, and therefore he must also be a coward, though indeed he was a man of arms, every inch of him, and as valiant as any in his age." [1]

"Now," continued old Fuller, "as I am glad that Sir John Oldcastle is put out, so I am sorry that Sir John Fastolfe is put in. . . . Nor is our comedian excus-

[1] *Cp.* Tennyson's *Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham,* with its noble vindication of the martyr's character:—

> "Faint-hearted? tut! faint-stomached! faint as I am,
> God-willing, I will burn for Him."

able by some alteration of his name; . . . few do heed the inconsiderable difference in spelling of their name." Falstaff seems indeed to owe something more than his mere name to the famous Sir John Fastolf (*c.* 1378–1459), the degradation of whose character comes out so strongly in 1 *Henry VI* (III, ii, 104–9; iv, 19–47), "where Fastolf (spelt Falstaff) is portrayed as a contemptible craven in the presence of Joan of Arc's forces; and as publicly stripped of his garter by Talbot."

Perhaps Fastolf's reputed sympathy with Lollardism may, as Mr. Gairdner suggests, have encouraged Shakespeare to bestow his name on a character bearing the appellation of an acknowledged Lollard like Oldcastle. Both characters suffered at the hands of their enemies; but the historical Sir John Fastolf, even as the historical Sir John Oldcastle, found many enthusiasts ready to defend his memory.

"To avouch him by many arguments valiant is to maintain that the sun is bright," wrote Fuller in the noteworthy passage already quoted, "though the stage hath been overbold with his memory, making him a *thrasonical puff*, and emblem of mock valor." [1] (*The Character of Sir John Falstaff*, by T. O. Halliwell, 1541; Gairdner and Spedding's *Studies*, pp. 54–77, *On the Historical Elements in Shakespeare's Falstaff; vide "Sir John Fastolf" in Dictionary of National Biography*, by Sidney Lee, etc.)

### DURATION OF ACTION

(I) The time of 1 *Henry IV*, as analyzed by Mr. P. A. Daniel, covers ten "historic" days, with three extra Falstaffian days, and intervals. Total dramatic time, three

[1] "The magnificent knight, Sir John Fastolf, bequeathed estates to Magdalen College, Oxford, part of which were appropriated to buy liveries for some of the senior scholars; but the benefactions in time yielding no more than a penny a week to the scholars who received the liveries, they were called, by way of contempt, *Falstaff's buckrammen*" (Warton).

months at the outside (*Trans. of New Shaks. Soc.*, 477–79):—

*Day* 1. Act I, i. London. News of the battle of Homildon, etc. *Interval:* a week (?). Hotspur comes to Court.

[*Day* 1*a*. Act I, ii. London. Falstaff, Prince Hal, etc. The robbery at Gadshill planned.]

*Day* 2. Act I, iii. Rebellion of the Percys planned. *Interval:* some three or four weeks.

*Day* 3. Act II, iii. Hotspur resolves to join the confederates at Bangor. *Interval:* a week. Hotspur and Worcester reach Bangor.

[*Days* 2*a*, 3*a*. Act II, i, ii, iv; (Act III, ii)].

*Day* 4. Act III, i. Bangor. *Interval:* about a fortnight.

*Day* 5. Act III, ii. Prince Hal and his father. *Interval:* about a week.

*Day* 6. Act III, iii. Prince Hal informs Falstaff of his appointment to a charge of foot for the wars. *Interval:* a week.

*Day* 7. Act IV, i. Rebel camp near Shrewsbury. *Interval.*

*Day* 8. Act IV, ii. Near Coventry.

*Day* 9. Act IV, iii. The rebel camp. Act IV, iv. York.

*Day* 10. Act V, i to v. The battle of Shrewsbury.

The historic period represented ranges from the defeat of Mortimer by Glendower, June 12, 1402, to the Battle of Shrewsbury, July 21, 1403.

(II) The time of *2 Henry IV* occupies nine days as represented on the stage, with three extra Falstaffian days, comprising altogether a period of about two months:—

*Day* 1. Act I, i. *Interval.*

*Day* 2. Act I, iii; Act II, iii. *Interval* (within which fall *Day* 1*a:* Act I, ii, and *Day* 2*a:* Act II, i, ii, iv).

I

*Day* 3 (the morrow of *Day 2a*): Act III, i. *Interval.*
*Day* 4. Act III, ii. *Interval.*
*Day* 5. Act IV, i–iii. *Interval.*
*Day* 6. Act IV, iv, v.
*Day* 7. Act V, ii. *Interval* (including *Day 3a:* Act V, i, iii).
*Day* 8. Act V, iv.
*Day* 9. Act V, v.

The historic period covers from July 21, 1403, to April 9, 1413.

# INTRODUCTION

I

By Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.

*The First Part of King Henry the Fourth* was entered in the Stationers' Register to Andrew Wise, February 25, 1598; the entry running thus: "*A book intitled the History of Henry IV, with the battle at Shrewsbury against Henry Hotspur of the North, with the conceited Mirth of Sir John Falstaff.*" The same year it was published in a quarto pamphlet of forty leaves, with a title-page reading as follows: "*The History of Henry the Fourth, with the battle at Shrewsbury between the King and Lord Henry Percy, surnamed Henry Hotspur of the North: With the humorous conceits of Sir John Falstaff. At London: Printed by P. S. for Andrew Wise, dwelling in Paul's Church-yard, at the sign of the Angel.* 1598." It was issued again in 1599, the title-page being the same, except the addition,—"*Newly corrected by W. Shakespeare.*" And there was a third issue in 1604, with a title-page varying from that of 1599 thus: "*Printed by Valentine Simmes for Matthew Law, and are to be sold at his shop in Paul's Churchyard, at the sign of the Fox.*" It was also published a fourth and a fifth time by Matthew Law, in 1608 and 1613. Thus far it is simply called "*The History of Henry the Fourth,*" and nothing is said of its being "The First Part;" but in the folio of 1623 it is entitled "*The First Part of Henry the Fourth, with the Life and Death of Henry surnamed Hot-spur.*" The play was also mentioned by Meres in his *Wit's Treasury*, in 1598, and was transferred from Wise to Law at the Stationers', June 27, 1603. No further contemporary mention of it has been discovered.

All these editions have been collated by Mr. Collier, who says that "the text is unquestionably found in its purest state in the quarto of 1598." The five later editions appear to have been printed from that and from one another, all the errors of the first being retained, and new ones added in every reimpression.

It is our firm conviction that *King John* and *Richard II* were both written some time before the play in hand; the priority of the former seeming so clear from the internal evidence, as to render other argument needless, especially if we bear in mind the Poet's constant progress in art as shown in all his other plays. The extraordinary success and popularity of *Henry IV* appears in that no less than five issues were called for within a few years; and we might naturally infer therefrom that the play would not be suffered to remain unpublished long after it became known. It can scarce be doubted, however, as we shall presently see, that the original name of Falstaff was Sir John Oldcastle; so that we must suppose the writing to have been long enough before the first entry at the Stationers' for the Poet to see good cause for making the change, as that entry mentions "the conceited Mirth of Sir John Falstaff." Nevertheless there seems no strong reason for assigning the composition to an earlier period than 1597.

As to the fact of the change in question, there are some indications thereof in the play itself; as in Act I, sc. ii, where the prince calls Falstaff "my *old* lad of the *castle;*" and in the Epilogue to the Second Part, where the speaker says,—"For any thing I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already he be kill'd with your hard opinions; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man." And in the quarto edition of the Second Part, Act I, sc. ii, one of Falstaff's speeches has the prefix *Old.*, the change probably not having been in that instance marked in the manuscript. Further evidence to the same effect has been found in the mention of "fat Sir John Oldcastle," in a tract dated 1604, and entitled *The Meeting of Gallants at an*

*Ordinary;* and in the fact that Weaver makes Oldcastle, as Shakespeare does Falstaff, to have been page to Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk. And the matter is put beyond question by a passage in *Amends for Ladies*, a play by Nathaniel Field, published in 1618, and probably written as early as 1611: "Did you never see the play where the *fat knight*, hight *Oldcastle*, did tell you truly what this *honor* was?" which could refer to nothing else than Falstaff's soliloquy in Act V, sc. i, of this play.

The reason of the change probably was, that the name and memory of "Sir John Oldcastle, the good Lord Cobham," might be rescued from the profanations of the stage. Thus much seems hinted in the passage quoted above from the Epilogue, and may be gathered from what Fuller says in his *Church History:* "Stage-poets have themselves been very bold with, and others very merry at, the memory of Sir John Oldcastle, whom they have fancied a boon companion, a jovial royster, and a coward to boot. The best is, Sir John Falstaff hath relieved the memory of Sir John Oldcastle, and is substituted buffoon in his place." Likewise in the Prologue to the *History of the Life of Sir John Oldcastle*, 1600, we have the lines,—

> "It is no pamper'd glutton we present,
> Nor aged counsellor to youthful sin,
> But one whose virtues shine above the rest,
> A valiant martyr, and a virtuous peer;"

wherein the writer apparently refers to what he considered an abuse of the hero's name on the stage. For Oldcastle, having been put to death as a Wickliffite, grew to be exceedingly popular, and his name was held in great reverence after the Reformation. Another motive for the change may have been, the better to distinguish Shakespeare's play from *The Famous Victories of Henry V*, a play which had been on the stage some years, and wherein Sir John Oldcastle was among the names of the *Dramatis Personæ*, as were also Ned and Gadshill.

From all which, as well as from other causes, Mr. Halli-

well reasonably concludes, that the stage already had a rude outline of Falstaff under the name of Oldcastle; that Shakespeare at first took this latter name, but changed it to Falstaff before his play was printed; and that in some theaters that name was still retained after the change had been made.

As to *The Famous Victories of Henry V*, there is no telling with any certainty when or by whom it was written. It is known to have been on the boards as early as 1588, because one of the parts was played by Tarleton, the celebrated comedian, who died that year. And Thomas Nash thus alludes to it in his *Pierce Penniless*, 1592: "What a glorious thing it is to have Henry the Fifth represented on the stage, leading the French King prisoner, and forcing him and the Dolphin to swear fealty." It was also entered at the Stationers' in 1594; and a play called *Harry the Fifth*, probably the same one, was performed by Henslowe's company in 1595; and not less than three editions of it were put forth, one in 1598, the others undated. All which tells strongly for its success and popularity. The action of the play extends over the whole space of time occupied by Shakespeare's two parts of *Henry IV* and *Henry V*. The Poet can scarce be said to have built upon it or borrowed from it at all, any further than the taking of the above-mentioned names. The play, indeed, is every way a most wretched, worthless performance, being altogether a mass of stupid vulgarity; at once vapid and vile; without the least touch of wit in the comic parts, or of poetry in the tragic; the verse being such only to the eye; Sir John Oldcastle being a dull low-minded profligate, uninformed with the slightest felicity of thought or humor, the prince an irredeemable compound of the ruffian, the blackguard, and the hypocrite, and their companions the fitting seconds of such principals: so that to have drawn upon it for any portion or element of Shakespeare's *Henry IV*, were much the same as "extracting sunbeams from cucumbers."

Of the *First and Second Parts of Henry IV* Dr. Johnson

rightly remarks,—"These two plays will appear to every reader, who shall peruse them without ambition of critical discoveries, to be so connected that the second is merely a sequel to the first; to be two, only because they are too long to be one." For which cause it will be most convenient to regard them as one in our introductory matter.

In these plays, as elsewhere, Shakespeare's main authority was Holinshed, in whatsoever he has of historical fact. And in this case it is hard to say whether the Poet has shown a more creative or a more learned spirit; there being perhaps no other work to be named, which in the same compass unites so great freedom of invention with so rich a fund of historical matter. Nor is it easy to decide whether there be more even of historical truth in what he created or in what he borrowed; for, as Hallam justly observes, "what he invented is as truly English, as truly historical in the large sense of moral history, as what he read."

Bolingbroke came to the throne in 1399, having first deposed his cousin, Richard II. The chief agents or instruments in this usurpation were the Percys, known in history as Northumberland, Worcester, and Hotspur, three haughty and turbulent noblemen, who afterwards troubled him to keep the crown, as much as they had helped him to get it; the obligations they had laid upon him being indeed just of the kind to beget ingratitude on his part and discontent on theirs. For, whatsoever favors were conferred on them, they regarded as their due; if any were denied, they thought themselves wronged: while he could as little bear to be reminded of their services as they could to have them forgotten.

The rightful heir to the crown, next after Richard, was Edmund Mortimer, earl of March, a lad then about seven years old, whom, together with a younger brother, the king held in a sort of honorable custody, using various arts to prevent any popular discussion of his claims. Early in his reign, one of his leading partisans in Wales, Lord Grey of Ruthven, went to insulting and oppressing Owen Glendower, a nobleman of that country, who had been trained

up in the English court, and grown to be an apprentice in the law. Glendower petitioned the king and parliament for redress, and, his petition being rejected with insult, he thereupon took the work of redress into his own hands, and made indiscriminate war on all who abetted the king's cause, aiming at nothing less than the independence of his country. Sir Edmund Mortimer, uncle to the young earl of March, and brother to Hotspur's wife, being sent against him with an army, his forces were utterly broken, himself taken prisoner, and put into close confinement by Glendower, where the king suffered him to lie unransomed, being glad perhaps to be thus rid of him, lest, as the natural guardian of the young earl, he might at some future time undertake to assert the rights of his nephew. Shakespeare, however, following Holinshed, makes the earl himself, who was then engaged at Windsor, to have been Glendower's prisoner; and it is remarkable that Hume has fallen into the same mistake.

Glendower approved himself one of the most bold and enterprising warriors of the age. After Mortimer's defeat and captivity, the king led three powerful armies against him in succession, and was as often baffled by the valor or the policy of the Welchman, who, eluding his approaches when he could not resist them, sought to wear out his patience by a protracted guerilla warfare. At length the elements made war on the king; his forces were storm-stricken, blown to pieces by tempests: which bred a general belief that Glendower could "command the devil," and "call spirits from the vast deep." The king finally gave up and retired, leaving Glendower unconquered; but still consoled himself that he yielded not to the arms but to the magic arts of his antagonist.

In the beginning of his reign the king led an army into Scotland, and summoned the Scottish king to appear before him at Edinburgh, and do homage for his crown: but finding that the Scots would neither submit nor fight, and being pressed by famine, he soon gave over the undertaking and withdrew. To retaliate for this invasion, an

army of Scots broke into England, where many of them perished, and the rest were taken prisoners; in revenge of which loss the earl Douglas at the head of ten thousand bold Scots burst into England, and advanced as far as Newcastle, spreading terror and havoc around him. Returning home loaded with plunder, they were met by the Percys at Homildon, where after a fierce and bloody battle the Scots were totally routed; Douglas himself being taken prisoner, as were also many other Scottish noblemen, and among them Murdac, earl of Fife, son to the duke of Albany, who was brother to the king, and at that time regent of Scotland. The most distinguished of the English leaders on this occasion was the well-known Hotspur, a man of a most restless, daring, fiery, and impetuous spirit, who first armed when he was twelve years of age; from which time, it is said, his *spur was never cold,* he being continually at war with the Scots.

The Percys rightly claimed by the laws of war to hold for ransom all the prisoners taken at Homildon, except the earl of Fife, whom, as being a prince of the Scottish blood royal, they were bound to deliver over to their sovereign. The king, however, demanded them all, as he wished to use them in bettering the terms of peace with Scotland. This demand the Percys stoutly refused, unless the king would ransom their kinsman Mortimer; which he as stoutly refused to do, alleging that Mortimer had treacherously suffered himself to be taken. With which fraudulent answer and excuse the Percys were not a little fumed; and so they departed, purposing nothing less than to depose the king, and place the earl of March in his seat. Douglas being still their prisoner, they forthwith took him into their friendship, and at the same time struck a league with Glendower, who also set Mortimer free, and gave him his daughter in marriage. Thus were "that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower," all banded together against King Henry.

Nor was the king wanting on his part. Being informed of their doings, he quickly gathered about him such power

as he could, and passed forward with such speed, that he was in sight of them near Shrewsbury before they had any thought of his coming. Northumberland being kept back either by craft or by sudden illness, and Glendower not having yet come up, each side feared that the other might gain strength by delay; so that policy made them hasten an engagement. Composition, however, being first tried, the rebel chiefs set forth a list of their grievances, and Worcester was sent to confer with the king; but when the latter had condescended to all that was reasonable, and seemed to humble himself more than was meet, the former returned to Hotspur, and reported just the contrary of what had been offered. The battle which followed was one of the most obstinate and bloody on record: Hotspur surpassed his former self, and Douglas, emulating him, performed amazing feats of valor, seeking the king all over the field, and slaying several captains arrayed in his garb; until the fall of Hotspur by an unknown hand, and the consequent dispiriting of his men, at last gave the victory to the king. Worcester and Douglas being both taken, the former suffered as a rebel, the other was treated honorably as a prisoner of war. This battle took place in July, 1403, Prince Henry being then sixteen years of age. Young, however, as he was, he did the work of a man: though wounded in the face with an arrow, insomuch that many tried to withdraw him from the field, yet, fearing lest his departure might strike doubt into his men, he stayed with them to the last, never ceasing to fight where the battle was hottest.

Meanwhile Northumberland had set out with an army to join his son: but, hearing of the event at Shrewsbury, he disbanded his forces, and made his submission, alleging that his purpose in arming was to mediate between the parties; which apology the king accepted, thinking that too great severity would tend to propagate insurrection. Some two years later the earl entered into a fresh conspiracy with Lord Mowbray, the archbishop of York, and others, and again withheld himself when the issue came, thus leaving his confederates to fight it out alone, after he

had drawn them too far to retreat. They having gathered an army, the earl of Westmoreland and Prince John, the king's third son, were sent against them, and came up with them near York: but the earl, finding his force inferior, crushed them by a stratagem, wherein it seems doubtful whether he showed more perfidy, or they more simplicity. Negotiations being opened, and a conference appointed in the space between the armies, the earl heard their complaints, granted their demands, and engaged that the king should satisfy them; then, seeing their joy at his concessions, proposed that they should drink together in sign of agreement, that the people on both sides might see it. The archbishop then gave word to his men to lay aside their arms, and they, beholding such tokens of peace, as shaking of hands and drinking together of the lords in loving manner, broke up their field and returned homewards. But the earl had given secret orders for his men to keep their places; and, as soon as he saw the prey fairly within his grasp, he arrested the lords of the other side as traitors, and ordered a murderous attack on their men.

Thereupon Northumberland, together with Lord Bardolph, fled into Scotland; and about three years after, in 1408, they broke into England with a power of Scots, surprised several castles, and were advancing with high hopes, when Sir Thomas Rokesby, sheriff of Yorkshire, brought a force upon them at Branham Moor; where, after a sharp conflict, the victory fell to the sheriff, both the earl and Bardolph being slain. Thus ended the risings of the Percys; they all having deservedly fallen before the power which they had so wickedly helped to strengthen, and which they were therefore all the more eager to pull down, because of the part they had in setting it up: strong sinews, indeed, with Bolingbroke for a head; but against that head their strength only served to work their own overthrow.

In the spring of 1405 Prince Henry, being then in his nineteenth year, was at the head of an army in Wales, where Glendower had hitherto carried all before him. By

his activity, prudence, and perseverance, the young hero gradually wrought the Welchman's downfall. Soon after reaching the scene of war he gained a clean victory over Griffith, Glendower's son, taking him prisoner, and pursued his success until checked by the arrival of foreign auxiliaries on the other side. The fall of Northumberland having at length rid the king of domestic enemies, he was able to furnish his indefatigable son with adequate supplies of men and means. Advancing slowly but constantly, he at last brought the whole country into subjection. He continued in this service most of the time for about four years, his valor and conduct awakening the most favorable expectations, and bringing him a degree of fame which is said to have moved his father's jealousy. Even before the action at Shrewsbury he had given some tokens of the promise which afterwards rose up so enchantingly, but which was not a little clouded by his rampant hilarity during the intervals of labor in the field. His father was much grieved at these irregularities, and both his grief and his jealousy were augmented by some loose and unfilial words which were reported by certain meddling pickthanks as having fallen from the prince in hours of merriment. Hearing of this, he went with a train of his followers to expostulate with his father; yet even then he enacted a strange freak of oddity, arraying himself in a gown of blue satin wrought full of eyelet holes, and at every eyelet the needle still hanging by the silk. Being admitted to an interview in the presence of a few friends, he fell on his knees, and, presenting a dagger, begged the king to take his life, since he had withdrawn his favor. His father, being much moved, threw away the dagger, and, embracing, kissed him, and owned with tears that he had indeed held him in suspicion, though, as he now saw, without just cause; and promised that no misreport should thenceforth shake his confidence in him.

At another time, one of his unruly minions being convicted of felony and sentenced to prison by Sir William Gascoigne, Chief Justice of the King's Bench, the prince

undertook to rescue him, and even went so far as to make an assault on the judge; whereupon that pattern of judicial integrity and firmness ordered him into close keeping, and he had the good sense quietly to submit. Upon being told this his father exclaimed,—"Happy the king that has a judge so firm in his duty, and a son so obedient to the law." When he came to the throne, the prince showed his high appreciation of this righteous man by retaining him in office.

In the fourteenth year of his reign the king went about the design he had long cherished of undertaking the recovery of Jerusalem from the infidels. The provision for this being all made ready, he was stricken with "a very apoplexy" which soon ended his life. One day, while he was lying in a fit, apparently dead, having the crown on a pillow beside him, Prince Henry carried it into another room. Upon reviving, the king asked sternly who had taken it, and, being told, ordered the prince into his presence. Pacified by his dutiful words, the king sighed out,—"Alas! fair son, what right have you to the crown, since your father had none?" He answered,—"My liege, with the sword you won it, and with the sword I will keep it." "Well," said the king faintly, "do as you think best: I leave the issue with God, and hope He will have mercy on my soul." At the time of the last attack he was making his prayers at the shrine of St. Edward, and his attendants, fearing his present death, bore him into a chamber near by, belonging to the abbot of Westminster. As soon as he could speak, he asked the name of the room he was in, and, being told it was called Jerusalem, he said,—"Laud be given to the Father of heaven; for now I shall die here, according to the prophecy concerning me, that I should depart this life in Jerusalem."

One of the finest passages in English criticism is in the seventh of Coleridge's series of lectures delivered in 1818, where, after speaking of Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, and Massinger, he adds the following:—"What had a grammatical and logical consistency for the ear,—what

could be put together and represented to the eye,—these poets took from the ear and eye, unchecked by any intuition of an inward impossibility;—just as a man might put together a quarter of an orange, a quarter of an apple, and the like of a lemon and a pomegranate, and make it look like one round diverse-colored fruit. But nature, which works from within by evolution and assimilation, according to a law, cannot do so, nor could Shakespeare; for he too worked in the spirit of nature. In the Shakespearean drama there is a vitality which grows and evolves itself from within,—a key-note which guides and controls the harmonies throughout."

What is here so justly said of the Poet's dramas generally holds good in the fullest measure of the *First and Second Parts of King Henry IV*, which, as already remarked, are essentially one drama arranged and marked as two, "only because too long to be one." Where, then, are we to find the center and principle of vital unity here? what is the "key-note which guides and controls the harmonies throughout" this work? Doubtless it is to be sought for in the character of Prince Henry, and in the wonderful change alleged to have taken place in his behavior on coming to the crown. Why was Henry of Monmouth so loose and wanton a reveller in his youth, and yet such a proficient in all noble and virtuous disciplines in his manhood? what causes, internal and external, determined him to the one; what impulses from within, what influences from without, transformed or developed him into the other? This, to the best of our judgment, is the central point where all the persons and events, with the strange alternations of wit and poetry, run together into an organic whole. So that, if viewed in the light of this principle, the entire work, with its broad, rich variety of character and incident, will be found, we think, to proceed in a spirit of wise insight and design; the whole evincing indeed a wonderful opulence of imagination, but perhaps a still more wonderful mastery of reason.

Accordingly, in the very first scene of the play this self-

same matter is put forth as uppermost in the king's thoughts. We refer to the passage between Westmoreland and the king touching the victory at Homildon; where the former declares "it is a conquest for a prince to boast of;" and the latter thereupon owns that the fame of Hotspur makes him sad and makes him sin, as he sees "riot and dishonor stain the brow of his young Harry," and wishes it could be proved that Hotspur was indeed his son, and the prince a scion of some other stock. The whole play is mainly ordered with a view to unfold the grounds and reasons of the wish thus expressed, and also the causes and process of their removal.

All accounts of Bolingbroke agree in representing him as a man of great valor and policy; intensely aspiring, yet equally prudent; a profound master of state-craft; a keen discerner of the secret springs and workings of public opinion, and therefore a great favorite with the people; and, therewithal, full of impassioned energy, and of a certain fiery yet well-governed enthusiasm. Which representation is fully borne out in that, though his reign was little else than a series of rebellions and commotions drawn on by the injustice whereby he reached the crown, and the bad title whereby he held it, yet he always got the better of them, and even turned them to his advantage; so that all efforts to undo his usurpation only served in the end to strengthen and confirm it, where he could not win the heart, cutting off the head, and managing to extract fresh security out of every danger. His last years, however, were much embittered, and his death probably hastened, by the anxieties growing out of his position, and the remorses consequent upon his crimes.

But though such be the character generally ascribed to him, no historian has come near Shakespeare in the painting thereof. As matter especially in point, take the account he is made to give of himself while remonstrating with the prince against his idle courses; which is not less admirable for historic truth than for power of art. Equally fine, also, both for truth of history and for skill

of pencil, is the account of his predecessor, immediately following that of himself; where we may see that he has the same piercing insight of men as of means, and has made Richard's follies and vices his tutors; from his miscarriages learning how to supplant him, and perhaps encouraging his errors, that he might make a ladder of them, to mount up and overtop him. And how his penetrating and remorseless sagacity is flashed forth in Hotspur's outbursts of rage at his demanding all the prisoners taken at Homildon; wherein that roll of living fire is snappish enough to be sure, but then he snaps out much truth. And his artful practice is still more forcibly apparent in what the same person says of him on the eve of the battle at Shrewsbury, representing him as shrewdly and unscrupulously encouraging rebellion, that he might use the rebels till he was strong enough to do without them, or to crush them if they got in his way. And long afterwards, in his "very latest counsel" to the prince, we have his deep subtle policy working out, like a passion strong in death; yet its workings come forth suffused with gushes of right feeling, thus showing that after all he was not all politician; that beneath his firm close-knit prudence there was a soul of moral sense, a kernel of religion. And it is quite observable how the Poet, following the leadings both of nature and of history, makes him to be plagued by foes springing up in his own bosom in proportion as he ceases to be worried by external enemies; the crown beginning to scald his brows as soon as he has put down those who would pluck it from him. Moreover, the workings of conscience arm the irregularities of his son with the stings of a providential retribution: though not ignorant of the prince's noble and gentle qualities, and of the encouragement they offer, yet the knowledge of his own mistreadings fills him with apprehensions of the worst; his very virtues, his patriotism and paternal love, being thus turned into ministers of sorrow by the memory of his former deeds.

But though policy was perhaps the leading trait in the character of this great man, nevertheless it was not so

prominent but that other and better ones were strongly visible. And even in his policy there was much of the breadth and largeness which go to distinguish the statesman from the politician. Besides, he was a man of great spirit and prodigious bravery, had a real eye to the interests of his country as well as of his family, and in his wars he was humane much above the custom of his time. So that the more we study what he was and what he did, the more we shall probably be inclined to say with "well-languaged Daniel,"—

> "And, Lancaster, indeed, I would thy cause
> Had had as lawful and as sure a ground,
> As had thy virtues and thy noble heart,
> Ordain'd and born for an imperial part."

How different is the atmosphere which waits upon that marvellous group of rebel war-chiefs, whereof Hotspur is the soul, and where chivalry reigns as supremely as wit and humor do in the haunts of Falstaff. It is exceedingly difficult to speak of Hotspur satisfactorily; not indeed because the lines of his character are not bold and prominent enough, but rather because they are so much so. For his frame is greatly disproportioned, which causes him to be all the more distinguishable, and perhaps to seem larger than he really is; and one of his leading excesses manifests itself in a wiry, close-twisted, red-hot speech, which burns into the mind such an impression of him as must needs make any commentary seem prosaic and dull. There is no mistaking him: no character in Shakespeare stands more apart in plenitude of peculiarity; and stupidity itself can hardly so disguise or disfeature him with criticism, but that he will still be recognized by any one that has ever seen him. He is as much a monarch in his sphere as the king and Falstaff are in theirs; only they rule more by power, he by emphasis and stress: there is something in them that takes away the will and spirit of resistance; he makes every thing bend to his arrogant, domineering, capricious temper. Who that has been with him in the scenes at the palace and at Bangor, can ever forget his bounding,

sarcastic, overbearing spirit? How he hits all about him, and makes the feathers fly wherever he hits! it seems as if his tongue could go through the world, and strew the road behind it with splinters. And how steeped his speech every where is in the poetry of the sword! In what compact and sinewy platoons and squadrons the words march out of his mouth in bristling rank and file! as if from his birth he had been cradled on the iron breast of war. How doubly charged he is, in short, with the electricity of chivalry! insomuch that you can touch him nowhere but that he will give you a shock.

In those two scenes, what with Hotspur, and what with Glendower, the poetry is as unrivalled in its kind as the wit and humor in the best scenes at Eastcheap. What a dressing Hotspur gives the silken courtier who came to demand the prisoners! And how still more effectual is that he gives the king for persisting in his demand: where he seems to be under a spell, a fascination of rage and scorn; nothing can check him, he cannot check himself, because, besides the boundings of a most turbulent and impetuous nature, he has always had his own way, having from his boyhood held the post of a feudal war-chief: whatsoever thought touches him, it forthwith kindles into an overmastering passion that bears down all before it: irascible, headstrong, impatient, every effort to arrest or divert him only produces a new impatience; and we have "the uncontrollable rush of an energetic mind, surrendering itself to impulses impossible to be guided by will or circumstance, and sweeping into its own torrent whatsoever barriers of prudence feebler natures would oppose to it." We see that he has a rough and passionate soul, great strength and elevation of mind, with little gentleness and less delicacy, and "a force of will that rises into poetry by its own chafings;" —that when he once gets thoroughly started, nothing can stop him but exhaustion; and that when this comes "the passion of talk is ready to become the passion of action." "Speaking thick" is elsewhere set down as one of his peculiarities; and it seems doubtful whether the Poet took

this from some tradition concerning him, or considered it a natural result of his prodigious rush and press of thought.

Hotspur's untamed boisterousness of tongue has perhaps its best setting forth in the scene at Bangor between him and Glendower. Here one hardly knows which to admire most, his wit or his impudence. He finally stops the mouth of his antagonist, or heads him off upon another subject; as he does again shortly after in a dispute about the partitioning of the realm; and he does it not so much by force of reason as of will and speech. His contempt of poetry is highly characteristic; though it is observable that he has spoken more poetry than any other person in the play. But poetry is altogether an impulse with him, not a purpose, as it is with Glendower; and he loses all thought of himself and of his speech in the intensity of passion with which he contemplates the object or occasion that moves him. His celebrated description of the fight between Glendower and Mortimer has been censured as offending good taste by its extravagance. Perhaps, indeed, it were not in good taste to put such a strain into the mouth of a contemplative sage, like Prospero; but in Hotspur its very extravagance is in good taste, because hugely characteristic.

Another consequence, apparently, of Hotspur's having so much of passion in his head, is the singular absence of mind so well described by Prince Henry, and so finely exemplified in the scene with his wife; where, after she has closed her noble strain of womanly eloquence, he calls in a servant, makes several inquiries about his horse and orders him to be brought into the park, hears her reproof, exchanges some questions with her, and fights a battle in imagination, before he answers her tender remonstrance. Here it is plain that his absence is not from any lack of strength, but from a certain rapidity and skittishness of mind: he has not the control of his thinking; the issues of his brain being so conceived in fire as to preclude steadiness of attention and the pauses of thought: that which strikes

his mind last must pop out first; and, in a word, he is rather possessed by his thoughts, than possessing them.

The qualities we have remarked must needs in a great measure unfit Hotspur for a military leader in regular warfare; the whole working of his nature being too impulsive and heady for the counterpoise of so weighty an undertaking. Too impetuous and eager for the contest to concert operations; too impatient for the end to await the adjustment of means; abundantly able to fight battles, but not to scheme them; he is qualified to succeed only in the hurly-burly of border warfare, where success comes more by fury of onset than by wisdom of plan. All which is finely shown just before the battle of Shrewsbury, where if he be not perversely wrong-headed, he is so headstrong, peremptory, and confident even to rashness, as to render him quite impracticable: we see, and his fellow-chieftains see, that there is no coming to a temper with him; that he will be sure to fall out and quarrel with whoever stands out from or against his purposes. Yet he nowhere appears more truly the noble Hotspur than on this occasion, when amidst the falling off of friends, the backwardness of allies, and the thickening of dangers, his ardent and brave spirit turns his very disadvantages into sources of confidence.

Hotspur is a general favorite: whether from something in himself, or from the injuries he has suffered at the hands of the king, he has our good will from the first: we can scarce choose but wish him success; nor is it without some reluctance that we set the prince above him in our regards. Which may be owing in part to the interest we take, and justly, in his wife, who, timid, solicitous, affectionate, playful, is a woman of the true Shakespearean stamp, and such as we shall find delineated nowhere else. Nothing can well surpass, in its way, the harmony which we feel to be between her prying inquisitive gentleness, and his rough, stormy courage; for in her gentleness there is much strength, and his bravery is not without gentleness. The scene at Warkworth, where they first appear together, is a

choice heart-refection: combining the beauty of movement and of repose, it comes into the surrounding elements like a patch of sunshine in a tempest.

The best of historical matter for poetical and dramatic uses probably was never turned to better account that way than in the portrait of Glendower. He is represented, with great art and equal truth, according to the superstitious belief of his time; a belief wherein he doubtless shared himself: for if the winds and tempests came when he wished them, it was natural for him to think, as others thought, that they came because he wished them. The popular ideas respecting him all belonged to the region of poetry; and Shakespeare has given them with remarkable exactness, at the same time penetrating and filling them with his own spirit.

Crediting the alleged portents of his nativity, Glendower might well conclude he was not "in the roll of common men," and so betake him to the study and practice of those magic arts which were generally believed in then, and for which he was specially marked by his birth and all the courses of his life. And for the same cause he would naturally become somewhat egotistical, long-winded, and tedious, presuming that what was interesting to him, as relating to himself, would be equally so to others for its own sake. So that we need not altogether discredit Hotspur's account of the time spent "in reckoning up the several devils' names that were his lackeys." For, though Hotspur exaggerates here, no doubt, as he does everywhere else, yet we see that he has some excuse for his sauciness to Glendower, in that he has been greatly bored by him. And there is something ludicrous, withal, in the Welchman's being so wrapped up in himself and his matter, as not to perceive the unfitness of talking thus to one so harebrained and skittish.

Glendower, however, is no ordinary enthusiast: a man of wild and mysterious imaginations, yet he has, therewithal, a practical skill that makes them tell against the king; his dealing in magic rendering him even more an object of

fear, than his valor and conduct. And his behavior in the disputes with Hotspur approves him as much superior in the external qualities of a gentleman, as he is more superstitious, and amply justifies Mortimer's apology for him. Though no suspicion of anything little or mean can attach to Hotspur, it is characteristic of him to indulge his haughty temper even to the thwarting of his purpose: he will hazard the blowing up of the conspiracy rather than put a bridle on his impatience; which the Welchman with all his grandeur and earnestness of pretension is too prudent to do. In the portrait of Glendower there is nothing unwarranted by history; only Shakespeare has with great beauty made the enthusiastic and poetical spirit of the man send him to the study of magic arts, as involving some natural aptitude and affinity for them. It may be interesting to know that he managed to spin out the contest among the wilds of Snowdon far into the next reign; his very superstition perhaps lending him a strength and firmness of soul which no misfortune could break. We cannot leave this strange being without remarking how sweetly his mind nestles in the bosom of poetry, as appears in the passage where he acts as interpreter between Mortimer and his wife; and where, in the words of our Mr. Whipple, "the thought seems born of melody, and the melody to pervade it as an essence."

Prince Henry was evidently a great favorite with the Poet. And he makes him equally so with his readers, centering in him almost every manly grace and virtue, and setting him forth as the mirror of Christian kings and loadstar of honor, a model at once of a hero, a gentleman, and a sage. Wherein, if not true to fact, he was so to the sentiment of the English nation; that people having probably cherished the memory of Henry V with more fondness than any other of their kings since the great Alfred.

In the character of Prince Henry Shakespeare deviated from all the historical authorities known to have been accessible to him, and this deviation has been borne out by later researches, thus giving rise to the notion that he drew

from some traditionary matter that had not yet found a place in written history. A special and extraordinary conversion, it would seem, was generally thought to have fallen upon the prince on coming to the throne; and such and so great appears to have been the difference in his behavior as prince and as king, that the old chroniclers could only account for the change by some miracle of grace, or touch of supernatural benediction. Walsingham, a contemporary, gives out that "as soon as he was invested with the ensigns of royalty he was suddenly changed into a new man, behaving with propriety, modesty, and gravity, and showing a desire to practise every kind of virtue." Caxton, also, says that he "was a noble prince after he was king and crowned; howbeit in his youth he had been wild, reckless, and spared nothing of his lusts nor desires." Fabyan in like sort tells us that "this man before the death of his father applied himself to all vice and insolency:" and divers other old writers speak of him in the same strain. And herewith agrees the speech of Holinshed: "This king, even at first appointing with himself to show that princely honors should change public manners, determined to put on him the shape of a new man. For whereas aforetime he had made himself a companion unto misruly mates of dissolute order and life, he now banished them all from his presence; and in their places chose men of gravity, wit, and high policy, by whose wise counsel he might at all times rule to his honor and dignity." It should be observed, however, that he elsewhere speaks of him more in accordance with the Poet's representation: "Indeed he was youthfully given, grown to audacity, and had chosen him companions, with whom he spent the time in such recreations and delights as he fancied. Yet it should seem by the report of some writers, that his behavior was not offensive, or at least tending to the damage of anybody; since he had a care to avoid doing of wrong, and to tender his affections within the tract of virtue, whereby he opened unto himself a ready passage of good liking among the

prudent sort, and was beloved of such as could discern his disposition."

There is no question that Prince Henry's conduct was indeed such as to lose him his seat in the council, where he was replaced by his younger brother. And it is equally certain that in mental and literary accomplishment he was far in advance of the age, being in fact as well one of the most finished gentlemen, as of the greatest statesmen and best men of his time. This seeming contradiction between the prince and the king is all cleared up and smoothly reconciled in the Poet's representation. It was for the old chroniclers to talk of his miraculous conversion: Shakespeare in a far wiser spirit brings his conduct within the ordinary rules and measures of human character, representing whatsoever changes occur in him as proceeding by the methods and proportions of nature. We shall see hereafter how his early "addiction to courses vain" is fully accounted for by the marvellous array of attractions presented in Falstaff; it being no impeachment either of his moral or his intellectual manhood, that he is drawn away by such a mighty magazine of fascinations. It is true, he is not altogether unhurt by his connection with Sir John: he is himself plainly sensible of this; and the knowledge thereof is one of the things that go to justify his treatment of Falstaff on coming to the crown. And even in his wildest merrymakings we have pregnant arguments of his virtue, as when the Hostess reminds Sir John how "the prince broke thy head for likening his father to a singing-man of Windsor." Shakespeare has nothing finer in its way than the gradual sundering of the ties that bind him to Falstaff, as the higher elements of his nature are called forth by emergent occasions, and his turning the dregs of his vile companionship into food of noble thought and sentiment, extracting the sweetness of wisdom from the weeds of his dangerous experiences. And his whole progress through this transformation, until, "like a reappearing star," he emerges from the cloud of wildness wherein

he had obscured his contemplation, is dappled with rare spots of beauty and promise.

It should be remarked that Hotspur was in fact about twenty years older than the prince: which difference of age would naturally foreclose any rivalry or emulation between them; and one of the Poet's most judicious departures from literal truth is in approximating their ages, as if on purpose that such influences may have a chance to work. And the king shows his usual policy in endeavoring to make the fame of Hotspur tell upon his son; though even here he strikes wide of his real character, misderiving his conduct from a want of noble aptitudes, whereas it springs rather from a lack of such motives and occasions with which his better aptitudes can combine. Yet the king's great sagacity appears in his speaking thus to the prince; for he has more penetration than to be ignorant that there is matter in him that will take fire when such sparks are struck into it. Accordingly, before they part, the prince speaks such words, and in such a spirit, as to win his father's confidence; the emulation kindled in him being no less noble than the object of it. Now it is that his many-sided, harmonious manhood begins fully to unfold itself. He has already developed susceptibilities answering to all the attractions of Falstaff; and we hope none of our readers will think the worse of him for preferring the atmosphere of Eastcheap to that of the court. Henceforth the issue proves that he has far better and stronger susceptibilities, which sleep indeed during the absence, but spring forth at the coming of their proper stimulants and opportunities. In the close-thronging dangers that beset his father's throne, he has noble work to do, and in the thick-clustering honors of Hotspur he has noble motives for doing it; and both together furnish those more congenial attractions whereby he is gradually loosened and detached from the former, and drawn up into that nobly-proportioned beauty with which both poetry and history have invested him.

We cannot now dwell on the many gentle and heroic

qualities that make up his well-rounded, beautiful character. His tenderness of filial piety appears in the words,—"My heart bleeds inwardly, that my father is so sick;" and his virtuous prudence no less, in his putting off all show of grief, as knowing that this, taken together with his past levity, will be sure to draw upon him the imputation of hypocrisy: his magnanimity, in the eloquence with which he pleads for the life of Douglas: his ingenuousness, in the free and graceful apology to the king for his faults: his good-nature and kindness of heart, in the apostrophe to Falstaff, when he thinks him dead: his chivalrous generosity, in the enthusiasm with which he praises Hotspur; and his modesty in the style of his challenge to him. And yet his nobilities of heart and soul come along in such easy natural touches, drop out so much as the spontaneous issues of his life, that we scarce notice them, thus engaging him our love and honor, we know not how or why. Great without effort, and good without thinking of it, he is indeed a noble ornament of the kingly character. We must dismiss the enchanting theme with a few sentences from Knight. "Our sympathies," says this writer, "would be almost wholly with Hotspur and his friends, had not the Poet raised up a new interest in the chivalrous bearing of Henry of Monmouth, to balance the noble character of the young Percy. Rash, proud, ambitious, prodigal of blood, as Hotspur is, we feel that there is not an atom of meanness in his composition. He would carry us away with him, were it not for the milder courage of young Harry,—the courage of principle and of mercy. Frank, liberal, prudent, gentle, yet brave as Hotspur himself, the prince shows that even in his wildest excesses he has drunk deeply of the fountains of truth and wisdom. The wisdom of the king is that of a cold and subtle politician;—Hotspur seems to stand out from his followers as the haughty feudal lord, too proud to have listened to any teacher but his own will;—but the prince, in casting away the diginity of his station to commune freely with his fel-

low-men, has attained that strength which is above all conventional power: his virtues as well as his frailties belong to our common humanity; the virtues capable, therefore, of the highest elevation, the frailties not pampered into crimes by the artificial incentives of social position."

# COMMENTS

I

## By Shakespearean Scholars

## HENRY IV

The character of the king is worked out by Shakespeare with that perfect penetration which is peculiar to him, as a prototype of diplomatic cunning and of complete mastery over fair appearance and all the arts of concealment. The difference between that which a man is and that which he appears occupies the poet in this character as it does in Richard III. But Henry IV is rather a master in concealment than in dissimulation; he cannot, like the other, play any part required with dramatic skill; he can only exhibit the good side of his nature; he can steal kindness and condescension from Heaven; he is a Prometheus in diplomatic subtlety, and, as Percy calls him, "a king of smiles." That which separates him and his deep political hypocrisy from Richard II, as far as day from night, is that he possesses this good side, and has only to exhibit it and not to feign it. Far removed from authorizing murder like the other, and delighting in the iron-hearted assassin, wading ever deeper from blood to blood and deadening conscience, he has rather wished than ordered Richard's death, and has cursed and exiled the murderer; conscience is roused in him immediately after the deed, and he wishes to expiate largely for the once suggested bloodshed. At the close of Richard II, and at the beginning of this play, we find him occupied with the idea of making a crusade to the Holy Land in expiation of Richard's death. Strangely in this reserved mind, which fears to look into itself, does the domination of a wordly nature interweave itself with the stimulus of remorse; devout and serious thoughts of repentance are

joined in this design with the most subtle political motives; earnestness of purpose and inclination to allow the purpose to be frustrated jar in a manner which the poet has made perfectly evident in the facts, though not more evident in the king's reflections than is natural to such a nature. We are in doubt whether the worldly man hesitates at the serious realization of his religious design, or whether by the decree of Heaven the expiation of that murder was to be denied him as the natural consequence of his earlier deeds. He is in earnest about the crusade, but mostly when he is ill; then his fleet and army are in readiness. It has been foretold to him that he shall die at Jerusalem (and he dies at last in a chamber which bears this name); when death is near, his haste and earnestness for the consecrated place of expiation become greater; but that he thinks on the pilgrimage also in days of health is a proof of the seriousness of his intention generally. This seriousness would not at such times have been so great in him if the political principles of wise circumspection did not prompt him to the same resolution as that to which he was urged by prophecy, superstition, and conscience. He would gladly divert the evil sap from the land, and lead the agitated spirits to the Holy Land, that "rest and lying still, might not make them look too near into his state;" in dying he bequeathed to his son the lesson of his domestic policy: that he should "busy giddy minds with foreign quarrels; that action, hence borne out, may waste the memory of the former days," the remembrance of his acquisition of the throne.—Gervinus, *Shakespeare Commentaries.*

The King, though the titular hero, is not the dramatic center of the play. He claims precedence, however, as the main link with *Richard II*, and how close Shakespeare meant the connection between the two pieces to be is shown by the fact that the one opens, as the other closed, with Henry's avowal of an intended crusade. Under the royal robe and crown we see the figure of the old Boling-

broke, in all essentials unchanged. But while hitherto he has been shown in contrast to characters who threw his higher qualities into effective relief, henceforward he is tried by harder tests. Diplomacy and determination enabled him to wrest the crown from Richard's feeble hands, and they enable him to keep it firmly in his grasp. But they cannot make him successful in the highest sense, either as a man or as a king; and they cannot, above all, yield him the inward peace for which he sighs. The usurper has to suffer a Nemesis in no wise arbitrary, but the inevitable result of his own nature and actions. As he confesses on his death-bed, it was by "bypaths and indirect crook'd ways" that he "met" his crown, only to find it sit troublesome upon his head. Richard's prophecies of woe to come are fulfilled. The shrewd, self-reliant politician cannot blossom into a benignant sovereign, loving and beloved. With all his talents and virtues, he lacks the integrity of nature and the personal magnetism which rivet permanently the attachment of men.—Boas, *Shakspere and his Predecessors.*

## HOTSPUR AND PRINCE HENRY

The characters of Hotspur and Prince Henry are two of the most beautiful and dramatic, both in themselves and from contrast, that ever were drawn. They are the essence of chivalry. We like Hotspur the best upon the whole, perhaps because he was unfortunate.—Hazlitt, *Characters of Shakespear's Plays.*

## FALSTAFF

He [Falstaff] is one of the brightest and wittiest spirits England has ever produced. He is one of the most glorious creations that ever sprang from a poet's brain. There is much rascality and much genius in him, but there is no trace of mediocrity. He is always superior to his surroundings, always resourceful, always witty, always

at his ease, often put to shame, but, thanks to his inventive effrontery, never put out of countenance. He has fallen below his social position; he lives in the worst (though also in the best) society; he has neither soul, nor honor, nor moral sense; but he sins, robs, lies, and boasts, with such splendid exuberance, and is so far above any serious attempt at hypocrisy, that he seems unfailingly amiable whatever he may choose to do. Therefore he charms every one, although he is a butt for the wit of all. He perpetually surprises us by the wealth of his nature. He is old and youthful, corrupt and harmless, cowardly and daring, "a knave without malice, a liar without deceit; and a knight, a gentleman, and a soldier, without either dignity, decency, or honor." [1] The young Prince shows good taste in always and in spite of everything seeking out his company.—Brandes, *William Shakespeare.*

The secret of Falstaff's wit is for the most part a masterly presence of mind, an absolute self-possession, which nothing can disturb. His repartees are involuntary suggestions of his self-love; instinctive evasions of everything that threatens to interrupt the career of his triumphant jollity and self-complacency. His very size floats him out of all his difficulties in a sea of rich conceits; and he turns round on the pivot of his convenience, with every occasion and at a moment's warning. His natural repugnance to every unpleasant thought or circumstance, of itself makes light of objections, and provokes the most extravagant and licentious answers in his own justification. His indifference to truth puts no check upon his invention, and the more improbable and unexpected his contrivances are, the more happily does he seem to be delivered of them, the anticipation of their effect acting as a stimulus to the gaiety of his fancy. The success of one adventurous sally gives him spirits to undertake another:

[1] Maurice Morgann: *An Essay on the Dramatic Character of Sir John Falstaff.*

he deals always in round numbers, and his exaggerations and excuses are "open, palpable, monstrous as the father that begets them."—HAZLITT, *Characters of Shakespeare's Plays.*

Under a helpless exterior, Falstaff conceals an extremely acute mind; he has always at command some dexterous turn whenever any of his free jokes begin to give displeasure; he is shrewd in his distinctions, between those whose favor he has to win and those over whom he may assume a familiar authority. He is so convinced that the part which he plays can only pass under the cloak of wit, that even when alone he is never altogether serious, but gives the drollest coloring to his love-intrigues, his intercourse with others and to his own sensual philosophy.—SCHLEGEL, *Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature.*

## HOTSPUR

Hotspur was first cousin of Henry IV and perhaps his senior; in 1388, the year after Henry Monmouth's birth, he had led the English forces at Otterburne. Yet Shakespeare makes them youthful rivals of the same age, to point the contrast between Hotspur's passion for personal glory and Henry's contented self-effacement. Hotspur in his way, not less than Henry, rebels against the traditions of his order. His blunt petulance, his disdain for music and poetry, his somewhat bourgeois relations with his wife, infringe as rudely as Henry's choice of comrades, or his weakness for "the poor creature, small beer," upon the code of chivalrous breeding. But Hotspur's unconventionalities spring from mere insensibility to other ambitions than that of snatching "honor" by heroic exploits; while Henry's most questionable compliances with the ways of mean men betray only a somewhat crude exercise of that "liberal eye" which in later days discovered still "some sc ' of goodness in things evil," that genial sympathy wh :h on the eve of Agincourt banished fear from the

meanest of his "brothers, friends and countrymen" (*Henry V*, chorus iv). Henry is of kin with all Englishmen, a living embodiment of England; Hotspur is so far from embodying England that he conspires without a qualm to break it up, and is only concerned to round off the indentations which diminish his own share.—HERFORD, *The Eversley Shakespeare.*

## GLENDOWER

Glendower was a romantic half-barbarian, although he had been "trained up in the English court." As the educated savage frequently falls back into barbaric ways, in spite of the polishing of grammar and rhetoric, so it is to be feared that Glendower was but a veneered courtier, after all. He was the natural product of the hard life amid Welsh fastnesses; the superstitions of a people whose ancestors had perhaps been the pupils of the Druid priesthood; and an implicit belief that he held so important a place in the creative scheme that at his nativity, not only

> The goats ran from the mountains and the herds
> Were strangely clamorous to the frighted fields,

but

> The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes
> Of burning cressets: . . . . . .
> The frame and huge foundation of the earth
> Shak'd like a coward.

Glendower was a poet, and a chieftain of men who were equally at home with the harp and chant, with the mixing of magic potions, with clever devices in the torture of prisoners, and in the wild irregular sallies and retreats which made up their idea of warfare. Glendower was a gentleman also, as will be observed in his intercourse with the brutal wit of Hotspur, and his tender thoughtfulness and care for women. But he was not a soldier nor a diplomat. He could and did defend his mountain caverns for many years, but he could not direct or command armies.—WARNER, *English History in Shakespeare's Plays.*

I

## SIR RICHARD VERNON

Vernon is by much the noblest of all the "subordinates" in the play. His constancy to the rebel party does not prevent his bearing honorable testimony to the merits of their opponents. His admiration of the gallant bearing of Prince Harry is in the purest spirit of chivalry, and *true* chivalry always carried honor—which is justice—to the verge of romance in generous dealing. It is Vernon who gives that superb description of the prince and his comrades, whom he had seen preparing for the campaign, in the 1st scene of the 4th Act, Part I. Vernon is the moderator in the party: he is the only one impressed with the dignity of impartiality; and therefore he would be the man—for steadiness of principle—to be intrusted beyond a whole council of such men as Worcester. He *was* constant to his cause; and although we regret that such a character should have paid the rebel's penalty with one like Worcester, yet the moral conveyed in the sacrifice to loyalty and quiet government is a valuable one.—CLARKE, *Shakespeare's Characters.*

## DOUGLAS

Douglas is a creation that adds wonderful force to the scene, and aids in giving dignity and relief both to the king and to Hotspur. There is somewhat barbarous and uncivilized in his traits that speaks of a nation remoter from refinement than Northumberland. He asserts and dwells upon his own boldness with as little delicacy as he imputes fear and cold heart to Worcester, and is more petulant and inconsiderate in urging on the battle prematurely than Hotspur himself. Brave and most efficient he is as a soldier even to excite the enthusiastic admiration of his ally, but when he finds himself overmatched he runs away without hesitation, though it be to look for an opponent he can better cope with, and in the rout he is captured by most undignified catastrophe: "upon the foot of fear, fled

with the rest," the hero who professed that the word fear was unknown in Scotland:—

> "And falling from a hill he was so bruised—
> That the pursuers took him."

This accident is historical, like his military renown, and in the seeming incongruity Shakespeare found the key of the character.

The Douglas of this play always reminds me of the Ares of the Iliad—a coarse exponent of the mere animal propensity to pugnacity, delighting in the circumstances of homicide, but when pierced by the spear of Diomed, hastily flying from the conflict and bellowing aloud.—LLOYD, *Critical Essays.*

## LADY PERCY

Lady Percy, the wife of Hotspur, is a very lively and beautiful sketch: she is sprightly, feminine, and fond; but without anything energetic or profound, in mind or in feeling. Her gaiety and spirit in the first scenes, are the result of youth and happiness, and nothing can be more natural than the utter dejection and brokenness of heart which follow her husband's death; she is no heroine for war or tragedy; she has no thought of revenging her loss; and even her grief has something soft and quiet in its pathos. Her speech to her father-in-law, Northumberland, in which she entreats him "not to go to the wars," and at the same time pronounces the most beautiful eulogium on her heroic husband, is a perfect piece of feminine eloquence, both in the feeling and in the expression.—JAMESON, *Shakespeare's Heroines.*

## SUMMARY

In the first part the battle of Shrewsbury forms the catastrophe, the center and aim of the action. In this part the nature of feudalism is represented more from its chivalrous aspect. The barons, in whom this element pre-

dominates, who are more knights than feudal lords—Percy, Douglas, Mortimer and Blount—are the leaders of the events. Hence we have here, of course, pre-eminently a representation of the nature of personal prowess, the foundation of chivalry. Percy is the representative of that inborn, natural valor, that unbridled conceit in the power of the individual I, that reckless courage of the knight-errant which heedlessly throws itself into danger, nay, which finds pleasure in it, and seeks for it, because it is necessary for the development of his nature, for his enjoyment and for the gratification of his ambition. Prince Henry, on the other hand, is the representative of that other and higher valor which is of an entirely intellectual nature, consisting in the mind's conscious superiority over danger, whether it be to overcome it, or to remain the victor in spite of being apparently vanquished; valor such as was displayed by the great historical heroes, Alexander, Hannibal and Julius Cæsar. In order that both species of valor might be clearly exhibited in their effectual and significant contrast, Prince Henry had to receive a prominent place in the drama, and, on the other hand, Percy's character had to be allowed scope in so far that, in all the essential relations of life, as son, husband and friend, he might excite special interest.—Ulrici, *Shakespeare's Dramatic Art.*

In *Henry IV* Shakespeare does fair justice to the facts or the fictions of history; we have no reason to complain of any excess of the comic element, but rather to welcome it; even if it disfigured or overshadowed the history, we might well pardon it as being the very finest of its kind; but it does not; there was little that might be called heroic in the ruling sovereign, there was no Agincourt in his reign. Yet the personality and the career of Harry Percy are splendidly exhibited, although these, of course, are again a magnificent foil for Shakespeare's favorite hero [Henry V].—Luce, *Handbook to Shakespeare's Works.*

# THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV

# DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING HENRY *the Fourth*
HENRY, *Prince of Wales,* } *sons to the King*
JOHN *of Lancaster* }
EARL OF WESTMORELAND
SIR WALTER BLUNT
THOMAS PERCY, *Earl of Worcester*
HENRY PERCY, *Earl of Northumberland*
HENRY PERCY, *surnamed* HOTSPUR, *his son*
EDMUND MORTIMER, *Earl of March*
RICHARD SCROOP, *Archbishop of York*
ARCHIBALD, *Earl of* DOUGLAS
OWEN GLENDOWER
SIR RICHARD VERNON
SIR JOHN FALSTAFF
SIR MICHAEL, *a friend to the Archbishop of York*
POINS
GADSHILL
PETO
BARDOLPH

LADY PERCY, *wife to Hotspur, and sister to Mortimer*
LADY MORTIMER, *daughter to Glendower, and wife to Mortimer*
MISTRESS QUICKLY, *hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap*

Lords, Officers, Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers, two Carriers, Travelers, and Attendants

SCENE: *England*

# SYNOPSIS

By J. Ellis Burdick

1

## ACT I

Henry IV's plans for a crusade are broken off by news of rebellions in Wales and in Scotland. Henry Percy, famous in history as Hotspur, son of the Earl of Northumberland, is victorious over the Scots under Douglas at Homildon. The king demands the prisoners from his general, but Hotspur refuses to give them up unless King Henry will ransom his kinsman, Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March, who is held prisoner by the Welsh. This the king will not do, for he fears Mortimer may some day claim the crown. Hotspur then sends his prisoners home without ransom and joins in the plots of the Welsh and Scots to overthrow Henry.

## ACT II

The Prince of Wales is a wild youth; his favorite companion is Sir John Falstaff, whose chief occupations are talking and drinking wine. Falstaff and three comrades rob some travelers on the highway near Gadshill; the thiefs are in turn set upon by the Prince and one companion in disguise and put to flight. Later Falstaff boasts of an encounter with foes whose number increases with every mention of them, but the Prince turns the laugh on him by telling him the truth. A messenger from the king bringing the news of Hotspur's rising in the North interrupts their merriment.

## ACT III

The king takes his son to task for his dissolute life and the Prince arouses to a sense of his responsibilities.

On his promise to be more worthy of his position, he is entrusted with part of the royal forces. By his influence Falstaff is given a command of foot-soldiers.

### ACT IV

Hotspur is encamped near Shrewsbury, and, although he learns that neither his father nor the Welsh can come to his assistance, he determines to battle with the royal forces.

### ACT V

The king offers to pardon the rebels if they will lay down their arms, but his message is distorted before its delivery to Hotspur and he gives battle. The rebels are defeated, Hotspur being slain by the Prince. Henry IV and the Prince then go to Wales to quell the insurrection there.

# THE FIRST PART OF
# KING HENRY IV

## ACT FIRST

### Scene I

*London. The palace.*

*Enter King Henry, Lord John of Lancaster, the Earl of Westmoreland, Sir Walter Blunt, and others.*

*King.* So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frighted peace to pant,
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils
To be commenced in stronds afar remote.
No more the thirsty entrance of this soil
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood;
No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
Nor bruise her flowerets with the armed hoofs

5. *"No more the thirsty entrance of this soil,"* etc.; Folio 4, *"entrails"* for *"entrance"*; Steevens, *"entrants"*; Mason *"Erinnys"*; Malone compares Genesis iv. 11: "And now art thou cursed from the earth, which hath opened *her mouth* to receive thy brother's blood from thy hand"; *"entrance"* probably =*"the mouth* of the earth or *soil."*—I. G.

Of hostile paces: those opposed eyes,
Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meet in the intestine shock
And furious close of civil butchery,
Shall now, in mutual well-beseeming ranks,
March all one way, and be no more opposed
Against acquaintance, kindred and allies:
The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,
As far as to the sepulcher of Christ,
Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross
We are impressed and engaged to fight,
Forthwith a power of English shall we levy;
Whose arms were moulded in their mothers' womb
To chase these pagans in those holy fields
Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet,
Which fourteen hundred years ago were nail'd
For our advantage on the bitter cross.
But this our purpose now is twelve month old,
And bootless 'tis to tell you we will go:

9. *"those opposed eyes";* the eyes of contending armies; the intent gaze of two forces as they rush together being vividly put for the forces themselves.—C. H. H.

22. *"levy";* Steevens assures us that to *levy* a power *to* a place "is an expression quite unexampled, if not corrupt"; and he proposes *lead* instead of *levy:* which Gifford has effectually upset by the following from Gosson's *School of Abuse,* 1587: "Scipio, before he *levied* his forces *to* the walles of Carthage, gave his soldiers the print of the citie in a cake, to be devoured."—H. N. H.

28. *"now is twelve month old,"* so Qq. 1, 2; Ff., *"is a twelve-month old";* Qq. 7, 8, *"is but twelve months old."*—I. G.

Therefore we meet not now. Then let me hear
Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,
What yesternight our council did decree
In forwarding this dear expedience.

*West.* My liege, this haste was hot in question,
And many limits of the charge set down
But yesternight: when all athwart there came
A post from Wales loaden with heavy news;
Whose worst was, that the noble Mortimer,
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
Against the irregular and wild Glendower,

30. *"therefore we meet not now"*; that is, we meet not now on *that question*; the question whether we will go.—H. N. H.

33. *"this dear expedience"*; this momentous enterprise.—C. H. H.

35. *"limits of the charge"*; express and definite instructions.—C. H. H.

38. *"the noble Mortimer"*; two historical Edmund Mortimers were confused by Holinshed, and hence by Shakespeare. The following table shows their relationship to one another and to Lady Percy:—

Edmund Mortimer, 3rd Earl of March.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Elizabeth, m. H. Percy (Hotspur). | Roger Mortimer, 4th Earl of March. | Sir Edmund Mortimer (1376–1409) (def. by Glendower). |
| | Anne, m. Richard, Earl of Cambridge (*Hen. V*, ii. 2. 11). | Edmund Mortimer, 5th Earl of March (1391–1425), (direct heir to the throne after death of Richard II). *1 Hen. VI*, ii. 5. |

In the play the Mortimer who had a title to the crown is identified with Glendower's captive; he is inconsistently spoken of as *brother* to Hotspur and his wife (1 i. 3. 142, ii. 3. 78), and as their nephew (1 iii. 1. 196). In i. 3. these two Mortimers are further identified with Roger Mortimer, fourth Earl, who was proclaimed by Richard II his heir in 1385.

Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,
A thousand of his people butchered;
Upon whose dead corpse there was such misuse,
Such beastly shameless transformation,
By those Welshwomen done, as may not be
Without much shame retold or spoken of.

*King.* It seems then that the tidings of this broil
Brake off our business for the Holy Land.

*West.* This match'd with other did, my gracious lord;
For more uneven and unwelcome news
Came from the north and thus it did import:
On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur there,
Young Harry Percy, and brave Archibald,
That ever-valiant and approved Scot,
At Homildon met,
Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour;

42. So in all the quartos: the folio has *"And* a thousand." We prefer the former, not only as having better authority, but because it makes the connection plainer between *a thousand people* and *whose dead corpse.* Of course *being* is understood before *butchered,* and *corpse* is used as a collective noun.—The matter of the passage is thus related by Holinshed: "Owen Glendower, according to his accustomed manner, robbing and spoiling within the English borders, caused all the forces of the shire of Hereford to assemble togither against him, under the conduct of Edmund Mortimer, earle of March. But comming to trie the matter by battell, whether by treason or otherwise, so it fortuned, that the English power was discomfitted, the earle taken prisoner, and above a thousand of his people slaine in the place. The shamefull villanie used by the Welshwomen towards the dead carcasses was such as honest eares would be ashamed to heare, and continent toongs to speake thereof. The dead bodies might not be buried, without great summes of monie given for libertie to conveie them awaie."—H. N. H.

53. *"Archibald";* fourth Earl of Douglas.—C. H. H.

1

As by discharge of their artillery,
And shape of likelihood, the news was told;
For he that brought them, in the very heat
And pride of their contention did take horse,
Uncertain of the issue any way.

*King.* Here is a dear, a true industrious friend,
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,
Stain'd with the variation of each soil
Betwixt that Homildon and this seat of ours;
And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.
The Earl of Douglas is discomfited:
Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twenty knights,
Balk'd in their own blood did Sir Walter see
On Homildon's plains. Of prisoners, Hotspur took
Mordake the Earl of Fife, and eldest son
To beaten Douglas; and the Earl of Athol,
Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith:

57. *"their artillery";* Holinshed says that "with violence of the English shot [the Scotch] were quite vanquished and put to flight." Holinshed means arrows, and Mr. Wright suggests that Shakespeare "may have misunderstood" the ambiguous word "shot." In another account of the battle, however (*Hist. of Scotland,* ii. 254, quot. Stone, p. 132), Holinshed speaks expressly of the "incessant shot of *arrows.*" It is probable that Shakespeare understood perfectly that Holinshed meant arrows, and chose himself to mean the more impressive discharge of cannon.—C. H. H.

64. No circumstance could have been better chosen to mark the expedition of Sir Walter. It is used by Falstaff in a similar manner, "to stand *stained with travel.*"—H. N. H.

71. *"Mordake the Earl of Fife";* this was "Murdach Stewart, *not* the son of Douglas, but the eldest son of Robert, Duke of Albany, Regent of Scotland, third son of King Robert II" ("the" first supplied by Pope).—I. G.

And is not this an honorable spoil?
A gallant prize? ha, cousin, is it not?
*West.* In faith,
It is a conquest for a prince to boast of.
*King.* Yea, there thou makest me sad and makest me sin
In envy that my Lord Northumberland
Should be the father to so blest a son,
A son who is the theme of honor's tongue;
Amongst a grove, the very straightest plant;
Who is sweet Fortune's minion and her pride:
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
See riot and dishonor stain the brow
Of my young Harry. O that it could be proved
That some night-tripping fairy had exchanged
In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,
And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet!
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine.
But let him from my thoughts. What think you, coz,
Of this young Percy's pride? the prisoners,
Which he in this adventure hath surprised,
To his own use he keeps; and sends me word,
I shall have none but Mordake Earl of Fife.

95. Percy had an exclusive right to these prisoners, except the earl of Fife. By the law of arms, every man who had taken any captive, whose redemption did not exceed ten thousand crowns, had him clearly to himself to acquit or ransom at his pleasure. But Percy could not refuse the earl of Fife; for, he being a prince of the royal blood, Henry might justly claim him, by his acknowledged military prerogative.—H. N. H.

*West.* This is his uncle's teaching: this is Worcester,
Malevolent to you in all aspects;
Which makes him prune himself, and bristle up
The crest of youth against your dignity.
*King.* But I have sent for him to answer this;
And for this cause awhile we must neglect
Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.
Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we
Will hold at Windsor; so inform the lords:
But come yourself with speed to us again;
For more is to be said and to be done
Than out of anger can be uttered.
*West.* I will, my liege. [*Exeunt.*

## Scene II

*London. An apartment of the Prince's.*

*Enter the Prince of Wales and Falstaff.*

*Fal.* Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?
*Prince.* Thou are so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack and unbuttoning thee after supper and sleeping upon benches after noon,

96. *"Worcester";* Thomas Percy, Earl of Worcester, younger brother of the Earl of Northumberland.—C. H. H.

97. An astrological allusion. Worcester is represented as a malignant star that influenced the conduct of Hotspur.—H. N. H.

107. That is, more is to be said than anger will suffer me to say.—H. N. H.

*Scene 2.* The place of this scene, which cannot be made more specific, was first given thus by Theobald.—C. H. H.

that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly which thou wouldst truly know. What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day? Unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the signs of leaping-houses, and the blessed sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-colored taffeta, I see no reason why thou shouldst be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

*Fal.* Indeed, you come near me now, Hal; for we that take purses go by the moon and the seven stars, and not by Phœbus, he, 'that wandering knight so fair.' And, I prithee, sweet wag, when thou art king, as, God save thy grace,—majesty I should say, for grace thou wilt have none,—

*Prince.* What, none?

*Fal.* No, by my troth, not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

*Prince.* Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly.

16. *"the seven stars";* so in the first four quartos; the other old copies and modern editions generally omit *the.*—H. N. H.

17. *"that wandering knight so fair";* an allusion to "El Donzel del Febo," the "Knight of the Sun," whose adventures were translated from the Spanish:—*"The First Part of the Mirrour of Princely deeds and Knighthood: Wherein is shewed the Worthiness of the Knight of the Sunne and his brother Rosicleer. . . .* Now newly translated out of Spanish into our vulgar English tongue, by M(argaret) T(iler)"; eight parts of the book were published between 1579 and 1601. Shirley alludes to the Knight in the *Gamester* (iii. 1):—

> *"He has knocked the flower of chivalry, the very Donzel del Phebo of the time."*—I. G.

*Fal.* Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us that are squires of the night's body be called thieves of the day's beauty: let us be Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon; and let men say we be men of good government, being governed, as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we steal.

*Prince.* Thou sayest well, and it holds well too; for the fortune of us that are the moon's men doth ebb and flow like the sea, being governed, as the sea is, by the moon. As, for proof, now: a purse of gold most resolutely snatched on Monday night and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing 'Lay by' and spent with crying 'Bring in;' now in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder, and by and by in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

*Fal.* By the Lord, thou sayest true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

*Prince.* As the honey of Hybla, my old lad

29, 30. *"night's"; "beauty";* Falstaff is an inveterate player upon words, as here between *"night"* and *knight,* and *"beauty"* and *booty. A squire of the body* originally meant an attendant on a knight, but became a sort of flash phrase for *a pimp.*—As to *"Diana's foresters,"* Hall the chronicler tells of a pageant exhibited in the reign of Henry VIII wherein were certain persons called *Diana's knights.*—H. N. H.

50. *"Of Hybla";* reading of Qq., omitted in Ff.; *"my old lad of the castle";* probably a pun on the original name of Falstaff (*cp.* Preface).—I. G.

of the castle. And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?

*Fal.* How now, how now, mad wag! what, in thy quips and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?

*Prince.* Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

*Fal.* Well, thou hast called her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

*Prince.* Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

*Fal.* No; I 'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

*Prince.* Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch; and where it would not, I have used my credit.

*Fal.* Yea, and so used it that, were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent—But, I prithee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king? and resolution thus fobbed as it is with the rusty curb of old father antic the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.

*Prince.* No; thou shalt.

*Fal.* Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I 'll be a brave judge.

*Prince.* Thou judgest false already: I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves and so become a rare hangman.

*Fal.* Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps with my humor as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

67. *"heir"*; the *h* was still pronounced.—C. H. H.

*Prince.* For obtaining of suits?

*Fal.* Yea, for obtaining of suits, whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib cat or a lugged bear.

*Prince.* Or an old lion, or a lover's lute.

*Fal.* Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.

*Prince.* What sayest thou to a hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch?

*Fal.* Thou hast the most unsavory similes, and art indeed the most comparative, rascalliest, sweet young prince. But, Hal, I prithee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought. An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir, but I marked him not; and yet he talked very wisely, but I

88. *"Lincolnshire bagpipes"* is a proverbial saying; the allusion is as yet unexplained. Perhaps it was a favorite instrument in that county, as well as in the north.—H. N. H.

90. The *"hare"* was esteemed a melancholy animal, from her solitary sitting in her form; and, according to the physic of the times, the flesh of it was supposed to generate melancholy. So in Drayton's *Polyolbion,* Song, ii.: "The *melancholy* hare is form'd in brakes and briers." Pierius, in his *Hieroglyphics,* says that the Egyptians expressed melancholy by a *hare* sitting in her form.—*"Moor-ditch,"* a part of the ditch surrounding the city of London, between Bishopsgate and Cripplegate, opened to an unwholesome, impassable morass, and was consequently not frequented by the citizens, like other suburban fields, and therefore had an air of melancholy. Thus in Taylor's *Pennylesse Pilgrimage,* 1618: "My body being tired with travel, and my mind attired with moody muddy, *"Moore-ditch melancholy."*—H. N. H.

regarded him not; and yet he talked wisely, and in the street too.

*Prince.* Thou didst well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

*Fal.* O, thou hast damnable iteration, and art indeed able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal; God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over: by the Lord, an I do not, I am a villain: I 'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom.

*Prince.* Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

*Fal.* 'Zounds, where thou wilt, lad; I 'll make one; an I do not, call me villain and baffle me.

*Prince.* I see a good amendment of life in thee; from praying to purse-taking.

*Fal.* Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin for a man to labor in his vocation.

103, 104. *"For wisdom cries out in the street, and no man regards it";* an adaptation of *Proverbs* i. 20, omitted in Ff.—I. G.

105. *"damnable iteration,* (profane) quotation of Scripture. "You are able, like the devil, to cite Scripture to your purpose."—C. H. H.

121. We shall err greatly, if we believe all that Shakespeare's characters say of themselves; for, like other men, they do not see themselves as others see them, nor indeed as they are. And this especially in case of Sir John, who seldom speaks of himself even as he sees himself; that is, he speaks for art, not for truth: and a part of his humor lies in all sorts of caricatures and exaggerations about himself; what he says being often designed on purpose to make himself a laughing-stock, that he may join in the laughter. Such appears to be the case in what he here charges himself with.

1

*Enter Poins.*

Poins! Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a match. O, if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent villain that ever cried 'Stand' to a true man.

*Prince.* Good morrow, Ned.

*Poins.* Good morrow, sweet Hal. What says Monsieur Remorse? what says Sir John Sack and Sugar? Jack! how agrees the devil and thee about thy soul, that thou soldest him on Good Friday last for a cup of Madeira and a cold capon's leg?

*Prince.* Sir John stands to his word, the devil shall have his bargain; for he was never yet

For his *vocation* throughout the play is that of a soldier, which is also the vocation of the prince. But the trade of a soldier was at that time notoriously trimmed and adorned with habits of plundering: so that to set it forth as a purse-taking vocation, was but a stroke of humorous exaggeration, finely spiced with satire, both as regarded the prince and himself. The exploit at Gads-hill is the only one of the kind that we hear of in the play.—H. N. H.

124. So in all the quartos; in the folio, "set a *watch,*" which does not agree with the event, as they do not *set a watch,* but *concert a stratagem* of robbery. *Setting a match* appears to have been one of the technicalities of thievery. Thus in Ratsey's *Ghost,* a tract printed about 1606, and pointed out by Farmer: "I have been many times beholding to tapsters and chamberlains for directions and *setting of matches.*" Likewise in Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair,* the phrase is used for making an appointment: "Peace, sir; they'll be angry if they hear you eavesdropping, now they are *setting their match.*"—H. N. H.

130. *"what says Sir John Sack and Sugar?";* a great deal of learned ink has been used in discussing what Sir John's favorite beverage might be. The very learned archdeacon Nares has pretty much proved it to have been the Spanish wine now called *Sherry.* Thus in Blount's *Glossographia: "Sherry* sack, so called from Xeres, a town of Corduba in Spain, where that kind of *sack* is made."—H. N. H.

a breaker of proverbs: he will give the devil his due.

*Poins.* Then art thou damned for keeping thy word with the devil.

*Prince.* Else he had been damned for cozening the devil.

*Poins.* But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill! there are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses: I have vizards for you all; you have horses for yourselves: Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester: I have bespoke supper to-morrow night in Eastcheap: we may do it as secure as sleep. If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home and be hanged.

*Fal.* Hear ye, Yedward; if I tarry at home and go not, I 'll hang you for going.

*Poins.* You will, chops?

*Fal.* Hal, wilt thou make one?

*Prince.* Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

*Fal.* There 's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou camest not of the blood royal, if thou darest not stand for ten shillings.

*Prince.* Well then, once in my days I 'll be a madcap.

*Fal.* Why, that 's well said.

162. *"stand for";* be good for.—C. H. H.

*Prince.* Well, come what will, I 'll tarry at home.

*Fal.* By the Lord, I 'll be a traitor then, when thou art king.

*Prince.* I care not.

*Poins.* Sir John, I prithee, leave the prince and me alone: I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure that he shall go.

*Fal.* Well, God give thee the spirit of persuasion and him the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may, for recreation sake, prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewell: you shall find me in Eastcheap.

*Prince.* Farewell, thou latter spring! farewell, All-hallown summer! [*Exit Falstaff.*

*Poins.* Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow: I have a jest to execute that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto and Gadshill shall rob those men that we have already waylaid; yourself and I will not be there; and when they have

183. *"thow";* Pope's probable correction for *the* Ff.—C. H. H.

187, 188. *"Bardolph, Peto";* all the old copies have Harvey and Rossill here instead of *"Bardolph"* and *"Peto."* Whether Harvey and Rossill were names of actors that somehow got inserted into the text, or the original names of the persons, inadvertently left unchanged in this place, we have no means of deciding. There can be no doubt, however, that the names should be *"Bardolph"* and *"Peto,"* since these are the persons engaged with Falstaff and Gadshill in the robbery.—H. N. H.

the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head off from my shoulders.

*Prince.* How shall we part with them in setting forth?

*Poins.* Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail, and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves; which they shall have no sooner achieved, but we 'll set upon them.

*Prince.* Yea, but 'tis like that they will know us by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

*Poins.* Tut! our horses they shall not see; I 'll tie them in the wood; our vizards we will change after we leave them: and, sirrah, I have cases of buckram for the nonce, to immask our noted outward garments.

*Prince.* Yea, but I doubt they will be too hard for us.

*Poins.* Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turned back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I 'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will

207. *"for the nonce";* signified for the *occasion,* for the *once.* Junius and Tooke, in their *Etymology of Anon,* led the way; and Mr. Gifford has since clearly explained its meaning. The editor of the new edition of Warton's *History of English Poetry* has shown that it is nothing more than a slight variation of "for then anes"—"for then anis"—"for then ones, or once."—H. N. H.

215. *"incomprehensible";* infinite.—C. H. H.

tell us when we meet at supper: how thirty, at least, he fought with; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and in the reproof of this lies the jest.

*Prince.* Well, I 'll go with thee: provide us all things necessary and meet me to-morrow night in Eastcheap; there I 'll sup. Farewell.

*Poins.* Farewell, my lord. [*Exit.*

*Prince.* I know you all, and will a while uphold
The unyoked humor of your idleness:
Yet herein will I imitate the sun,
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world,
That, when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapors that did seem to strangle him.
If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work;
But when they seldom come, they wish'd for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
So, when this loose behavior I throw off
And pay the debt I never promised,
By how much better than my word I am,
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;
And like bright metal on a sullen ground,

222. *"to-morrow night";* editors generally have thought this should be *to-night,* as referring to the time when the robbery is to be committed; whereas it plainly refers to the night after, when the prince is to enjoy "the virtue of the jest," which is the matter that most interests him and invites him onward.—H. N. H.

My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
Shall show more goodly and attract more eyes
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
I 'll so offend, to make offense a skill;
Redeeming time when men think least I will.
[*Exit.*

## Scene III

*London. The palace.*

*Enter the King, Northumberland, Worcester, Hotspur, Sir Walter Blunt, with others.*

*King.* My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
Unapt to stir at these indignities,
And you have found me; for accordingly
You tread upon my patience: but be sure
I will from henceforth rather be myself,
Mighty and to be fear'd, than my condition;
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,
And therefore lost that title of respect
Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the proud.

*Wor.* Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves
The scourge of greatness to be used on it;
And that same greatness too which our own hands

2-4. *"to make";* as to make.—C. H. H.

3. *"found me so";* old edd. "found me; for." The emendation is Professor Littledale's. It involves a minimum of change, "for" being an extremely easy misprint for "foe."—C. H. H.

5, 6. *"myself, . . . condition";* I will be myself, as king, instead of indulging my natural bent.—C. H. H.

Have holp to make so portly.

*North.* My lord,—

*King.* Worcester, get thee gone; for I do see
Danger and disobedience in thine eye:
O, sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,
And majesty might never yet endure
The moody frontier of a servant brow.
You have good leave to leave us: when we need
Your use and counsel, we shall send for you. [*Exit Wor.*
You were about to speak. [*To North.*

*North.* Yea, my good lord.
Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,
Which Harry Percy here at Homildon took,
Were, as he says, not with such strength denied
As is deliver'd to your majesty:
Either envy, therefore, or misprison
Is guilty of this fault and not my son.

*Hot.* My liege, I did deny no prisoners.
But I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, and trimly dress'd,
Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin new reap'd
Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home;

15. *"Worcester"* (trisyllabic).—C. H. H.

35. *"stubble-land";* to understand this the reader should bear in mind that the courtier's beard, according to the fashion in the Poet's time, would not be closely shaved, but *shorn* or *trimmed,* and would therefore show like a stubble land new reap'd.—H. N. H.

He was perfumed like a milliner;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose and took 't away again;
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in snuff; and still he smiled and talk'd,
And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He question'd me; amongst the rest, demanded
My prisoners in your majesty's behalf.
I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold,
To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
Out of my grief and my impatience,
Answer'd neglectingly I know not what,
He should, or he should not; for he made me mad
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman
Of guns and drums and wounds,—God save the mark!—
And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmaceti for an inward bruise;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
This villanous salt-peter should be digg'd

41. *"took it in snuff";* there is a quibble on the phrase, which was equivalent to *taking huff at it,* in familiar modern speech; to be angry, to take offense.—H. N. H.

60. *"this";* so in all the quartos: the folio has *that* instead of *this.* —H. N. H.

Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly; and but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.
This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,
I answer'd indirectly, as I said;
And I beseech you, let not his report
Come current for an accusation
Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

*Blunt.* The circumstance consider'd, good my lord,
Whate'er Lord Harry Percy then had said
To such a person and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the rest re-told,
May reasonably die and never rise
To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he said, so he unsay it now.

*King.* Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners,
But with proviso and exception,
That we at our own charge shall ransom straight
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer;
Who, on my soul, hath willfully betray'd
The lives of those that he did lead to fight
Against that great magician, damn'd Glen-
dower,

71. So in the first quarto; the others omit *lord,* and the folio makes up the meter by turning *whate'er* into *whatever.*—H. N. H.

83. *"damn'd Glendower";* the reputed magic of Glendower is thus set forth by Holinshed: "About mid August," (1402) "the king went with a great power of men into Wales, but in effect he lost his labor; for Owen conveied himselfe out of the waie into his knowen lurking places, and (as was thought) through art magike he caused such foule weather of winds, tempest, raine, snow, and haile to be raised for the annoiance of the kings armie, that the like had not beene heard of; in such sort, that the king was constreined to re-

Whose daughter, as we hear, the Earl of March
Hath lately married. Shall our coffers, then,
Be emptied to redeem a traitor home?
Shall we buy treason? and indent with fears,
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?
No, on the barren mountains let him starve;
For I shall never hold that man my friend
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

*Hot.* Revolted Mortimer!
He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
But by the chance of war: to prove that true
Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,
Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,
When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,
In single opposition, hand to hand,

turne home, having caused his people yet to spoile and burne first a great part of the countrie."—H. N. H.

85. *"hath lately married";* so in Holinshed: "Edmund Mortimer, earle of March, prisoner with Owen Glendour, whether for irksomnesse of cruell captivitie, or feare of death, or for what other cause, it is uncerteine, agreed to take part with Owen against the king of England, and tooke to wife the daughter of the said Owen." We have seen in the Introduction that the Mortimer, who had been sent into Wales, was not the earl of March, but Sir Edmund Mortimer, uncle to the earl, and therefore perhaps distrusted by the king, as the natural protector of his nephew. At this time the earl of March was but about ten years old, and was held in safe keeping at Windsor. The mistake runs through Holinshed's chapter on the reign of Henry IV and was not original with him.—H. N. H.

87. To *"indent with,"* as explained in old dictionaries, and used in old authors, is to make a covenant or compact with any one: Here it seems to bear the sense of to compromise, or make terms.—H. N. H.

*"fears";* objects of fear, viz. Glendower and Mortimer.—C. H. H.

1

He did confound the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great Glendower:
Three times they breathed and three times did they drink,
Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood;
Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank
Bloodstained with these valiant combatants.
Never did base and rotten policy
Color her working with such deadly wounds;
Nor never could the noble Mortimer
Receive so many, and all willingly:
Then let not him be slander'd with revolt.

*King.* Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost belie him;
He never did encounter with Glendower:
I tell thee,
He durst as well have met the devil alone
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
Art thou not ashamed? But, sirrah, henceforth
Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer:
Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,

106. *"hid his crisp head";* the same image occurs in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Loyal Subject:* "The Volga trembled at his terror, and hid his seven *curled heads.*" Likewise in one of Jonson's *Masques:*

"The rivers run as smoothed by his hand,
Only their *heads* are *crisped* by his stroke."—H. N. H.

108. *"never did base";* so in the folio; the quartos have *bare.* Monck Mason observes not without reason, that *bare* policy would be no *policy* at all.—H. N. H.

113. *"belie him"; i. e.* give him undeserved praise.—C. H. H.

Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
As will displease you. My lord Northumberland,
We license your departure with your son.
Send us your prisoners, or you will hear of it.

[*Exeunt King Henry, Blunt, and train.*

*Hot.* An if the devil come and roar for them,
I will not send them: I will after straight
And tell him so; for I will ease my heart,
Albeit I make a hazard of my head.

*North.* What, drunk with choler? stay and pause a while:
Here comes your uncle.

*Re-enter Worcester.*

*Hot.* Speak of Mortimer!
'Zounds, I will speak of him; and let my soul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him:
Yea, on his part I 'll empty all these veins,
And shed my dear blood drop by drop in the dust,
But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
As high in the air as this unthankful king,
As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

*North.* Brother, the king hath made your nephew mad.

*Wor.* Who struck this heat up after I was gone?

*Hot.* He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners;
And when I urged the ransom once again
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale,

128. *"Albeit I make a hazard of my head";* the reading of Qq.; Ff., *"Although it be with hazard of my head."*—I. G.

And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.
*Wor.* I cannot blame him: was not he proclaim'd
By Richard that dead is the next of blood?
*North.* He was; I heard the proclamation:
And then it was when the unhappy king,—
Whose wrongs in us God pardon!—did set forth
Upon his Irish expedition;
From whence he intercepted did return
To be deposed and shortly murdered.
*Wor.* And for whose death we in the world's wide mouth
Live scandalized and foully spoken of.
*Hot.* But, soft, I pray you; did King Richard then
Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer
Heir to the crown?
*North.* He did; myself did hear it.
*Hot.* Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king,
That wish'd him on the barren mountains starve.
But shall it be, that you, that set the crown
Upon the head of this forgetful man,
And for his sake wear the detested blot
Of murderous subornation, shall it be,

145. *"was not he proclaim'd";* Roger Mortimer, earl of March, was declared heir apparent to the crown in 1385; but was killed in Ireland in 1398. The person proclaimed by Richard II previous to his last voyage to Ireland, was *Edmund* Mortimer, son of Roger, who was then but seven years old: he was not Lady Percy's brother, but her nephew. He was the undoubted heir to the crown after the death of Richard.—H. N. H.

149. *"in us";* so far as we helped to cause them.—C. H. H.

159. *"starve";* so in all the quartos; in the folio, *starv'd.* Of course *to* is understood before *starve.*—H. N. H.

That you a world of curses undergo,
Being the agents, or base second means,
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?
O, pardon me that I descend so low,
To show the line and the predicament
Wherein you range under this subtle king;
Shall it for shame be spoken in these days,
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power
Did gage them both in an unjust behalf,
As both of you—God pardon it!—have done,
To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke?
And shall it in more shame be further spoken,
That you are fool'd, discarded and shook off
By him for whom these shames ye underwent?
No; yet time serves wherein you may redeem
Your banish'd honors, and restore yourselves
Into the good thoughts of the world again,
Revenge the jeering and disdain'd contempt
Of this proud king, who studies day and night
To answer all the debt he owes to you
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths:
Therefore, I say,—

*Wor.* Peace, cousin, say no more:
And now I will unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick-conceiving discontents
I 'll read you matter deep and dangerous,
As full of peril and adventurous spirit
As to o'er-walk a current roaring loud
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

*Hot.* If he fall in, good night! or sink or swim:

Send danger from the east unto the west,
So honor cross it from the north to south,
And let them grapple: O, the blood more stirs
To rouse a lion than to start a hare!

*North.* Imagination of some great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

*Hot.* By heaven, methinks it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honor from the pale-faced moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honor by the locks;
So he that doth redeem her thence might wear
Without corrival all her dignities:
But out upon this half-faced fellowship!

*Wor.* He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the form of what he should attend.
Good cousin, give me audience for a while.

*Hot.* I cry you mercy.

*Wor.* Those same noble Scots
That are your prisoners,—

*Hot.* I 'll keep them all;
By God, he shall not have a Scot of them;

201, etc. This rant of Hotspur has been compared with the similar sentiment put into the mouth of Eteocles by Euripides—"I will not disguise my thoughts; I would scale heaven; I would descend to the very entrails of the earth, if so be that by that price I could obtain a kingdom."

In *The Knight of the Burning Pestle* (Induction), Beaumont and Fletcher put these lines into the mouth of Ralph, the apprentice, "apparently with the design of raising a good-natured laugh at Shakespeare's expense" (Johnson).—I. G.

210. *"attend";* attend to.—C. H. H.

No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not:
I 'll keep them, by this hand.
*Wor.* You start away
And lend no ear unto my purposes.
Those prisoners you shall keep.
*Hot.* Nay, I will; that 's flat:
He said he would not ransom Mortimer;
Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer;
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I 'll holla 'Mortimer!'
Nay,
I 'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but 'Mortimer,' and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion.
*Wor.* Hear you, cousin; a word.
*Hot.* All studies here I solemnly defy,
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke:
And that same sword-and-buckler Prince of Wales,
But that I think his father loves him not
And would be glad he met with some mischance,
I would have him poison'd with a pot of ale.

228. "I here renounce all endeavors."—C. H. H.

230. *"sword-and-buckler";* the meaning and force of this epithet are well shown by a passage in Stowe's *Survey of London:* "This field, commonly called West Smithfield, was for many years called Ruffians' Hall, by reason it was the usual place for frayes and common fighting, during the time that sword and bucklers were in use; when every *serving man,* from the base to the best, carried a *buckler* at his back, which hung by the hilt or pomel of his *sword."* And John Florio, in his *First Fruites,* 1578:—"What weapons bear they? Some sword and dagger, some *sword and buckler.*—What weapon is that *buckler?* A clownish dastardly weapon, and not fit for a gentleman."—H. N. H.

233. *"with a pot of ale,"* the natural beverage for a frequenter of low taverns.—C. H. H.

*Wor.* Farewell, kinsman: I 'll talk to you
When you are better temper'd to attend.
*North.* Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient fool
Art thou to break into this woman's mood,
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own!
*Hot.* Why, look you, I am whipp'd and scourged with rods,
Nettled, and stung with pismires, when I hear
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.
In Richard's time,—what do you call the place?—
A plague upon it, it is in Gloucestershire;
'Twas where the madcap duke his uncle kept,
His uncle York; where I first bow'd my knee
Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke,—
'Sblood!—
When you and he came back from Ravenspurgh.
*North.* At Berkley-castle.
*Hot.* You say true:
Why, what a candy deal of courtesy
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!
Look, 'when his infant fortune came to age,'
And 'gentle Harry Percy,' and 'kind cousin;'
O, the devil take such cozeners! God forgive me!

244. *"his uncle,"* the Duke of York.—C. H. H.

251. *"what a candy deal of courtesy";* that is, "what a deal of candy courtesy."—H. N. H.

253. *"when his . . . age," cp. Richard II,* Act II. iii. 48, 49, "as my fortune ripens with thy love, It shall be still thy true love's recompense."—I. G.

Good uncle, tell your tale; I have done

*Wor.* Nay, if you have not, to it again;
We will stay your leisure.

*Hot.* I have done, i' faith.

*Wor.* Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.
Deliver them up without their ransom straight,
And make the Douglas' son your only mean
For powers in Scotland; which, for divers reasons
Which I shall send you written, be assured,
Will easily be granted. You, my lord,
[*To Northumberland.*
Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd,
Shall secretly into the bosom creep
Of that same noble prelate, well beloved,
The archbishop.

*Hot.* Of York, is it not?

*Wor.* True; who bears hard
His brother's death at Bristol, the Lord Scroop.
I speak not this in estimation,
As what I think might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted and set down,
And only stays but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

*Hot.* I smell it: upon my life, it will do well.

*North.* Before the game is a-foot, thou still let'st slip.

*Hot.* Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot:
And then the power of Scotland and of York,
To join with Mortimer, ha?

*Wor.* And so they shall.

*Hot.* In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.

*Wor.* And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,
To save our heads by raising of a head;
For, bear ourselves as even as we can,
The king will always think him in our debt,
And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay us home:
And see already how he doth begin
To make us strangers to his looks of love.
*Hot.* He does, he does: we 'll be revenged on him.
*Wor.* Cousin, farewell; no further go in this
Than I by letters shall direct your course.
When time is ripe, which will be suddenly,
I 'll steal to Glendower and Lord Mortimer;
Where you and Douglas and our powers at once,
As I will fashion it, shall happily meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.
*North.* Farewell, good brother: we shall thrive, I trust.
*Hot.* Uncle, adieu: O, let the hours be short
Till fields and blows and groans applaud our sport! [*Exeunt.*

# ACT SECOND

## Scene I

*Rochester. An inn yard.*

*Enter a Carrier with a lantern in his hand.*

*First Car.* Heigh-ho! an it be not four by the day, I 'll be hanged: Charles' wain is over the new chimney, and yet our horse not packed. What, ostler!

*Ost.* [*Within*] Anon, anon.

*First Car.* I prithee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle, put a few flocks in the point; poor jade, is wrung in the withers out of all cess.

*Enter another Carrier.*

*Sec. Car.* Peas and beans are as dank here as a dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots: this house is turned upside down since Robin Ostler died.

*First Car.* Poor fellow, never joyed since the price of oats rose; it was the death of him.

1. *"by the day";* in the morning.—C. H. H.

7. *"poor jade, is wrung";* a rustic or uneducated omission of the pronoun. So at l. 13 below.—C. H. H.

14. *"price of oats";* the price of grain was very high in 1596; which may have put Shakespeare upon making poor Robin thus die of one idea.—H. N. H.

*Sec. Car.* I think this be the most villainous house in all London road for fleas: I am stung like a tench.

*First Car.* Like a tench! by the mass, there is ne'er a king christen could be better bit than I have been since the first cock.

*Sec. Car.* Why, they will allow us ne'er a jordan, and then we leak in your chimney; and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like a loach.

*First Car.* What, ostler! come away and be hanged! come away.

*Sec. Car.* I have a gammon of bacon and two razes of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charingcross.

*First Car.* God's body! the turkeys in my pannier are quite starved. What, ostler! A plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head? canst not hear? An 'twere not as good deed as drink, to break the pate on thee, I am a very villain. Come, and be hanged! hast no faith in thee?

*Enter Gadshill.*

17. *"tench";* Dr. Farmer thought *tench* a mistake for *trout;* the red spots of the trout having some resemblance to the spots on the skin of a flea-bitten person.—H. N. H.

19. *"king christen";* Christian king.—C. H. H.

23. *"chamber-lie";* urine.—C. H. H.

*"breeds fleas";* it appears from a passage in Holland's translation of Pliny that anciently fishes were supposed to be infested with fleas. —H. N. H.

*"a loach";* a fish.—C. H. H.

29. *"turkeys . . . starved";* this is one of the Poet's anachronisms. Turkeys were not brought into England until the reign of Henry VIII.—H. N. H.

*Gads.* Good morrow, carriers. What 's o'clock?

*First Car.* I think it be two o'clock.

*Gads.* I prithee, lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable.

*First Car.* Nay, by God, soft; I know a trick worth two of that, i' faith.

*Gads.* I pray thee, lend me thine.

*Sec. Car.* Aye, when? canst tell? Lend me thy lantern, quoth he? marry, I 'll see thee hanged first.

*Gads.* Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

*Sec. Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee. Come, neighbor Mugs, we 'll call up the gentleman: they will along with company, for they have great charge.

[*Exeunt Carriers.*

*Gads.* What, ho! chamberlain!

*Cham.* [*Within*] At hand, quoth pick-purse.

*Gads.* That 's even as fair as—at hand, quoth the chamberlain; for thou variest no more from picking of purses than giving direction doth from laboring; thou layest the plot how.

37. *"I think it be two o'clock";* the Carrier has just said,—"An't be not *four* by the day, I'll be hang'd." Probably he suspects Gadshill, and tries to mislead him.—H. N. H.

43. *"Aye, when? canst tell?";* a scoffing retort to an inconvenient or impertinent question.—C. H. H.

53. *"At hand, quoth pick-purse";* a proverbial phrase for acknowledging a summons: "immediately."—C. H. H.

57. *"thou layest the plot how";* thus in *The Life and Death of Gamaliel Ratsey,* 1605: "He dealt with the *chamberlaine* of the house, to learn which way they went in the morning, which the

1

*Enter Chamberlain.*

*Cham.* Good morrow, Master Gadshill. It holds current that I told you yesternight: there 's a franklin in the wild of Kent hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at supper; a kind of auditor; one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what. They are up already, and call for eggs and butter: they will away presently.

*Gads.* Sirrah, if they meet not with Saint Nicholas' clerks, I 'll give thee this neck.

*Cham.* No, I 'll none of it: I pray thee, keep that for the hangman; for I know thou worshipest Saint Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may.

*Gads.* What talkest thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, I 'll make a fat pair of gallows; for if I hang, old Sir John hangs with me, and thou knowest he is no starveling. Tut! there are other Trojans that thou dreamest not of, the which for sport sake are content to do the profession some grace; that would, if matters should be looked into, for their own credit sake, make all whole. I am

*chamberlaine* performed accordingly, and that with great care and diligence, for he knew he should partake of their fortunes if they sped."—H. N. H.

61. *"a franklin";* this was the *Franklin* of the age of Elizabeth.—H. N. H.

67. *"eggs and butter";* a frequent breakfast dish.—C. H. H.

joined with no foot land-rakers, no long-staff sixpenny strikers, none of these mad mustachio purple-hued malt-worms; but with nobility and tranquillity, burgo-masters and great oneyers, such as can hold in, such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray: and yet, 'zounds, I lie; for they pray continually to their saint, the commonwealth; or rather, not pray to her, but prey on her, for they ride up and down on her and make her their boots.

*Cham.* What, the commonwealth their boots? will she hold out water in foul way?

*Gads.* She will, she will; justice hath liquored her. We steal as in a castle, cock-sure; we have the receipt of fern-seed, we walk invisible.

*Cham.* Nay, by my faith, I think you are more beholding to the night than to fern-seed for your walking invisible.

*Gads.* Give me thy hand: thou shalt have a share in our purchase, as I am a true man.

83. *"foot land-rakers";* vagabonds, tramps (going on foot).—C. H. H.

85. *"mustachio purple-hued malt-worms";* topers (with liquor-dyed mustachios).—C. H. H.

88. *"great oneyers,"* probably a jocose term for "great ones," with perhaps a pun on *"owners";* various emendations have been proposed, *e. g. "oneraires," "moneyers," "seignors," "owners," "mynheers," "overseers,"* etc.—I. G.

98. *"liquored her";* alluding to *boots* in the preceding passage. In *The Merry Wives of Windsor,* Falstaff says,—"They would melt me out of my fat drop by drop, and *liquor* fishermen's boots with me."—H. N. H.

*Cham.* Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief.

*Gads.* Go to; 'homo' is a common name to all men. Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewell, you muddy knave.

[*Exeunt.*

## Scene II

*The highway, near Gadshill.*

*Enter Prince Henry and Poins.*

*Poins.* Come, shelter, shelter: I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gummed velvet.

*Prince.* Stand close.

*Enter Falstaff.*

*Fal.* Poins! Poins, and be hanged! Poins!

*Prince.* Peace, ye fat-kidneyed rascal! what a brawling dost thou keep!

*Fal.* Where 's Poins, Hal?

*Prince.* He is walked up to the top of the hill: I 'll go seek him.

*Fal.* I am accursed to rob in that thief's company: the rascal hath removed my horse, and

108. *"homo" is a common name to all men.* In other words, "thief" is not an antithesis to "man," as "false" is to "true."—C. H. H.

2. *"gummed velvet";* thus in *The Malcontent,* 1604: "I'll come among you, like *gum* into taffeta, *fret, fret.*" Velvet and taffeta were sometimes stiffened with gum; but the consequence was, that the stuff being thus hardened quickly rubbed and fretted itself out.—H. N. H.

tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the squier further a foot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two and twenty years, and yet I am bewitched with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I 'll be hanged; it could not be else; I have drunk medicines. Poins! Hal! a plague upon you both! Bardolph! Peto! I 'll starve ere I 'll rob a foot further. An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man and to leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground is threescore and ten miles afoot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough: a plague upon it when thieves cannot be true one to another! [*They whistle*] Whew! A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hanged!

*Prince.* Peace, ye fat-guts! lie down; lay thine ear close to the ground and list if thou canst hear the tread of travelers.

*Fal.* Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I 'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye to colt me thus?

*Prince.* Thou liest; thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

*Fal.* I prithee, good prince Hal, help me to my horse, good king's son.

*Prince.* Out, ye rogue! shall I be your ostler?

*Fal.* Go hang thyself in thine own heir-apparent garters! If I be ta'en, I 'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison: when a jest is so forward, and afoot too! I hate it.

*Enter Gadshill, Bardolph and Peto with him.*

*Gads.* Stand.

*Fal.* So I do, against my will.

*Poins.* O, 'tis our setter: I know his voice. Bardolph, what news?

*Bard.* Case ye, case ye; on with your vizards: there 's money of the king's coming down the hill; 'tis going to the king's exchequer.

*Fal.* You lie, ye rogue; 'tis going to the king's tavern.

*Gads.* There 's enough to make us all.

*Fal.* To be hanged.

*Prince.* Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane; Ned Poins and I will walk lower: if they 'scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

*Peto.* How many be there of them?

*Gads.* Some eight or ten.

*Fal.* 'Zounds, will they not rob us?

*Prince.* What, a coward, Sir John Paunch?

*Fal.* Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather; but yet no coward, Hal.

*Prince.* Well, we leave that to the proof.

*Poins.* Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge: when thou needest him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

*Fal.* Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hanged.

*Prince.* Ned, where are our disguises?

*Poins.* Here, hard by: stand close. 80

[*Exeunt Prince and Poins.*

*Fal.* Now, my masters, happy man be his dole, say I: every man to his business.

*Enter the Travelers.*

*First Trav.* Come, neighbor: the boy shall lead our horses down the hill; we 'll walk afoot awhile, and ease our legs.

*Thieves.* Stand!

*Travelers.* Jesus bless us!

*Fal.* Strike; down with them; cut the villains' throats: ah! whoreson caterpillars! bacon-fed knaves! they hate us youth: down with them; 90 fleece them.

*Travelers.* O, we are undone, both we and ours for ever!

*Fal.* Hang ye, gorbellied knaves, are ye undone? No, ye fat chuffs; I would your store were

81. *"dole"*; that is, happiness be his lot or portion.—H. N. H.

95. *"chuffs"*; a *chuff*, according to Richardson, is a "burly, swollen man; swollen either with gluttony and guzzling, or with ill tempers." Thus in Massinger's *Duke of Milan:* "To see these *chuffs,* who

here! On, bacons, on! What, ye knaves! young men must live. You are grandjurors, are ye? we 'll jure ye, 'faith.

[*Here they rob them and bind them. Exeunt.*

*Re-enter Prince Henry and Poins disguised.*

*Prince.* The thieves have bound the true men. Now thou and I rob the thieves and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month and a good jest for ever.

*Poins.* Stand close; I hear them coming.

*Enter the Thieves again.*

*Fal.* Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. An the Prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there 's no equity stirring: there 's no more valor in that Poins than in a wild-duck.

*Prince.* Your money!

*Poins.* Villains!

[*As they are sharing, the Prince and Poins set upon them; they all run away; and Falstaff, after a blow or two, runs away too, leaving the booty behind them.*]

*Prince.* Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse:

The thieves are all scatter'd and possess'd with fear

every day may spend a soldier's entertainment for a year, yet make a third meal of a bunch of raisins."—H. N. H.

97. *"grandjurors"; i. e.* men of social pretensions.—C. H. H.

So strongly that they dare not meet each other;
Each takes his fellow for an officer.
Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death,
And lards the lean earth as he walks along:
Were 't not for laughing, I should pity him.
*Poins.* How the rogue roar'd! [*Exeunt.* 119

## Scene III

*Warkworth Castle.*

*Enter Hotspur solus, reading a letter.*

*Hot.* 'But, for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house.' He could be contented: why is he not, then? In respect of the love he bears our house: he shows in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. 'The purpose you undertake is dangerous;' —why, that 's certain: 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink; but I tell you, my 10
lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. 'The purpose you undertake is dangerous; the friends you have named uncertain; the time itself unsorted; and your whole plot too light for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.' Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you

*"Enter Hotspur solus, reading a letter";* this letter was from George Dunbar, earl of March, in Scotland.—H. N. H.

are a shallow cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this! By the Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation; an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this! Why, my lord of York commends the plot and the general course of the action. 'Zounds, an I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself? lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York, and Owen Glendower? is there not besides the Douglas? have I not all their letters to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are they not some of them set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this! an infidel! Ha! you shall see now in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myself, and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skim milk with so honorable an action! Hang him! Let him tell the king: we are prepared. I will set forward to-night.

*Enter Lady Percy.*

24. *"my lord of York";* the archbishop, Richard Scroop.—C. H. H.

27. *"brain him with his lady's fan."* The heavy (often silver) handle of the fan was an occasional female weapon, but only capable of "braining" a "lackbrain."—C. H. H.

38. *"divide myself and go to buffets";* quarrel w[illegible] and belabor myself.—C. H. H.

39. *"moving";* addressing myself to.—C. H. H.

How now, Kate! I must leave you within these two hours.

*Lady.* O, my good lord, why are you thus alone?
For what offense have I this fortnight been
A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed?
Tell me, sweet lord, what is 't that takes from thee
Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?
Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth,
And start so often when thou sit'st alone?
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks,
And given my treasures and my rights of thee
To thick-eyed musing and cursed melancholy?
In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watch'd,
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars;
Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed;
Cry 'Courage! to the field!' And thou hast talk'd
Of sallies and retires, of trenches, tents,
Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets,
Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin,
Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain,
And all the currents of a heady fight.
Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war
And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleep,

42. *"Kate";* Shakespeare either mistook the name of Hotspur's wife, which was not *Katherine* but *Elizabeth,* or else designedly changed it, out of the remarkable fondness he seems to have had for the name of *Kate.* Hall and Holinshed call her erroneously *Elinor.*—H. N. H.

56. *"terms of manage";* phrases of horsemanship.—C. H. H.

62. *"currents";* courses.—C. H. H.

Lady Percy "Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
And I must know it, else he loves me not."

King Henry IV., P. 1. Act 2, Scene 3.

That beads of sweat hath stood upon thy brow,
Like bubbles in a late-disturbed stream;
And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,
Such as we see when men restrain their breath
On some great sudden hest. O, what portents are these?
Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
And I must know it, else he loves me not.

*Hot.* What, ho!

*Enter Servant.*

Is Gilliams with the packet gone?

*Serv.* He is, my lord, an hour ago.

*Hot.* Hath Butler brought those horses from the sheriff?

*Serv.* One horse, my lord, he brought even now.

*Hot.* What horse? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not?

*Serv.* It is, my lord.

*Hot.* That roan shall be my throne.
Well, I will back him straight: O esperance!
Bid Butler lead him forth into the park.

[*Exit Servant.*

*Lady.* But hear you, my lord.

*Hot.* What say'st thou, my lady?

*Lady.* What is it carries you away?

*Hot.* Why, my horse, my love, my horse.

*Lady.* Out, you mad-headed ape!
A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen

87. The *"weasel"* was proverbial for ill-temper, which had its seat in the "spleen"; but the spleen was also the seat of capricious moodiness in general, and it is in this sense that Lady Percy attributes it to her husband.—C. H. H.

As you are toss'd with. In faith,
I 'll know your business, Harry, that I will.
I fear my brother Mortimer doth stir
About his title, and hath sent for you
To line his enterprize: but if you go—

*Hot.* So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.

*Lady.* Come, come, you paraquito, answer me
Directly unto this question that I ask:
In faith, I 'll break thy little finger, Harry,
An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

*Hot.* Away,
Away, you trifler! Love! I love thee not,
I care not for thee, Kate: this is no world
To play with mammets and to tilt with lips:
We must have bloody noses and crack'd crowns,
And pass them current too. God's me, my horse!
What say'st thou, Kate? what wouldst thou have with me?

*Lady.* Do you not love me? do you not, indeed?
Well, do not then; for since you love me not,
I will not love myself. Do you not love me?
Nay, tell me if you speak in jest or no.

*Hot.* Come, wilt thou see me ride?
And when I am o' horseback, I will swear
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate;
I must not have you henceforth question me

92. *"if you go"*; the strict sense of "go" was "walk": hence Hotspur's quibbling rejoinder.—C. H. H.

96. *"I'll break thy little finger"*; an ancient token of amorous dalliance, as Steevens has shown by quotations.—I. G.

112. *"crack'd crowns"*; with a play on the monetary sense, made explicit in the next line.—C. H. H.

Whither I go, nor reason whereabout:
Whither I must, I must; and, to conclude,
This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.
I know you wise, but yet no farther wise
Than Harry Percy's wife: constant you are,
But yet a woman: and for secrecy,
No lady closer; for I well believe
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;
And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.

*Lady.* How! so far?

*Hot.* Not an inch further. But hark you, Kate:
Whither I go, thither shall you go too;
To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.
Will this content you, Kate?

*Lady.* It must of force. [*Exeunt.*

## Scene IV

*The Boar's-Head Tavern in Eastcheap.*

*Enter the Prince, and Poins.*

*Prince.* Ned, prithee, come out of that fat room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

*Poins.* Where hast been, Hal?

127. *"of force"*; perforce.—C. H. H.

*"Boar's-Head Tavern"*; the original tavern in Eastcheap was burned down in the great fire, but was subsequently rebuilt, and stood until 1757, when it was demolished. Goldsmith visited the tavern, and wrote of it enthusiastically in his *Essays*.—I. G.

*"Eastcheap"* is selected with propriety for the scene of the prince's merry meetings, as it was near his own residence; a mansion called Cold Harbour, near All-Hallows Church, Upper Thames-Street, being granted to Henry prince of Wales. In the old anonymous play of

*Prince.* With three or four loggerheads amongst three or fourscore hogsheads. I have sounded the very base-string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leash of drawers; and can call them all by their christen names, as Tom, Dick, and Francis. They take it already upon their salvation, that though I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the king of courtesy; and tell me flatly I am no proud Jack, like Falstaff, but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy, by the Lord, so they call me, and when I am king of England, I shall command all the good lads in Eastcheap. They call drinking deep, dyeing scarlet; and when you breathe in your watering, they cry 'hem!' and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honor, that thou wert

*King Henry V, "Eastcheap"* is the place where Henry and his companions meet: *"Hen.* You know the old tavern in Eastcheap; there is good wine." Shakespeare has hung up a sign for them that he saw daily; for the Boar's Head tavern was very near Blackfriars' Playhouse.—H. N. H.

7. *"a leash of drawers";* a "trio" of waiters. Three greyhounds made a "leash."—C. H. H.

18, 19. To *"breathe in your watering"* is to stop and take breath when you are drinking. So in Rowland's *Letting of Humours Blood in the Head Vaine,* 1600, a passage first pointed out by Sir W. Scott in his edition of those rare satires:

> "A pox of *piece-meal drinking,* William says,
> *Play it away,* we'll have no stoppes and stayes;
> Blown drinke is odious; what man can digest it?
> No faithful drunkard but he should detest it."—H. N. H.

not with me in this action. But, sweet Ned, —to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this pennyworth of sugar, clapped even now into my hand by an under-skinker, one that never spake other English in his life than 'Eight shillings and sixpence,' and 'You are welcome,' with this shrill addition, 'Anon, anon, sir! Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon,' or so. But, Ned, to drive away time till Falstaff come, I prithee, do thou stand in some by-room, while I question my puny drawer to what end he gave me the sugar; and do thou never leave calling 'Francis,' that his tale to me may be nothing but 'Anon.' Step aside, and I 'll show thee a precedent.

*Poins.* Francis!

*Prince.* Thou art perfect.

*Poins.* Francis! [*Exit Poins.*

*Enter Francis.*

*Fran.* Anon, anon, sir. Look down into the Pomgarnet, Ralph.

*Prince.* Come hither, Francis.

*Fran.* My lord?

27. *"sugar";* it appears that the drawers kept *sugar* folded up in paper, ready to be delivered to those who called for sack.—An *"under-skinker"* is a tapster, an *under-drawer. Skink* is *drink, liquor;* from *scenc,* drink, Saxon.—H. N. H.

33. *"Half-moon"* is used as the name of a room in the tavern; and so is *Pomegranate* a little after.—*"Score"* was a term for keeping accounts, when *tally-sticks* were in use.—H. N. H.

36. *"puny";* the technical epithet of the younger son (puisné) playfully applied to the *"under*-skinker."—C. H. H.

*Prince.* How long hast thou to serve, Francis?
*Fran.* Forsooth, five years, and as much as to—
*Poins.* [*Within*] Francis!
*Fran.* Anon, anon, sir.
*Prince.* Five year! by 'r lady, a long lease for the clinking of pewter. But, Francis, darest thou be so valiant as to play the coward with thy indenture and show it a fair pair of heels and run from it?
*Fran.* O Lord, sir, I 'll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find in my heart.
*Poins.* [*Within*] Francis!
*Fran.* Anon, sir.
*Prince.* How old art thou, Francis?
*Fran.* Let me see—about Michaelmas next I shall be—
*Poins.* [*Within*] Francis!
*Fran.* Anon, sir. Pray stay a little, my lord.
*Prince.* Nay, but hark you, Francis: for the sugar thou gavest me, 'twas a pennyworth, was 't not?
*Fran.* O Lord, I would it had been two!
*Prince.* I will give thee for it a thousand pound: ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.
*Poins.* [*Within*] Francis!
*Fran.* Anon, anon.
*Prince.* Anon, Francis? No, Francis; but tomorrow, Francis; or Francis, o' Thursday; or indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis!

*Fran.* My lord?

*Prince.* Wilt thou rob this leathern jerkin, crystal-button, not-pated, agate-ring, puke-stocking, caddis-garter, smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch,—

*Fran.* O lord, sir, who do you mean?

*Prince.* Why, then, your brown bastard is your only drink; for look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet will sully: in Barbary, sir, it cannot come to so much.

*Fran.* What, sir?

*Poins* [*Within*] Francis!

*Prince.* Away, you rogue! dost thou not hear them call?

[*Here they both call him; the drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.*

*Enter Vintner.*

*Vint.* What, standest thou still, and hearest such a calling? Look to the guests within. [*Exit Francis.*] My lord, old Sir John, with half-a-dozen more, are at the door: shall I let them in?

*Prince.* Let them alone awhile, and then open the door. [*Exit Vintner.*] Poins!

*Re-enter Poins.*

*Poins.* Anon, anon, sir.

*Prince.* Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door: shall we be merry?

80. *"this leathern-jerkin";* of course the prince refers to Francis's master, to whom he applies these contemptuous epithets.—H. N. H.

*Poins.* As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye; what cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? Come, what 's the issue?

*Prince.* I am now of all humors that have showed themselves humors since the old days of goodman Adam to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight.

*Re-enter Francis.*

What 's o'clock, Francis?

*Fran.* Anon, anon, sir. [*Exit*

*Prince.* That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman. His industry is up-stairs and down-stairs; his eloquence the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the north; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife 'Fie upon this quiet life! I want work.' 'O my sweet Harry,' says she, 'how many hast thou killed to-day?' 'Give my roan horse a drench,' says he; and answers 'Some fourteen,' an hour after; 'a trifle, a trifle.' I prithee, call in Falstaff: I 'll play Percy, and that damned brawn shall play Dame Mortimer his wife. 'Rivo!' says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

128. *"Rivo!";* of this exclamation, which was frequently used in Bacchanalian revelry, the origin or derivation has not been discovered. —H. N. H.

*Enter Falstaff, Gadshill, Bardolph, and Peto; Francis following with wine.*

*Poins.* Welcome, Jack: where hast thou been?

*Fal.* A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen! Give me a cup of sack, boy. Ere I lead this life long, I 'll sew nether stocks and mend them and foot them too. A plague of all cowards! Give me a cup of sack, rogue. Is there no virtue extant? [*He drinks.*

*Prince.* Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter? pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet tale of the sun's! if thou didst then behold that compound.

*Fal.* You rogue, here 's lime in this sack too: there is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man; yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it. A villainous coward! Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There lives not three good men unhanged in England; and one of

139. *"pitiful-hearted Titan,"* so the early eds.; Theobald suggested *"butter"* for *"Titan,"* and the emendation has been generally adopted. —I. G.

141. *"that compound"; the* "composition" of Falstaff's flushed face immersed in the liquor, and the frothy draught melting away at the "sweet tale" of his lips.—C. H. H.

142. *"here's lime in this sack"; cp.* Sir Richard Hawkins' statement in his *Voyages,* that the Spanish sacks "for conversation are mingled with the lime in the making," and hence give rise to "the stone, the dropsy, and infinite other distempers, not heard of before this wine came into frequent use."—I. G.

them is fat, and grows old: God help the while! a bad world, I say. I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or any thing. A plague of all cowards, I say still.

*Prince.* How now, wool-sack! what mutter you?

*Fal.* A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild-geese, I 'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of Wales!

*Prince.* Why, you whoreson round man, what 's the matter?

*Fal.* Are not you a coward? answer me to that: and Poins there?

*Poins.* 'Zounds, ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, by the Lord, I 'll stab thee.

*Fal.* I call thee coward! I 'll see thee damned ere I call thee coward: but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back: call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me. Give me a cup of sack: I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

*Prince.* O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunkest last.

152. *"I would I were a weaver";* weavers were good singers, especially of psalms, most of them being Calvinists who had fled from Flanders to escape persecution.—I. G.

158. *"dagger of lath,"* like that carried by the Vice in the old Morality plays.—I. G.

*Fal.* All 's one for that. [*He drinks.*] A plague of all cowards, still say I.

*Prince.* What 's the matter?

*Fal.* What 's the matter! there be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this day morning.

*Prince.* Where is it, Jack? where is it?

*Fal.* Where is it! taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

*Prince.* What, a hundred, man?

*Fal.* I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a hand-saw —ecce signum! I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards! Let them speak: if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains and the sons of darkness.

*Prince.* Speak, sirs; how was it?

*Gads.* We four set upon some dozen—

*Fal.* Sixteen at least, my lord.

*Gads.* And bound them.

*Peto.* No, no, they were not bound.

*Fal.* You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

183. *"this day morning"*; so in the first two quartos; the others omit *day*. Such was the phraseology of the time, and Mr. Collier says "It is still used in our eastern counties."—H. N. H.

*Gads.* As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us—

*Fal.* And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

*Prince.* What, fought you with them all?

*Fal.* All! I know not what you call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

*Prince.* Pray God you have not murdered some of them.

*Fal.* Nay, that 's past praying for: I have peppered two of them; two I am sure I have paid, two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward; here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me—

*Prince.* What, four? thou saidst but two even now.

*Fal.* Four, Hal; I told thee four.

*Poins.* Aye, aye, he said four.

*Fal.* These four came all a-foot, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

*Prince.* Seven? why, there were but four even now.

*Fal.* In buckram?

230. *"mainly,"* violently.—C. H. H.

*Poins.* Aye, four, in buckram suits
*Fal.* Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.
*Prince.* Prithee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.
*Fal.* Dost thou hear me, Hal?
*Prince.* Aye, and mark thee too, Jack.
*Fal.* Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram that I told thee of,—
*Prince.* So, two more already.
*Fal.* Their points being broken,—
*Poins.* Down fell their hose.
*Fal.* Began to give me ground: but I followed me close, came in foot and hand; and with a thought seven of the eleven I paid.
*Prince.* O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!
*Fal.* But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves in Kendal green came at my back and let drive at me; for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

246. *"Their points being broken";* the jest lies in a quibble upon *"points,"* Falstaff using the word for the *sharp end of a weapon,* Poins for the *tagged lace* with which garments were then fastened.—H. N. H.

248. *"followed me";* "me" is "ethical," expressing his keen concern in the pursuit.—C. H. H.

253–257. We cannot persuade ourselves that Falstaff thinks of deceiving anybody by this string of "incomprehensible lies." He tells them, surely, not expecting or intending them to be believed, but partly for the pleasure he takes in the excited play of his faculties, partly for the surprise he causes by his still more incomprehensible feats of dodging; that is, they are studied self-exposures to invite an attack; that he may provoke his hearers to come down upon him, and then witch them with his facility and felicity in extricating himself. Thus his course here is all of a piece with his usual practice

*Prince.* These lies are like their father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-catch,—

*Fal.* What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

*Prince.* Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? come, tell us your reason: what sayest thou to this?

*Poins.* Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

*Fal.* What, upon compulsion? 'Zounds, an I were at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plentiful as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

*Prince.* I 'll be no longer guilty of this sin; this

of surrounding himself with difficulties, the better to exercise and evince his incomparable fertility and alertness of thought; as knowing that the more he entangles himself in his talk, the richer will be the effect when by a word he slips off the entanglement. We shrewdly suspect that he knew the truth all the while, but determined to fall in with and humor the joke, on purpose to make sport for himself and the prince; and at the same time to retort their deception by pretending to be ignorant of their doings and designs. At all events, we must needs think it were a huge impeachment of his sense, to suppose that in telling such gross and palpable lies he has any thought of being believed.—H. N. H.

261. *"knotty-pated";* so Qq., Ff. But it is probably only a misspelling for "not-pated," which the prince has previously used (l. 81 above).—C. H. H.

273. *"if reasons were as plenty as blackberries";* a play upon "raisins," then almost identical in pronunciation with "reasons."—C. H. H.

sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh,—

*Fal.* 'Sblood, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dried neat's tongue, you bull's pizzle, you stock-fish! O for breath to utter what is like thee! you tailor's-yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing-tuck,—

*Prince.* Well, breathe a while, and then to it again: and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

*Poins.* Mark, Jack.

*Prince.* We two saw you four set on four and bound them, and were masters of their wealth. Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four; and, with a word, out-faced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house: and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still run and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

279. *"you elf-skin";* so the Qq. and Ff.; Hanmer, *"eel-skin"* (*cp. 2 Henry IV,* III, ii. 366); Johnson, *"elfkin."*—I. G.

289. *"bound them," i. e.* "you bound them"; a mixture of two constructions—the infinitive "bind" depending on "saw" and the direct indicative "you bound," the one being uncolloquial and the other not expressing that what happened was *seen.*—C. H. H.

*Poins.* Come, let 's hear, Jack; what trick hast thou now?

*Fal.* By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear you, my masters: was it for me to kill the heir-apparent? should I turn upon the true prince? why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was now a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money. Hostess, clap to the doors: watch to-night, pray to-morrow. Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

*Prince.* Content; and the argument shall be thy running away.

*Fal.* Ah, no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me!

*Enter Hostess.*

*Host.* O Jesu, my lord the prince!

314. *"and thou for a true prince";* the logic of this passage even beats the wit, fine as is the latter. The prince was not the true prince, according to the settled rule of succession. The logic is, that none but a man composed and framed of royalty could inspire a lion with such fear; and on the other hand no beast but the lion is brave and gentle enough to feel this instinctive respect for royalty. So that Falstaff's running from him proves him to be what he is not, and is alike honorable to them both.—H. N. H.

*Prince.* How now, my lady the hostess! what sayest thou to me?

*Host.* Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door would speak with you: he says he comes from your father.

*Prince.* Give him as much as will make him a royal man, and send him back again to my mother.

*Fal.* What manner of man is he?

*Host.* An old man.

*Fal.* What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight? Shall I give him his answer?

*Prince.* Prithee, do, Jack.

*Fal.* Faith, and I 'll send him packing. [*Exit.*

*Prince.* Now, sirs; by 'r lady, you fought fair; so did you, Peto; so did you, Bardolph: you are lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince; no, fie!

*Bard.* Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

*Prince.* Faith, tell me now in earnest, how came Falstaff's sword so hacked?

*Peto.* Why, he hacked it with his dagger, and said he would swear truth out of England but he would make you believe it was done in fight, and persuaded us to do the like.

*Bard.* Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass to make them bleed, and then to be-

332. *"a royal man";* the hostess has just called the messenger a *nobleman.* The prince refers to this, and at the same time plays upon the words *"royal man." Royal* and *noble* were names of coin, the one being 10s., the other 6s. 8d. If, then, the messenger were already a *noble* man, give him 3s. 4d. and it would make him a *royal* man.—H. N. H.

slubber our garments with it and swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seven year before, I blushed to hear his monstrous devices.

*Prince.* O villain, thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner, and ever since thou hast blushed extempore. Thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou rannest away: what instinct hadst thou for it?

*Bard.* My lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

*Prince.* I do.

*Bard.* What think you they portend?

*Prince.* Hot livers and cold purses.

*Bard.* Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

*Prince.* No, if rightly taken, halter.

*Re-enter Falstaff.*

Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone. How now, my sweet creature of bombast! How long is 't ago, Jack, since thou sawest thine own knee?

*Fal.* My own knee! when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's

368. *"Hot livers and cold purses";* that is, drunkenness and poverty. —H. N. H.

369. *"choler";* of course there is a quibble implied here between *"choler"* and *collar.* It is observable that the prince deals very much in this kind of *implied* puns, as if the Poet sought thereby to reconcile the native dignity of this most princely gentleman with his occasional levity and playfulness. *Explicit* puns were too small a species of wit for such a heroic spirit even to play with.—H. N. H.

thumb-ring: a plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There 's villainous news abroad: here was Sir John Bracy from your father; you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy, and he of Wales, that gave Amamon the bastinado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook— what a plague call you him?

*Poins.* O, Glendower.

*Fal.* Owen, Owen, the same; and his son-in-law Mortimer, and old Northumberland, and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o' horseback up a hill perpendicular,—

*Prince.* He that rides at high speed and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying.

*Fal.* You have hit it.

*Prince.* So did he never the sparow.

*Fal.* Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him; he will not run.

*Prince.* Why, what a rascal art thou then, to praise him so for running!

380. *"Sir John Bracy";* Ff. Braby. This person is apparently invented by Shakespeare; there is no trace of him in history.—C. H. H.

386. The *"Welch hook"* was a kind of hedging-bill made with a hook at the end, and a long handle like the partisan or halbert.—H. N. H.

389. *"O, Glendower";* (?) perhaps we should read, *Owen Glendower."*—I. G.

393. *"with his pistol";* pistols were not in use in the age of Henry IV. They are said to have been much used by the Scotch in Shakespeare's time.—H. N. H.

*Fal.* O' horseback, ye cuckoo; but afoot he will not budge a foot.

*Prince.* Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

*Fal.* I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue-caps more: Worcester is stolen away to-night; thy father's beard is turned white with the news: you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel.

*Prince.* Why, then, it is like, if there come a hot June and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maidenheads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundreds.

*Fal.* By the mass, lad, thou sayest true: it is like we shall have good trading that way. But tell me, Hal, art not thou horrible afeard? thou being heir-apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

*Prince.* Not a whit, i' faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

*Fal.* Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow when thou comest to thy father: if thou love me, practise an answer.

*Prince.* Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

408. *"you may buy land now,"* etc.; this might be aptly quoted as showing that civil disorders had much the same effect on property in Shakespeare's time as in ours.—H. N. H.

411. *"civil buffeting";* civil war.—C. H. H.

*Fal.* Shall I? content: this chair shall be my state, this dagger my scepter, and this cushion my crown.

*Prince.* Thy state is taken for a joined-stool, thy golden scepter for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown!

*Fal.* Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved. Give me a cup of sack to make my eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King Cambyses' vein.

*Prince.* Well, here is my leg.

*Fal.* And here is my speech. Stand aside, nobility.

*Host.* O Jesu, this is excellent sport, i' faith!

*Fal.* Weep not, sweet queen; for trickling tears are vain.

*Host.* O, the father, how he holds his countenance!

*Fal.* For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful queen;
For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

*Host.* O Jesu, he doth it as like one of these harlotry players as ever I see!

439. *"King Cambyses' vein";* an allusion to a ranting play called *"A Lamentable Tragedie, mixed full of pleasant mirth, containing the Life of Cambises, King of Persia"* (1570).—I. G.

441. *"Well, here is my leg";* that is, *my obeisance* to my father.—H. N. H.

444. *"Weep not, sweet queen,"* etc. In *King Cambyses* a similar situation actually occurred—a stage direction expressly enjoining that the queen should weep.—C. H. H.

451. *"harlotry";* rogue, vagabond; the term, on the hostess' lips,

*Fal.* Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain. Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied: for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion, but chiefly a villainous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lies the point; why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher and eat blackberries? a question not to be asked. Shall the son of England prove a thief and take purses? a question to be asked. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch; this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest: for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink but in tears, not in pleasure but in passion, not in words only, but in woes also: and yet there is a virtuous man whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

can have had little, but in any case not its strict, meaning. Juliet is called a "harlotry" by her father; so, Lady Mortimer below, III, i. 199.—C. H. H.

455. *"The camomile,"* etc., *cp.* Lyly's *Euphues* (quoted by Farmer): *"Though the camomile the more it is trodden and pressed down, the more it spreadeth; yet the violet the oftener it is handled and touched, the sooner it withereth and decayeth."*—I. G.

*Prince.* What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

*Fal.* A goodly portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or by 'r lady, inclining to three score; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff: if that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff: him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

*Prince.* Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I 'll play my father.

*Fal.* Depose me? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker or a poulter's hare.

*Prince.* Well, here I am set.

*Fal.* And here I stand: judge, my masters.

*Prince.* Now, Harry, whence come you?

*Fal.* My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

*Prince.* The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

*Fal.* 'Sblood, my lord, they are false: nay, I 'll tickle ye for a young prince, i' faith.

507. *"tickle ye for a young prince";* play the part with a vengeance.—C. H. H.

*Prince.* Swearest thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee in the likeness of an old fat man; a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humors, that bolting-hutch of beastliness, that swollen parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuffed cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that gray iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? Wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? Wherein cunning, but in craft? Wherein crafty, but in villainy? Wherein villainous, but in all things? Wherein worthy, but in nothing?

*Fal.* I would your grace would take me with you: whom means your grace?

*Prince.* That villainous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

*Fal.* My lord, the man I know.

*Prince.* I know thou dost.

518. *"that reverend vice,"* etc., alluding to the *Vice* of the Morality plays; "Iniquity" and "Vanity" were among the names given to the character, according to the particular *"Vice"* held up to ridicule.—I. G.

523. *"cunning"* is here used in the sense of *wise* or *knowing.*—H. N. H.

527. *"would take me with you";* that is, let me understand you.—H. N. H.

*Fal.* But to say I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, the more the pity, his white hairs do witness it; but that he is, saving your reverence, a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! If to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damned: if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord; banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins: but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being, as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company, banish not him thy Harry's company: banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

*Prince.* I do, I will. [*A knocking heard.*

[*Exeunt Hostess, Francis, and Bardolph.*

*Re-enter Bardolph, running.*

*Bard.* O, my lord, my lord! the sheriff with a most monstrous watch is at the door.

*Fal.* Out, ye rogue! Play out the play: I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

*Re-enter Hostess.*

*Host.* O Jesu, my lord, my lord!—

*Prince.* Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddle-stick: what 's the matter?

557. *"upon a fiddle-stick";* this is thought to be an allusion to the old Puritan horror of *fiddles* for the use made of them in dancing.—H. N. H.

*Host.* The sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house. Shall I let them in?

*Fal.* Dost thou hear, Hal? never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit: thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.

*Prince.* And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

*Fal.* I deny your major: if you will deny the sheriff, so; if not, let him enter: if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a halter as another.

*Prince.* Go, hide thee behind the arras: the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face and good conscience.

*Fal.* Both which I have had: but their date is out, and therefore I 'll hide me.

*Prince.* Call in the sheriff.

[*Exeunt all except the Prince and Peto.*

562. *"never call a true piece of gold,"* etc.; *i. e.* don't slander the pure gold of my character as spurious; it proves you mad (though you don't seem so) that you do. Falstaff makes believe to carry on his self-defense, though he no longer personates the prince.—C. H. H.

564. *"mad"; Ff.* 3, 4; the rest *"made."*—I. G.

566. *"your major"; i. e.* the proposition that he is a coward (with a quibble).—C. H. H.

571. *"Go, hide thee behind the arras";* when arras was first brought into England, it was suspended on small hooks driven into the walls of houses and castles; but this practice was soon discontinued. After the damp of the stone and brickwork had been found to rot the tapestry, it was fixed on frames of wood at such distance from the wall as prevented the damp from being injurious; large spaces were thus left between the arras and the walls, sufficient to contain even one of Falstaff's bulk. Our old dramatists avail themselves of this convenient hiding-place upon all occasions.—H. N. H.

*Enter Sheriff and the Carrier.*

Now, master sheriff, what is your will with me?

*Sher.* First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry
Hath follow'd certain men unto this house.

*Prince.* What men?

*Sher.* One of them is well known, my gracious lord,
A gross fat man.

*Car.* As fat as butter.

*Prince.* The man, I do assure you, is not here;
For I myself at this time have employ'd him.
And, sheriff, I will engage my word to thee
That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time,
Send him to answer thee, or any man,
For any thing he shall be charged withal:
And so let me entreat you leave the house.

*Sher.* I will, my lord. There are two gentlemen
Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

*Prince.* It may be so: if he have robb'd these men,
He shall be answerable; and so farewell.

578. *"hue and cry";* might be raised "either by a precept of a Justice of the Peace, or by a private person who knows of the felony. Such private person was bound to give notice to the Constable; but in the Constable's absence all persons were bound to join in the pursuit" (Stephen's *Crim. Law,* quoted *Jahrbuch,* xxxii. 145).—C. H. H.

585. Shakespeare has been blamed for making the prince utter this falsehood. Surely the blame were more justly visited on the prince than on the Poet. Shakespeare did not mean to set forth the connection with Falstaff as altogether harmless; and if he had done so, he would have been untrue to nature. The prince is indeed censurable; yet not so much for telling the falsehood as for letting himself into a necessity either to do so, or to betray his accomplice. What he does is bad enough; but were it not still worse to expose Falstaff in an act which himself has countenanced?—H. N. H.

593. *"three hundred marks";* one thousand dollars.—C. H. H.

*Sher.* Good night, my noble lord.
*Prince.* I think it is good morrow, is it not?
*Sher.* Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock.
[*Exeunt Sheriff and Carrier.*
*Prince.* This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's. Go, call him forth.
*Peto.* Falstaff!—Fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse.
*Prince.* Hark, how hard he fetches breath. Search his pockets. [*He searcheth his pockets and findeth certain papers.*] What hast thou found?
*Peto.* Nothing but papers, my lord.
*Prince.* Let 's see what they be: read them.
*Peto.* [*reads*] Item, A capon, . . 2s. 2d.
Item, Sauce, . . . 4d.
Item, Sack, two gallons 5s. 8d.
Item, Anchovies and sack after supper, . 2s. 6d.
Item, Bread, . . . ob.
*Prince.* O monstrous! but one half-pennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack! What there is else, keep close; we 'll read it at more advantage: there let him sleep till day. I 'll to the court in the morning. We must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honorable. I 'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot; and I know his death will be

601. *"Peto";* probably "Poins," according to Johnson; perhaps, the prefix in the MS. was simply "P." The Cambridge editors, however, remark that the formal address is appropriate to Peto rather than to Poins.—I. G.

Pointz. "Falstaff !—fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse."

King Henry IV., P. 1. Act 2. Scene 4.

a march of twelve-score. The money shall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and so, good morrow, Peto.

*Peto.* Good morrow, good my lord.

622. *"his death will be,"* etc.; that is, "a march of twelve-score will be his death." A *score,* as here used, was *twenty yards.* So that *"twelve-score"* was *two hundred and forty yards.*—H. N. H.

## ACT THIRD

### Scene I

*Bangor. The Archdeacon's house.*

*Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Mortimer, and Glendower.*

*Mort.* These promises are fair, the parties sure,
And our induction full of prosperous hope.
*Hot.* Lord Mortimer, and cousin Glendower,
Will you sit down?
And uncle Worcester: a plague upon it!
I have forgot the map.
*Glend.* No, here it is.
Sit, cousin Percy; sit, good cousin Hotspur,
For by that name as oft as Lancaster
Doth speak of you, his cheek looks pale, and with
A rising sigh he wisheth you in heaven
*Hot.* And you in hell, as oft as he hears Owen
Glendower spoke of.
*Glend.* I cannot blame him: at my nativity

13. *"at my nativity,"* etc.; the singular behavior of nature at the birth of Glendower is thus mentioned by Holinshed: "Strange wonders happened (as men reported) at the nativitie of this man; for the same night he was borne all his fathers horsses in the stable were found to stand in blood up to the bellies." And in 1402 a blazing star appeared, which the Welch bards construed as foretokening success to Glendower.—H. N. H.

The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets; and at my birth
The frame and huge foundation of the earth
Shaked like a coward.

*Hot.* Why, so it would have done at the same season, if your mother's cat had but kittened, though yourself had never been born.

*Glend.* I say the earth did shake when I was born.

*Hot.* And I say the earth was not of my mind,
If you suppose as fearing you it shook.

*Glend.* The heavens were all on fire, the earth did tremble.

*Hot.* O, then the earth shook to see the heavens on fire,
And not in fear of your nativity.
Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions; oft the teeming earth
Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd
By the imprisoning of unruly wind
Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving,
Shakes the old beldam earth and topples down
Steeples and moss-grown towers. At your birth
Our grandam earth, having this distemperature,
In passion shook.

*Glend.* Cousin, of many men
I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave
To tell you once again that at my birth

18–20. This and the preceding speeches of Hotspur, which are commonly printed as verse, are here given in their proper order. Mr. Verplanck justly observes,—"The contrast between Glendower's self-deceiving enthusiasm and Hotspur's impatient bluntness is stronger by the meter of the one and the prose of the other."—H. N. H.

The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were strangely clamorous to the frighted fields.
These signs have mark'd me extraordinary;
And all the courses of my life do show
I am not in the roll of common men.
Where is he living, clipp'd in with the sea
That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales,
Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me?
And bring him out that is but woman's son
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,
And hold me pace in deep experiments.

*Hot.* I think there 's no man speaks better Welsh. I 'll to dinner.

*Mort.* Peace, cousin Percy; you will make him mad.

*Glend.* I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

*Hot.* Why, so can I, or so can any man;
But will they come when you do call for them?

*Glend.* Why, I can teach you, cousin, to command
The devil.

*Hot.* And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil
By telling truth: tell truth, and shame the devil.

39, 40. *"and the herds . . . to the frighted fields";* so in the description of an earthquake at Catania, quoted by Malone: "There was a blow as if all the artillery in the world had been discharged at once; . . . *the cattle in the fields ran crying.*"—H. N. H.

If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,
And I 'll be sworn I have power to shame him hence.
O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil!

*Mort.* Come, come, no more of this unprofitable chat.

*Glend.* Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head
Against my power; thrice from the banks of Wye
And sandy-bottom'd Severn have I sent him
Bootless home and weather-beaten back.

*Hot.* Home without boots, and in foul weather too!
How 'scapes he agues, in the devil's name?

*Glend.* Come, here 's the map: shall we divide our right
According to our threefold order ta'en?

*Mort.* The archdeacon hath divided it
Into three limits very equally:
England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,
By south and east is to my part assign'd:
All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore,
And all the fertile land within that bound,
To Owen Glendower: and, dear coz, to you
The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.
And our indentures tripartite are drawn;

71. *"threefold order ta'en,"* threefold arrangement proposed.—C. H. H.

72–80. This matter is thus given by Holinshed: "They by their deputies, in the house of the archdeacon of Bangor, divided the realme amongst them, causing a tripartite indenture to bee made and sealed with their seales, by the covenants whereof all England from

Which being sealed interchangeably,
A business that this night may execute,
To-morrow, cousin Percy, you and I
And my good Lord of Worcester will set forth
To meet your father and the Scottish power,
As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.
My father Glendower is not ready yet,
Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days.
Within that space you may have drawn together
Your tenants, friends, and neighboring gentlemen.

*Glend.* A shorter time shall send me to you, lords:
And in my conduct shall your ladies come;
From whom you now must steal and take no leave,
For there will be a world of water shed
Upon the parting of your wives and you.

*Hot.* Methinks my moiety, north from Burton here,
In quantity equals not one of yours:
See how this river comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the best of all my land
A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle out.
I 'll have the current in this place damm'd up;
And here the smug and silver Trent shall run
In a new channel, fair and evenly;
It shall not wind with such a deep indent,

Severne and Trent, south and eastward, was assigned to the earle of March; all Wales and the lands beyond Severne, westward, were appointed to Owen Glendour; and the remnant, from Trent northward, to the lord Persie."—H. N. H.

98. *"comes me cranking in,"* makes a bold indentation into my land.—C. H. H.

To rob me of so rich a bottom here.
*Glend.* Not wind? it shall, it must; you see it doth.
*Mort.* Yea, but
Mark how he bears his course, and runs me up
With like advantage on the other side;
Gelding the opposed continent as much
As on the other side it takes from you.
*Wor.* Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,
And on this north side win this cape of land;
And then he runs straight and even.
*Hot.* I 'll have it so: a little charge will do it.
*Glend.* I 'll not have it alter'd.
*Hot.* Will not you?
*Glend.* No, nor you shall not.
*Hot.* Who shall say me nay?
*Glend.* Why, that will I.
*Hot.* Let me not understand you, then; speak it in Welsh.
*Glend.* I can speak English, lord, as well as you;
For I was train'd up in the English court;
Where, being but young, I framed to the harp
Many an English ditty lovely well,
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament,
A virtue that was never seen in you.
*Hot.* Marry,
And I am glad of it with all my heart:
I had rather be a kitten and cry mew
Than one of these same meter ballad-mongers;
I had rather hear a brazen canstick turn'd,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree;
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing poetry:

'Tis like the forced gait of a shuffling nag
*Glend.* Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.
*Hot.* I do not care: I 'll give thrice so much land
To any well-deserving friend;
But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I 'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.
Are the indentures drawn? shall we be gone?
*Glend.* The moon shines fair; you may away by night:
I 'll haste the writer, and withal
Break with your wives of your departure hence:
I am afraid my daughter will run mad,
So much she doteth on her Mortimer. [*Exit.*
*Mort.* Fie, cousin Percy! how you cross my father!
*Hot.* I cannot choose: sometime he angers me
With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant,

135. *"like the forced gait of a shuffling nag," i. e.* with a regularity obtained by a painful effort. Touchstone's "false gallop" of verses applies the imagery of horsemanship to a different metrical vice—fluent insipidity.—C. H. H.

143. *"the writer";* that is, the writer of the articles.—H. N. H.

149, etc. *"telling me of the moldwarp," cp. Legend of Glendour* (stanza 23) in *The Mirror for Magistrates,* 1559:—

> *"And for it to set us hereon more agog,*
> *A prophet came (a vengeance take them all!)*
> *Affirming Henry to be Gogmagog,*
> *Whom Merlin doth a mouldwarp ever call,*
> *Accurst of God, that must be brought in thrall*
> *By a wolf, a dragon, and a lion strong,*
> *Which should divide his kingdom them among."*—I. G.

The *"moldwarp"* is the *mole;* so called because it warps or renders the surface of the earth uneven by its hillocks. Holinshed is here Shakespeare's authority: "This was done (as some have sayde) through a foolish credite given to a vaine prophecie, as though King Henry was the *moldewarpe,* cursed of God's owne mouth, and they three were the *dragon,* the *lion,* and the *wolfe,* which should divide this realme between them."—H. N. H.

Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies,
And of a dragon and a finless fish,
A clip-wing'd griffin and a moulten raven,
A crouching lion and a ramping cat,
And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,—
He held me last night at least nine hours
In reckoning up the several devils' names
That were his lackeys; I cried 'hum,' and 'well, go to,'
But mark'd him not a word. O, he is as tedious
As a tired horse, a railing wife;
Worse than a smoky house: I had rather live
With cheese and garlic in a windmill, far,
Then feed on cates and have him talk to me
In any summer-house in Christendom.

*Mort.* In faith, he is a worthy gentleman,

150. *"Merlin and his prophecies";* Holinshed reports "a vain prophecy" to the effect that Henry was "the moldwarp cursed of God's own mouth," and that his kingdom should be divided in three by the dragon, the lion, and the wolf. Glendower and his allies were said (adds Hol.) to have undertaken the division "through a foolish credit given" to this prophecy. Merlin is not mentioned by Holinshed, but was credited with the prophecy in the Legend of Glendower in the *Mirror for Magistrates,* 1559.—C. H. H.

160, 161. Compare Chaucer, *Canterbury Tales,* 5860:—

*"Thou saist, that dropping houses, and eek smoke,*
*And chiding wives maken men to flee*
*Out of her owen hous";*

Vaughan adds the following:—"It is singular that Shakespeare should have combined two annoyances commemorated together by an old Welsh proverb, which I would translate:

*'Three things will drive a man from home:*
*A roof that leaks,*
*A house that reeks,*
*A wife who scolds whene'er she speaks.'"*—I. G.

Exceedingly well read, and profited
In strange concealments; valiant as a lion,
And wondrous affable, and as bountiful
As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin?
He holds your temper in a high respect,
And curbs himself even of his natural scope
When you come 'cross his humor; faith, he does:
I warrant you, that man is not alive
Might so have tempted him as you have done,
Without the taste of danger and reproof:
But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.

*Wor.* In faith, my lord, you are too willful-blame;
And since your coming hither have done enough
To put him quite beside his patience.
You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault:
Though sometimes it show greatness, courage, blood,—
And that 's the dearest grace it renders you,—
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,
Defect of manners, want of government,
Pride, haughtiness, opinion and disdain:
The least of which haunting a nobleman
Loseth men's hearts, and leaves behind a stain
Upon the beauty of all parts besides,
Beguiling them of commendation.

*Hot.* Well, I am school'd: good manners be your speed!
Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

*Re-enter Glendower with the ladies.*

*Mort.* This is the deadly spite that angers me;
My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.

*Glend.* My daughter weeps: she will not part with you;
She 'll be a soldier too, she 'll to the wars.
*Mort.* Good father, tell her that she and my aunt Percy
Shall follow in your conduct speedily.
[*Glendower speaks to her in Welsh, and she answers him in the same.*
*Glend.* She is desperate here; a peevish self-will'd harlotry, one that no persuasion can do good upon. [*The lady speaks in Welsh.*
*Mort.* I understand thy looks: that pretty Welsh
Which thou pour'st down from these swelling heavens
I am too perfect in; and, but for shame,
In such a parley should I answer thee.
[*The lady speaks again in Welsh.*
I understand thy kisses and thou mine,
And that 's a feeling disputation:
But I will never be a truant, love,
Till I have learn'd thy language; for thy tongue
Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,
With ravishing division, to her lute.
*Glend.* Nay, if you melt, then will she run mad.
[*The lady speaks again in Welsh.*

196. *"my aunt Percy";* Hotspur's wife was sister to Sir Edmund Mortimer, and therefore of course aunt to the young earl of March. And she has been spoken of in the play as Mortimer's sister, yet he here calls her his *aunt.* From which it appears that Shakespeare not only mistook Sir Edmund for the earl of March, or rather followed an authority who had so mistaken him, but sometimes confounded the two.—H. N. H.

*Mort.* O, I am ignorance itself in this!

*Glend.* She bids you on the wanton rushes lay you down
And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,
And on your eyelids crown the god of sleep,
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness,
Making such difference 'twixt wake and sleep
As is the difference betwixt day and night
The hour before the heavenly-harness'd team
Begins his golden progress in the east.

*Mort.* With all my heart I 'll sit and hear her sing:
By that time will our book, I think, be drawn.

*Glend.* Do so;
And those musicians that shall play to you
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence,
And straight they shall be here: sit, and attend.

*Hot.* Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down: come, quick, quick, that I may lay my head in thy lap.

*Lady P.* Go, ye giddy goose. [*The music plays.*

*Hot.* Now I perceive the devil understands Welsh;
And 'tis no marvel he is so humorous.
By 'r lady, he is a good musician.

*Lady. P.* Then should you be nothing but musical, for you are altogether governed by

214. *"rushes";* it was anciently the custom to strew the floors with rushes, as we now cover them with carpets.—H. N. H.

217. *"crown the god of sleep";* in state sleep as sovereign, give it full sway.—C. H. H.

224. *"book";* it was usual to call any manuscript of bulk a *"book"* in ancient times, such as patents, grants, articles, covenants, &c.—Of course the *"book"* here referred to was the "indentures tripartite."—H. N. H.

humors. Lie still, ye thief, and hear the lady sing in Welsh.

*Hot.* I had rather hear Lady, my brach, howl in Irish.

*Lady P.* Wouldst thou have thy head broken?

*Hot.* No.

*Lady P.* Then be still.

*Hot.* Neither; 'tis a woman's fault.

*Lady P.* Now God help thee!

*Hot.* To the Welsh lady's bed.

*Lady P.* What 's that?

*Hot.* Peace! she sings.

[*Here the lady sings a Welsh song.*

*Hot.* Come, Kate, I 'll have your song too.

*Lady P.* Not mine, in good sooth.

*Hot.* Not yours, in good sooth! Heart! you swear like a comfit-maker's wife. 'Not you, in good sooth,' and 'as true as I live,' and 'as God shall mend me,' and 'as sure as day,'
And givest such sarcenet surety for thy oaths,
As if thou never walk'st further than Finsbury.
Swear me, Kate, like a lady as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath, and leave 'in sooth,'
And such protest of pepper-gingerbread,
To velvet-guards and Sunday-citizens.
Come, sing.

*Lady P.* I will not sing.

245. That is, 'tis a woman's fault not to be still.—H. N. H.

257. *"further than Finsbury"; i. e.* just outside the City walls. "Never" and "further" were probably both monosyllables here.—C. H. H.

*Hot.* 'Tis the next way to turn tailor, or be red-
breast teacher. An the indentures be drawn,
I 'll away within these two hours; and so,
come in when ye will. [*Exit.*

*Glend.* Come, come, Lord Mortimer; you are as
slow
As hot Lord Percy is on fire to go.
By this our book is drawn; we 'll but seal,
And then to horse immediately.

*Mort.* With all my heart.
[*Exeunt.*

## Scene II

*London. The palace.*

*Enter the King, Prince of Wales, and others.*

*King.* Lords, give us leave; the Prince of Wales
and I
Must have some private conference: but be near
at hand,
For we shall presently have need of you.
[*Exeunt Lords.*
I know not whether God will have it so,
For some displeasing service I have done,
That, in his secret doom, out of my blood
He 'll breed revengement and a scourge for me;
But thou dost in thy passages of life

264. *"tailors";* like weavers, have ever been remarkable for their vocal skill. Percy is jocular in his mode of persuading his wife to sing. The meaning is, "to *sing* is to put yourself upon a level with tailors and teachers of birds."—H. N. H.

I

Make me believe that thou art only mark'd
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven
To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate and low desires,
Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such mean attempts,
Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art match'd withal and grafted to,
Accompany the greatness of thy blood,
And hold their level with thy princely heart?

*Prince.* So please your majesty, I would I could
Quit all offenses with as clear excuse
As well as I am doubtless I can purge
Myself of many I am charged withal:
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As, in reproof of many tales devised,
Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear,
By smiling pick-thanks and base newsmongers,
I may, for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,
Find pardon on my true submission.

*King.* God pardon thee! yet let me wonder, Harry,
At thy affections, which do hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,

10. *"For";* as.—C. H. H.

15. *"As thou art match'd withal";* as thou takest part in as an equal.—C. H. H.

28. The construction of this passage is somewhat obscure. Johnson thus explains it: "Let me beg so much extenuation that *upon confutation of many false charges, I may be pardoned some that are true.*" *Reproof* means *disproof.*—H. N. H.

32. *"Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost," i. e.* "by thy rude or violent conduct"; there is an anachronism here, as the Prince was

I

Which by thy younger brother is supplied,
And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the court and princes of my blood:
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd, and the soul of every man
Prophetically doth forethink thy fall.
Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheap to vulgar company,
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had still kept loyal to possession,
And left me in reputeless banishment,
A fellow of no mark nor likelihood.
By being seldom seen, I could not stir
But like a comet I was wonder'd at;
That men would tell their children 'This is he;'
Others would say 'Where, which is Bolingbroke?'
And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,
And dress'd myself in such humility
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
Even in the presence of the crowned king.
Thus did I keep my person fresh and new;
My presence, like a robe pontifical,
Ne'er seen but wonder'd at: and so my state,
Seldom but sumptuous, showed like a feast,
And wan by rareness such solemnity.

removed from the council for striking the Chief-Justice in 1403, some years after the battle of Shrewsbury.—I. G.

38. *"doth";* Qq. and Ff., *"do,"* which may be explained as due to the plural implied in *"every man";* Rowe, *"does";* Collier MS., *"doth."*—I. G.

I

The skipping king, he ambled up and down,
With shallow jesters and rash bavin wits,
Soon kindled and soon burnt; carded his state,
Mingled his royalty with capering fools,
Had his great name profaned with their scorns,
And gave his countenance, against his name,
To laugh at gibing boys, and stand the push
Of every beardless vain comparative,
Grew a companion to the common streets,
Enfeoff'd himself to popularity;
That, being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,
They surfeited with honey and began
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
More than a little is by much too much.

62. *"carded his state"; "to card"* is often used in Elizabethan English in the sense of "to mix, or debase by mixing" (*e. g. "You card your beer if you see your guests begin to get drunk, half small, half strong,"* Green's *Quip for an Upstart Courtier*); Warburton suggested *"carded"="'scarded," i. è. "discarded";* but the former explanation is undoubtedly correct. "To stir and mix with cards, to stir together, to mix," the meaning is brought out by 1607 quotation from Topsell, *Four-foot Beasts,* "As for his diet, let it be warm mashes, sodden wheat and hay, thoroughly carded with wool-cards."—I. G.

Ritson took it to mean, that Richard played away his royalty *at cards.* Knight suggests yet another sense,—that he fretted away his dignity, as a carder does locks of wool. . . . Our own notion then, is, that *"carded his state"* means the same as the following clause, the latter being explanatory of the former.—H. N. H.

63. *"capering";* the first quarto reads *capring;* the other old copies read *carping,* which agrees well with the context. "A *carping* momus" and "a *carping* fool" were common phrases in the Poet's time. But, though *carping* agrees thus with the context, it must be owned that *"capering"* bears a sense equally appropriate, as referring to the *dancing* sprigs that Richard II drew about him.—H. N. H.

67. That is, every beardless, vain young fellow who affected wit, or was *a dealer in comparisons.*—H. N. H.

69. *"popularity";* plebeian intercourse.—C. H. H.

So when he had occasion to be seen,
He was but as the cuckoo is in June,
Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such eyes
As, sick and blunted with community,
Afford no extraordinary gaze,
Such as is bent on sun-like majesty
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes;
But rather drowzed and hung their eyelids down,
Slept in his face and render'd such aspect
As cloudy men use to their adversaries,
Being with his presence glutted, gorged and full.
And in that very line, Harry, standest thou;
For thou hast lost thy princely privilege
With vile participation: not an eye
But is a-weary of thy common sight,
Save mine, which hath desired to see thee more;
Which now doth that I would not have it do,
Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

*Prince.* I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious lord,
Be more myself.

*King.* For all the world
As thou art to this hour was Richard then
When I from France set foot at Ravenspurgh,
And even as I was then is Percy now.
Now, by my scepter and my soul to boot,
He hath more worthy interest to the state
Than thou the shadow of succession;
For of no right, nor color like to right,

98. *"to the state";* we should now write *in* the state, but this was the phraseology of the Poet's time.—H. N. H.

He doth fill fields with harness in the realm,
Turns head against the lion's armed jaws,
And, being no more in debt to years than thou,
Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on
To bloody battles and to bruising arms.
What never-dying honor hath he got
Against renowned Douglas! whose high deeds,
Whose hot incursions and great name in arms
Holds from all soldiers chief majority
And military title capital
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ:
Thrice hath this Hotspur, Mars in swathling clothes,
This infant warrior, in his enterprizes
Discomfited great Douglas, ta'en him once,
Enlarged him and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,
The Archbishop's grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,
Capitulate against us and are up.
But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my near'st and dearest enemy?

103. The Poet with great dramatic propriety approximates the ages of the prince and Hotspur, for the better kindling of a noble emulation between them. So that we need not suppose him ignorant that Hotspur was about twenty years the older.—H. N. H.

123. *"dearest";* so in Hamlet, Act i. sc. *2*: "Would I had met my

I

Thou that art like enough, through vassal fear,
Base inclination and the start of spleen,
To fight against me under Percy's pay,
To dog his heels and curtsy at his frowns,
To show how much thou art degenerate.

*Prince.* Do not think so; you shall not find it so:
And God forgive them that so much have sway'd
Your majesty's good thoughts away from me!
I will redeem all this on Percy's head,
And in the closing of some glorious day
Be bold to tell you that I am your son;
When I will wear a garment all of blood,
And stain my favors in a bloody mask,
Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with it:
And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,
That this same child of honor and renown,
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,
And your unthought-of Harry chance to meet.
For every honor sitting on his helm,
Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My shames redoubled! for the time will come,
That I shall make this northern youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf;
And I will call him to so strict account,

*'dearest'* foe in heaven ere ever I had seen that day, Horatio."—H. N. H.

136. *"favors,* features"; the plural is rare in this sense, but the association with a "mask" shows that the face is intended, not the scarf, gloves, or other "favors" worn by knights.—C. H. H.

That he shall render every glory up,
Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.
This, in the name of God, I promise here:
The which if He be pleased I shall perform,
I do beseech your majesty may salve
The long-grown wounds of my intemperance:
If not, the end of life cancels all bands;
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

*King.* A hundred thousand rebels die in this:
Thou shalt have charge and sovereign trust herein.

*Enter Blunt.*

How now, good Blunt? thy looks are full of speed.

*Blunt.* So hath the business that I come to speak of.
Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word
That Douglas and the English rebels met
The eleventh of this month at Shrewsbury
A mighty and a fearful head they are,
If promises be kept on every hand,
As ever offer'd foul play in a state.

*King.* The Earl of Westmoreland set forth today;
With him my son, Lord John of Lancaster;

154. *"if He be pleased I shall perform";* the reading of Qq.; F. 1, *"if I performe, and doe survive";* Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"if I promise, and doe survive,"* etc.—I. G.

164. *"Lord Mortimer of Scotland,"* a mistake for Lord March of Scotland, George Dunbar, who took sides with the English.—I. G.

I

For this advertisement is five days old:
On Wednesday next, Harry, you shall set forward;
On Thursday we ourselves will march: our meeting
Is Bridgenorth: and, Harry, you shall march
Through Gloucestershire; by which account,
Our business valued, some twelve days hence
Our general forces at Bridgenorth shall meet.
Our hands are full of business: let 's away;
Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay.
[*Exeunt.*

## Scene III

*The Boar's-Head Tavern in Eastcheap.*

*Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.*

*Fal.* Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely since this last action? do I not bate? do I not dwindle? Why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown; I am withered like an old apple-john. Well, I 'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking; I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a peppercorn, a brewer's horse: the inside of a church!

10. *"I am a peppercorn,"* etc.; "Falstaff compares himself to what he is most unlike, a peppercorn for size, and a brewer's horse for wit" (Wright).—C. H. H.

11. *"brewer's horse";* that Falstaff was unlike a *"brewer's horse"*

Company, villainous company, hath been the spoil of me.

*Bard.* Sir John, you are so fretful, you cannot live long.

*Fal.* Why, there is it: come sing me a bawdy song; make me merry. I was as virtuously given as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough; swore little; diced not above seven times a week; went to a bawdy-house not above once in a quarter—of an hour; paid money that I borrowed, three or four times; lived well, and in good compass: and now I live out of all order, out of all compass.

*Bard.* Why, you are so fat, Sir John, that you must needs be out of all compass, out of all reasonable compass, Sir John.

*Fal.* Do thou amend thy face, and I 'll amend my life: thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lantern in the poop, but 'tis in the nose of thee; thou art the Knight of the Burning Lamp.

*Bard.* Why, Sir John, my face does you no harm.

*Fal.* No, I 'll be sworn; I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a Death's-head or

may be gathered from a conundrum in *The Devil's Cabinet Opened:* "What is the difference between a drunkard and a *brewer's horse?* —Because one carries all his liquor on his back, and the other in his belly."—H. N. H.

29–31. so Dekker, in his *Wonderful Year,* 1605: "An antiquary might have pickt rare matter out of his *nose.*—The Hamburghers offered I know not how many dollars for his company in an East Indian voyage, to have stood a nights *in the poope of their admiral, only to save the charges of candles.*"—H. N. H.

a memento mori: I never see thy face but I think upon hell-fire, and Dives that lived in purple; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face; my oath should be, 'By this fire, that 's God's angel:' but thou art altogether given over; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou rannest up Gadshill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an ignis fatuus or a ball of wildfire, there 's no purchase in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire-light! Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern: but the sack that thou hast drunk me would have bought me lights as good cheap at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that salamander of yours with fire any time this two and thirty years; God reward me for it!

*Bard.* 'Sblood, I would my face were in your belly!

42. *"By this fire, that's God's angel";* the latter words omitted in Ff. and Qq. after Q. 2; evidently a familiar expression. Vaughan thinks the allusion is to Hebrews i. 7; but it is more probably to Exodus iii. 2.—I. G.

51–53. Steevens has taken occasion here to mention that *"candles and lanterns to let"* were then cried about London, the streets not being then lighted.—H. N. H.

55. *"cheap"* is the past participle of *cypan,* Sax., to traffic, to bargain, to buy and sell.—H. N. H.

*Fal.* God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to be heart-burned.

*Enter Hostess.*

How now, Dame Partlet the hen! have you inquired yet who picked my pocket?

*Host.* Why, Sir John, what do you think, Sir John? do you think I keep thieves in my house? I have searched, I have inquired, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant: the tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before.

*Fal.* Ye lie, hostess: Bardolph was shaved, and lost many a hair; and I 'll be sworn my pocket was picked. Go to, you are a woman, go.

*Host.* Who, I? no; I defy thee: God's light, I was never called so in mine own house before.

*Fal.* Go to, I know you well enough.

*Host.* No, Sir John; you do not know me, Sir John. I know you, Sir John: you owe me money, Sir John; and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

*Fal.* Dowlas, filthy dowlas: I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made bolters of them.

*Host.* Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight shillings an ell. You owe money here

64. *"Dame Partlet";* the name of the Hen in *Reynard the Fox;* equivalent to the Pertelote of Chaucer's *Nuns' Priest's Tale.*—C. H. H.

89. *"eight shillings an ell";* for Holland linen, appears a high

besides, Sir John, for your diet and by-drinkings, and money lent you, four and twenty pound.

*Fal.* He had his part of it; let him pay.

*Host.* He? alas, he is poor; he hath nothing.

*Fal.* How! poor? look upon his face; what call you rich? let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks: I 'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a younker of me? shall I not take mine ease in mine inn but I shall have my pocket picked? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's worth forty mark.

*Host.* O Jesu, I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper!

*Fal.* How! the prince is a Jack, a sneak-cup: 'sblood, and he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so.

*Enter the Prince and Peto, marching, and Falstaff meets them playing on his truncheon like a fife.*

How now, lad! is the wind in that door, i' faith? must we all march?

price for the time; but hear Stubbs in his *Anatomie of Abuses:* "In so much as I have heard of shirtes that have cost some ten shillinges, some twentie, some fortie, some five pound, some twentie nobles, and (whiche is horrible to heare) some ten pound a peece, yea the meanest shirte that commonly is worne of any doth cost a crowne or a noble at the least; and yet that is scarsely thought fine enough for the simplest person."—H. N. H.

98. *"shall I not take mine ease in mine inn";* a proverbial saying, found already in Heywood's *Epigrammes upon Proverbes,* 1562.—C. H. H.

104. *"sneak-cup";* Mr. Collier suggests that perhaps this should be *sneck up,* a term of abuse for which see *Twelfth Night,* Act ii. sc. 3. —H. N. H.

*Bard.* Yea, two and two, Newgate fashion.

*Host.* My lord, I pray you, hear me.

*Prince.* What sayest thou, Mistress Quickly? How doth thy husband? I love him well; he is an honest man.

*Host.* Good my lord, hear me.

*Fal.* Prithee, let her alone, and list to me.

*Prince.* What sayest thou, Jack?

*Fal.* The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras, and had my pocket picked: this house is turned bawdy-house; they pick pockets.

*Prince.* What didst thou lose, Jack?

*Fal.* Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a seal-ring of my grandfather's.

*Prince.* A trifle, some eight-penny matter.

*Host.* So I told him, my lord; and I said I heard your grace say so: and, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouthed man as he is; and said he would cudgel you.

*Prince.* What! he did not?

*Host.* There 's neither faith, truth, nor woman-hood in me else.

*Fal.* There 's no more faith in thee than in a stewed prune; nor no more truth in thee than

136. *"stewed prune"; stewed prunes* were a refection particularly common in brothels in Shakespeare's time, perhaps from mistaken notions of their antisyphilitic properties. It is not easy to understand Falstaff's similes; perhaps he means as faithless as a *strumpet* or a *bawd. A drawn fox* is a *hunted fox,* a fox *drawn* from his cover, whose cunning in doubling and deceiving the hounds makes the simile perfectly appropriate. Beaumont and Fletcher, in *The*

in a drawn fox; and for womanhood, Maid Marian may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go.

*Host.* Say, what thing? what thing?

*Fal.* What thing! why, a thing to thank God on.

*Host.* I am no thing to thank God on, I would thou shouldst know it; I am an honest man's wife: and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

*Fal.* Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

*Host.* Say, what beast, thou knave, thou?

*Fal.* What beast! why, an otter.

*Prince.* An otter, Sir John! why an otter?

*Fal.* Why, she 's neither fish nor flesh; a man knows not where to have her.

*Host.* Thou art an unjust man in saying so: thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave, thou!

*Tamer Tamed,* call Moroso, a cunning, avaricious old man, "that *drawn fox.*"—H. N. H.

137. *"Maid Marian"* was the inward partner of Robin Hood, who, in the words of Drayton, "to his mistress dear, his loved Marian, was ever constant known." As this famous couple afterwards became leading characters in the morris dance, and as Marian's part was generally sustained by a man in woman's clothing, the name grew to be proverbial for a mannish woman. There is a curious old tract bearing date 1609, and entitled *Old Meg of Herefordshire for a Mayd Marian.*—H. N. H.

138. *"deputy's wife of the ward to thee"; i. e.* compared to thee. The "deputy of the ward" exercised police authority within it; and was hence a citizen of standing and respectability.—C. H. H.

152. *"neither fish nor flesh";* alluding to the old proverb, "Neither fish nor flesh, nor good red herring."—I. G.

*Prince.* Thou sayest true, hostess; and he slanders thee most grossly.

*Host.* So he doth you, my lord; and said this other day you ought him a thousand pound.

*Prince.* Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

*Fal.* A thousand pound, Hal! a million: thy love is worth a million: thou owest me thy love.

*Host.* Nay, my lord, he called you Jack, and said he would cudgel you.

*Fal.* Did I, Bardolph?

*Bard.* Indeed, Sir John, you said so.

*Fal.* Yea, if he said my ring was copper.

*Prince.* I say 'tis copper: darest thou be as good as thy word now?

*Fal.* Why, Hal, thou knowest, as thou art but man, I dare: but as thou art prince, I fear thee as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

*Prince.* And why not as the lion?

*Fal.* The king himself is to be feared as the lion: dost thou think I 'll fear thee as I fear thy father? nay, an I do, I pray God my girdle break.

*Prince.* O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But, sirrah, there 's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty in this bosom of thine; it is all filled up with guts

179. *"I pray God my girdle break";* an allusion to the old adage, "ungirt, unblessed"; the breaking of the girdle was formerly a serious matter, as the purse generally hung on to the girdle, and would, in the event of the girdle breaking, probably be lost.—I. G.

and midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! why, thou whoreson, impudent, embossed rascal, if there were anything in thy pocket but tavern-reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor penny-worth of sugar-candy to make thee long-winded, if thy pocket were enriched with any other injuries but these, I am a villain: and yet you will stand to it; you will not pocket up wrong: art thou not ashamed?

*Fal.* Dost thou hear, Hal? thou knowest in the state of innocency Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do in the days of villainy? Thou seest I have more flesh than another man; and therefore more frailty. You confess then, you picked my pocket?

*Prince.* It appears so by the story.

*Fal.* Hostess, I forgive thee: go, make ready breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests: thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason: thou seest I am pacified still. Nay, prithee, be gone. [*Exit Hostess.*] Now, Hal, to the news at court: for the robbery, lad, how is that answered?

*Prince.* O, my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee: the money is paid back again.

*Fal.* O, I do not like that paying back; 'tis a double labor.

191, 192. *"if thy pocket were enriched with any other injuries";* if there were any other "injuries" which you have "pocketed up."—C. H. H.

206. *"still";* always.—C. H. H.

*Prince.* I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

*Fal.* Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou doest, and do it with unwashed hands too.

*Bard.* Do, my lord.

*Prince.* I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

*Fal.* I would it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well? O for a fine thief, of the age of two and twenty or thereabouts! I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels, they offend none but the virtuous: I laud them, I praise them.

*Prince.* Bardolph!

*Bard.* My lord?

*Prince.* Go bear this letter to Lord John of Lancaster, to my brother John; this to my Lord of Westmoreland. [*Exit Bardolph.*] Go, Peto, to horse, to horse; for thou and I have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner time. [*Exit Peto.*] Jack, meet me to-morrow in the Temple hall at two o'clock in the afternoon.

There shalt thou know thy charge, and there receive
Money and order for their furniture.
The land is burning; Percy stands on high;
And either we or they must lower lie. [*Exit.*

216. *"with unwashed hands."* There is probably a sly suggestion also of the sense: "don't 'wash your hands of it afterwards and leave us to pay the penalty!"—C. H. H.

*Fal.* Rare words! brave world! Hostess, my break-
fast, come!
O, I could wish this tavern were my drum!
[*Exit.*

# ACT FOURTH

## Scene I

*The rebel camp near Shrewsbury.*

*Enter Hotspur, Worcester, and Douglas.*

*Hot.* Well said, my noble Scot: if speaking truth
In this fine age were not thought flattery,
Such attribution should the Douglas have,
As not a soldier of this season's stamp
Should go so general current through the world.
By God, I cannot flatter; I do defy
The tongues of soothers; but a braver place
In my heart's love hath no man than yourself:
Nay, task me to my word; approve me, lord.
*Doug.* Thou art the king of honor:
No man so potent breathes upon the ground
But I will beard him.
*Hot.* Do so, and 'tis well.

*Enter a Messenger with letters.*

What letters hast thou here?—I can but thank you.
*Mess.* These letters come from your father.
*Hot.* Letters from him! why comes he not himself?
*Mess.* He cannot come, my lord; he is grievous sick.
*Hot.* 'Zounds! how has he the leisure to be sick

I

In such a justling time? Who leads his power?
Under whose government come they along?
*Mess.* His letters bear his mind, not I, my lord.
*Wor.* I prithee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?
*Mess.* He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth;
And at the time of my departure thence
He was much fear'd by his physicians.
*Wor.* I would the state of time had first been whole,
Ere he by sickness had been visited:
His health was never better worth than now.
*Hot.* Sick now! droop now! this sickness doth infect
The very life-blood of our enterprise;
'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.
He writes me here, that inward sickness—
And that his friends by deputation could not
So soon be drawn, nor did he think it meet
To lay so dangerous and dear a trust
On any soul removed but on his own.
Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,
That with our small conjunction we should on,
To see how fortune is disposed to us;
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,
Because the king is certainly possess'd
Of all our purposes. What say you to it?
*Wor.* Your father's sickness is a maim to us.
*Hot.* A perilous gash, a very limb lopp'd off:
And yet, in faith, it is not; his present want
Seems more than we shall find it: were it good
To set the exact wealth of all our states

31. *"that inward sickness—";* Rowe first suggested the dash in place of the comma of the early editions; the sentence is suddenly broken off.—I. G.

44. *"his present want";* our present want of him.—C. H. H.

I

All at one cast? to set so rich a main
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?
It were not good; for therein should we read
The very bottom and the soul of hope,
The very list, the very utmost bound
Of all our fortunes.

*Doug.* Faith, and so we should;
Where now remains a sweet reversion:
We may boldly spend upon the hope of what
Is to come in:
A comfort of retirement lives in this.

*Hot.* A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,
If that the devil and mischance look big
Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.

*Wor.* But yet I would your father had been here.
The quality and hair of our attempt
Brooks no division: it will be thought

49. *"read,"* etc.; discern, written in unmistakable characters (the end of our fortunes).—C. H. H.

50. *"the soul of hope";* the very substance of our hope, all that we have to hope for. The line combines the notions of reaching the limit of hope, and exhausting its substance;—an ambiguity favored by the double meaning of "bottom," base and substance, staple, and probably carried on by a deliberate pun in "soul (sole)."—C. H. H.

53. *"Where"* was often used in the Poet's time for *whereas.* It occurs thus in Holinshed continually.—H. N. H.

56. *"comfort of retirement";* that is, a support to which we may have recourse.—H. N. H.

59. *"maidenhead";* that is, the youth, or immaturity, the *maidenhood.*—H. N. H.

61. *"Hair"* was anciently used metaphorically for *complexion,* or *character.* Thus in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Nice Valour:* "A lady of my *hair* cannot want pitying." And in the old comedy of *The Family of Love:* "They say I am of the right *haire,* and indeed they may stand to't." So in the interlude of *Tom Tyler and his Wife:* "But I bridled a colt of a contrary *haire.*" And in an old manuscript play entitled *Sir Thomas Moore:* "A fellow of your *haire* is very fitt to be a secretaries follower."—H. N. H.

I

By some, that know not why he is away,
That wisdom, loyalty and mere dislike
Of our proceedings kept the earl from hence:
And think how such an apprehension
May turn the tide of fearful faction,
And breed a kind of question in our cause;
For well you know we of the offering side
Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement,
And stop all sight-holes, every loop from whence
The eye of reason may pry in upon us:
This absence of your father's draws a curtain,
That shows the ignorant a kind of fear
Before not dreamt of.

*Hot.* You strain too far.
I rather of his absence make this use:
It lends a luster and more great opinion,
A larger dare to our great enterprise,
Than if the earl were here; for men must think,
If we without his help can make a head
To push against a kingdom, with his help
We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down.
Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

*Doug.* As heart can think: there is not such a word
Spoke of in Scotland as this term of fear.

*Enter Sir Richard Vernon.*

*Hot.* My cousin Vernon! welcome, by my soul.

*Ver.* Pray God my news be worth a welcome, lord.

85. *"term of fear"*; the Folios and later Quartos (7 and 8) *"dream"* for *"term."*—I. G.

I

The Earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,
Is marching hitherwards; with him Prince John.

*Hot.* No harm: what more?

*Ver.* And further, I have learn'd,
The king himself in person is set forth,
Or hitherwards intended speedily,
With strong and mighty preparation.

*Hot.* He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,
The nimble-footed madcap Prince of Wales,
And his comrades, that daff'd the world aside,
And bid it pass?

*Ver.* All furnish'd, all in arms;
All plumed like estridges that with the wind

95. *"nimble-footed";* Shakespeare rarely bestows his epithets at random. Stowe says of the prince: "He was passing swift in running, insomuch that he, with two other of his lords, without hounds, bow, or other engine, would take a wilde bucke, or doe, in a large parke."—H. N. H.

98.

*"All plumed like estridges that with the wind*
*Baited like eagles having lately bathed";*

This, the reading of the early editions, has been variously emended; Steevens and Malone suggested that a line has dropped out after *wind,* and the former (too boldly) proposed as the missing line:—

*"Run on, in gallant trim they now advance":*

on the other hand, Rowe's proposal to read *"wing the wind"* for *"with"* has had many supporters, though it is said that *"wing the wind"* applies to ostriches less than to any other birds; Dyce, however, quotes a passage from Claudian (*In Eutropium II,* 310–313) to justify it:—

*"Vasta velut Libyæ venantum vocibus ales*
*Cum premitur, calidas cursu transmittet arenas,*
*Inque modum veli sinuatis flamina pennis*
*Pulverulenta volat";*

the Cambridge editors maintain that this means that the bird spreads its wings like a sail bellying with the wind—a different thing

I

Baited like eagles having lately bathed;
Glittering in golden coats, like images;
As full of spirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer;
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
I saw young Harry, with his beaver on,
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

*Hot.* No more, no more: worse than the sun in March,
This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come;
They come like sacrifices in their trim,

from *"winging the wind."* "But the Cambridge editors," Dyce replies, "take no notice of the important word *volat,* by which Claudian means, of course, that the ostrich, *when once her wings are filled with the wind, flies* along the ground (though she does not mount into the air)"; he adds the following apt quotation from Rogers:—

> *"Such to their grateful ear the gush of springs*
> *Who course the ostrich, as away she wings."*
>
> COLUMBUS, Canto VIII.

*baited* = *baiting; to bait* or *bate* = "to flap the wings, as the hawk did when unhooded and ready to fly."

*"having lately bathed";* "writers on falconry," says Steevens, "often mention the bathing of hawks and eagles as highly necessary for their health and spirits. All birds, after bathing, spread out their wings to catch the wind, and flutter violently with them in order to dry themselves. This, in the falconer's language, is called *bating."* —I. G.

100. *"images";* saints' images.—C. H. H.

107. *"And vaulted";* for the construction cf. note on ii. 4. 289.—C. H. H.

I

And to the fire-eyed maid of smoky war
All hot and bleeding will we offer them:
The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire
To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh
And yet not ours. Come, let me taste my horse,
Who is to bear me like a thunderbolt
Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales:
Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,
Meet and ne'er part till one drop down a corse.
O that Glendower were come!

*Ver.* There is more news:
I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his power this fourteen days.

*Doug.* That 's the worst tidings that I hear of yet.

*Wor.* Aye, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.

*Hot.* What may the king's whole battle reach unto?

*Ver.* To thirty thousand.

*Hot.* Forty let it be:
My father and Glendower being both away,
The powers of us may serve so great a day.
Come, let us take a muster speedily:
Doomsday is near; die all, die merrily.

*Doug.* Talk not of dying: I am out of fear
Of death or death's hand for this one half year.

[*Exeunt.*

114. *"maid of smoky war"*; the goddess Bellona.—C. H. H.

133. *"take a muster"*; so in all the old copies: modern editions, until Knight's, have *"make* a muster": which gives a wrong meaning; for to *make* a muster is to assemble troops, while to *"take a muster"* is to make an account of troops already assembled; and this is just what Hotspur proposes to do.—H. N. H.

## Scene II

*[A public road near Coventry.*

*Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.*

*Fal.* Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry; fill me a bottle of sack: our soldiers shall march through; we 'll to Sutton Co'fil' to-night.

*Bard.* Will you give me money, captain?

*Fal.* Lay out, lay out.

*Bard.* This bottle makes an angel.

*Fal.* An if it do, take it for thy labor; an if it make twenty, take them all; I 'll answer the coinage. Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at town's end.

*Bard.* I will, captain: farewell. [*Exit.*

*Fal.* If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a soused gurnet. I have misused the king's press damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I press me none but good householders, yeomen's sons; inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as had been asked twice on the banns; such a commodity of warm slaves, as had as lieve hear the devil as a drum; such as fear the report of a caliver worse than a struck fowl or a hurt wild-duck.

6. *"makes";* makes up. Falstaff quibbles on the word. The value of the "angel" varied from 6s, 8d to 10s.—C. H. H.

13. The *"gurnet,"* or gurnard, was a fish of the piper kind. It was probably deemed a vulgar dish when soused or pickled, hence *soused gurnet* was a common term of reproach.—H. N. H.

I

I pressed me none but such toasts-and-butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins'-heads, and they have bought out their services; and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his sores; and such as indeed were never soldiers, but discarded unjust serving-men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fallen; the cankers of a calm world and a long peace, ten times more dishonorable ragged than an old faced ancient: and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services, that you would think that I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scare-crows. I 'll not march through Coventry with them, that 's flat: nay, and the

23. *"toasts-and-butter";* thus in Fynes *Moryson's Itinerary,* 1617: "Londoners, and all within the sound of Bow bell, are in reproach called cockneys, and *eaters of buttered toasts."* And in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wit without Money:* "They love young *toasts and butter, Bow bell suckers."*—H. N. H.

32. *"younger sons to younger brothers"; i. e.* "men of desperate fortune and wild adventure"; the phrase, as Johnson pointed out, occurs in Raleigh's *Discourse on War.*—I. G.

36. *"Ancient"* was used both for the *standard,* and for the person that bore it. Falstaff here means an old *patched flag.*—H. N. H.

villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for indeed I had the most of them out of prison. There 's but a shirt and a half in all my company; and the half shirt is two napkins tacked together and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host at Saint Alban's, or the red-nose innkeeper of Daventry. But that 's all one; they 'll find linen enough on every hedge.

*Enter the Prince and Westmoreland.*

*Prince.* How now, blown Jack! how now, quilt!

*Fal.* What, Hal! how now, mad wag! what a devil dost thou in Warwickshire? My good Lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy: I thought your honor had already been at Shrewsbury.

*West.* Faith, Sir John, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already. The king, I can tell you, looks for us all: we must away all night.

*Fal.* Tut, never fear me: I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.

*Prince.* I think, to steal cream indeed, for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack, whose fellows are these that come after?

*Fal.* Mine, Hal, mine.

54, 55, 56. *"St. Alban's"* and *"Daventry"* both lie on the highroad from London through Coventry to Shrewsbury.—C. H. H.

*Prince.* I did never see such pitiful rascals.

*Fal.* Tut, tut; good enough to toss; food for powder, food for powder; they 'll fill a pit as well as better: tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

*West.* Aye, but, Sir John, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare, too beggarly.

*Fal.* Faith, for their poverty, I know not where they had that; and for their bareness, I am sure they never learned that of me.

*Prince.* No, I 'll be sworn; unless you call three fingers on the ribs bare. But, sirrah, make haste: Percy is already in the field.

*Fal.* What, is the king encamped?

*West.* He is, Sir John: I fear we shall stay too long.

*Fal.* Well,
To the latter end of a fray and the beginning of a feast
Fits a dull fighter and a keen guest. [*Exeunt.*

## Scene III.

*The rebel camp near Shrewsbury.*

*Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Douglas, and Vernon.*

*Hot.* We 'll fight with him to-night.

*Wor.* It may not be.

*Doug.* You give him then advantage.

*Ver.* Not a whit.

*Hot.* Why say you so? looks he not for supply?

*Ver.* So do we.
*Hot.* His is certain, ours is doubtful.
*Wor.* Good cousin, be advised; stir not to-night.
*Ver.* Do not, my lord.
*Doug.* You do not counsel well:
You speak it out of fear and cold heart.
*Ver.* Do me no slander, Douglas: by my life,
And I dare well maintain it with my life,
If well-respected honor bid me on,
I hold as little counsel with weak fear
As you, my lord, or any Scot that this day lives:
Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle
Which of us fears.
*Doug.* Yea, or to-night.
*Ver.* Content.
*Hot.* To-night, say I.
*Ver.* Come, come, it may not be. I wonder much,
Being men of such great leading as you are,
That you foresee not what impediments
Drag back our expedition: certain horse
Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up:
Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day;
And now their pride and mettle is asleep,
Their courage with hard labor tame and dull,
That not a horse is half the half of himself.
*Hot.* So are the horses of the enemy
In general, journey-bated and brought low:
The better part of ours are full of rest.
*Wor.* The number of the king exceedeth ours:
For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.
[*The trumpet sounds a parley.*

*Enter Sir Walter Blunt.*

*Blunt.* I come with gracious offers from the king,
If you vouchsafe me hearing and respect.
*Hot.* Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt; and would to God
You were of our determination!
Some of us love you well; and even those some
Envy your great deservings and good name,
Because you are not of our quality,
But stand against us like an enemy.
*Blunt.* And God defend but still I should stand so,
So long as out of limit and true rule
You stand against anointed majesty.
But to my charge. The king hath sent to know
The nature of your griefs, and whereupon
You conjure from the breast of civil peace
Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land
Audacious cruelty. If that the king
Have any way your good deserts forgot,
Which he confesseth to be manifold,
He bids you name your griefs; and with all speed
You shall have your desires with interest,
And pardon absolute for yourself and these
Herein misled by your suggestion.
*Hot.* The king is kind; and well we know the king
Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.
My father and my uncle and myself
Did give him that same royalty he wears;
And when he was not six and twenty strong,
Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,

I

A poor unminded outlaw sneaking home,
My father gave him welcome to the shore;
And when he heard him swear and vow to God
He came but to be Duke of Lancaster,
To sue his livery and beg his peace,
With tears of innocency and terms of zeal,
My father, in kind heart and pity moved,
Swore him assistance and perform'd it too.
Now when the lords and barons of the realm
Perceived Northumberland did lean to him,
The more and less came in with cap and knee;
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages,
Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,
Gave him their heirs, as pages follow'd him
Even at the heels in golden multitudes.
He presently, as greatness knows itself,
Steps me a little higher than his vow
Made to my father, while his blood was poor,
Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurgh;
And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform
Some certain edicts and some strait decrees
That lie too heavy on the commonwealth,
Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep
Over his country's wrongs; and by this face,
This seeming brow of justice, did he win
The hearts of all that he did angle for:
Proceeded further; cut me off the heads
Of all the favorites that the absent king
In deputation left behind him here,
When he was personal in the Irish war.

*Blunt.* Tut, I came not to hear this.

*Hot.* Then to the point.
In short time after, he deposed the king;
Soon after that, deprived him of his life;
And in the neck of that, task'd the whole state;
To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman March,
Who is, if every owner were well placed,
Indeed his king, to be engaged in Wales,
There without ransom to lie forfeited;
Disgraced me in my happy victories,
Sought to entrap me by intelligence;
Rated mine uncle from the council-board;
In rage dismiss'd my father from the court;
Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong,
And in conclusion drove us to seek out
This head of safety, and withal to pry
Into his title, the which we find
Too indirect for long continuance.

*Blunt.* Shall I return this answer to the king?

*Hot.* Not so, Sir Walter: we 'll withdraw a while.
Go to the king; and let there be impawn'd
Some surety for a safe return again,
And in the morning early shall mine uncle
Bring him our purposes: and so farewell.

*Blunt.* I would you would accept of grace and love.

92. So in Painter's *Palace of Pleasure:* "Great mischiefes succedyng *one in another's necke.*"—*"Task'd"* is here used for *taxed.* The usage, though common, was not strictly correct; a *task* being more properly a *tribute* or *subsidy.* Thus Philips, in his *World of Words: "Tasck* is an old British word, signifying *tribute,* from whence haply cometh our word *task,* which is a duty or labor *imposed* upon any one."—H. N. H.

*Hot.* And may be so we shall.
*Blunt.* Pray God you do. [*Exeunt.*

## Scene IV

*York. The Archbishop's palace.*

*Enter the Archbishop of York and Sir Michael.*

*Arch.* Hie, good Sir Michael; bear this sealed brief
With winged haste to the lord marshal;
This to my cousin Scroop, and all the rest
To whom they are directed. If you knew
How much they do import, you would make haste.
*Sir M.* My good lord,
I guess their tenor.
*Arch.* Like enough you do.
To-morrow, good Sir Michael, is a day
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
Must bide the touch; for, sir, at Shrewsbury,
As I am truly given to understand,
The king with mighty and quick-raised power
Meets with Lord Harry: and, I fear, Sir Michael,
What with the sickness of Northumberland,
Whose power was in the first proportion,
And what with Owen Glendower's absence thence,

*Sc. 4. "Sir Michael";* "Sir" is his priestly title.—C. H. H.
2. *"marshal";* (trisyllabic).—C. H. H.
4. *"To whom"; i. e.* to those to whom.—C. H. H.

Who with them was a rated sinew too
And comes not in, o'er-ruled by prophecies,
I fear the power of Percy is too weak
To wage an instant trial with the king.

*Sir. M.* Why, my good lord, you need not fear;
There is Douglas and Lord Mortimer.

*Arch.* No, Mortimer is not there.

*Sir M.* But there is Mordake, Vernon, Lord Harry Percy,
And there is my Lord of Worcester and a head
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.

*Arch.* And so there is: but yet the king hath drawn
The special head of all the land together:
The Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster,
The noble Westmoreland and warlike Blunt;
And many mo corrivals and dear men
Of estimation and command in arms.

*Sir M.* Doubt not, my lord, they shall be well opposed.

*Arch.* I hope no less, yet needful 'tis to fear;
And, to prevent the worst, Sir Michael, speed:
For if Lord Percy thrive not, ere the king
Dismiss his power, he means to visit us,
For he hath heard of our confederacy,
And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against him:
Therefore make haste. I must go write again
To other friends; and so farewell, Sir Michael.
[*Exeunt.*

31. *"corrivals";* associates.—C. H. H.
*"dear men of estimation";* men of dear estimation.—C. H. H.

# ACT FIFTH

## Scene I

*The King's camp near Shrewsbury.*

*Enter the King, the Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster, Sir Walter Blunt, and Falstaff*

*King.* How bloodily the sun begins to peer
Above yon busky hill! the day looks pale
At his distemperature.
*Prince.* The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes,
And by his hollow whistling in the leaves
Foretells a tempest and a blustering day.
*King.* Then with the losers let it sympathize,
For nothing can seem foul to those that win.
[*The trumpet sounds.*

*Enter Worcester and Vernon.*

How now, my Lord of Worcester! 'tis not well
That you and I should meet upon such terms

*Stage direction.* The Quartos and Folios make the Earl of Westmoreland one of the characters; but, as Malone pointed out, he was in the rebel camp as a pledge for Worcester's safe conduct.—I. G.

1. *"How bloodily,"* etc.; "I do not know," says Mr. Blakeway, "whether Shakespeare ever surveyed the ground of Battlefield, but he has described the sun's rising over Haughmound Hill from that spot as accurately as if he had. It still merits the name of a *busky* hill."—H. N. H.

4. *"his"*; the sun's.—C. H. H.

I

As now we meet. You have deceived our trust,
And made us doff our easy robes of peace,
To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel:
This is not well, my lord, this is not well.
What say you to it? will you again unknit
This churlish knot of all-abhorred war?
And move in that obedient orb again
Where you did give a fair and natural light,
And be no more an exhaled meteor,
A prodigy of fear, and a portent
Of broached mischief to the unborn times?

*Wor.* Hear me, my liege:
For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertain the lag-end of my life
With quiet hours; for, I do protest,
I have not sought the day of this dislike.

*King.* You have not sought it! how comes it, then?

*Fal.* Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it

*Prince.* Peace, chewet, peace!

*Wor.* It pleased your majesty to turn your looks
Of favor from myself and all our house;
And yet I must remember you, my lord,
We were the first and dearest of your friends.

13. *"old limbs";* Henry was, in reality, only thirty years old at this time.—I. G.

But perhaps in this reference he includes his captains and chiefs, many of whom were of course much older than himself. And it is clear all along that in his development of historical characters Shakespeare had little regard to dates, so he could bring the substance of historic truth within the conditions of dramatic effect; and he here anticipates several years in the king's life, that he may make Prince Henry of a proper age for his sweet heroic manhood to display itself.—H. N. H.

19. *"exhaled";* drawn up (as a vapor by the sun; the sixteenth-century theory of the origin of meteors).—C. H. H.

I

For you my staff of office did I break
In Richard's time; and posted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,
When yet you were in place and in account
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.
It was myself, my brother, and his son,
That brought you home, and boldly did outdare
The dangers of the time. You swore to us,
And you did sware that oath at Doncaster,
That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state;
Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right,
The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster:
To this we swore our aid. But in short space
It rain'd down fortune showering on your head;
And such a flood of greatness fell on you,
What with our help, what with the absent king,
What with the injuries of a wanton time,
The seeming sufferances that you had borne,
And the contrarious winds that held the king
So long in his unlucky Irish wars
That all in England did repute him dead:
And from this swarm of fair advantages
You took occasion to be quickly woo'd
To gripe the general sway into your hand;
Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster;
And being fed by us you used us so
As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird,

60. *"the cuckoo's bird";* Shakespeare has here given us a choice piece of natural history, and his gift is the more curious, in that it was apparently drawn fresh from his own observation, as it varies materially, and in the direction of truth and nature, from all that,

Useth the sparrow; did oppress our nest;
Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk
That even our love durst not come near your sight
For fear of swallowing; but with nimble wing
We were enforced, for safety sake, to fly
Out of your sight and raise this present head;
Whereby we stand opposed by such means
As you yourself have forged against yourself,
By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth
Sworn to us in your younger enterprise.

*King.* These things indeed you have articulate,
Proclaim'd at market crosses, read in churches,
To face the garment of rebellion
With some fine color that may please the eye
Of fickle changelings and poor discontents,
Which gape and rub the elbow at the news
Of hurlyburly innovation:
And never yet did insurrection want
Such water-colors to impaint his cause;
Nor moody beggars, starving for a time

so far as we know, had then been written on the subject. The fact, as hath since been scientifically ascertained, is, that the cuckoo has an ungentle habit of laying her eggs in the hedge-sparrow's nest, and leaving them there to be hatched by the owner. The cuckoo chickens are then cherished, fed, and cared for by the sparrow as her own children, until they grow so large as to "oppress *her* nest," and become so greedy and voracious as to frighten and finally drive away their feeder from her own home, and from the objects of her tender solicitude. Perhaps it should be remarked, that *gull* is here used in an active sense, for the *guller,* not for the *gulled;* unless, indeed, it be another word, from the Latin *gulo,* a glutton, or gourmand.—H. N. H.

80. *"water-colors"; i. e.* colors of specious effect but no endurance. —C. H. H.

Of pellmell havoc and confusion.
*Prince.* In both your armies there is many a soul
Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,
The Prince of Wales doth join with all the world
In praise of Henry Percy: by my hopes,
This present enterprise set off his head,
I do not think a braver gentleman,
More active-valiant or more valiant-young,
More daring or more bold, is now alive
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.
For my part, I may speak it to my shame.
I have a truant been to chivalry;
And so I hear he doth account me too;
Yet this before my father's majesty—
I am content that he shall take the odds
Of his great name and estimation,
And will, to save the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him in a single fight.
*King.* And, Prince of Wales, so dare we venture thee,
Albeit considerations infinite
Do make against it. No, good Worcester, no,
We love our people well; even those we love
That are misled upon your cousin's part;
And, will they take the offer of our grace,
Both he and they and you, yea, every man
Shall be my friend again and I 'll be his:
So tell your cousin, and bring me word
What he will do: but if he will not yield,
Rebuke and dread correction wait on us

And they shall do their office. So, be gone;
We will not now be troubled with reply:
We offer fair; take it advisedly.

[*Exeunt Worcester and Vernon.*

*Prince.* It will not be accepted, on my life:
The Douglas and the Hotspur both together
Are confident against the world in arms.

*King.* Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge;
For, on their answer, will we set on them:
And God befriend us, as our cause is just!

[*Exeunt all but the Prince of Wales and Falstaff.*

*Fal.* Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and bestride me, so; 'tis a point of friendship.

*Prince.* Nothing but a colossus can do thee that friendship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.

*Fal.* I would 'twere bed-time, Hal, and all well.

*Prince.* Why, thou owest God a death. [*Exit.*

*Fal.* 'Tis not due yet; I would be loath to pay him before his day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter; honor pricks me on. Yea, but how if honor prick me off when I come on? how then? Can honor set to a leg? no: or an arm? no: or take away the grief of a wound? no. Honor hath no skill in surgery, then? no. What is honor? a word. What is in that word honor? what is that honor? air. A trim reckoning! Who hath it? he that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? no. Doth he hear it? no. 'Tis insensible, then? yea, to the dead. But will

it not live with the living? no. Why? detraction will not suffer it. Therefore I 'll none of it. Honor is a mere scutcheon: and so ends my catechism [*Exit.*

## Scene II

*The rebel camp.*

*Enter Worcester and Vernon.*

*Wor.* O, no, my nephew must not know, Sir Richard,
The liberal and kind offer of the king.
*Ver.* 'Twere best he did.
*Wor.* Then are we all undone.
It is not possible, it cannot be,
The king should keep his word in loving us;
He will suspect us still, and find a time
To punish this offense in other faults:
Suspicion all our lives shall be stuck full of eyes;
For treason is but trusted like the fox,
Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd and lock'd up,
Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.
Look how we can, or sad or merrily,
Interpretation will misquote our looks,
And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,

8. *"suspicion";* Rowe's emendation for *"supposition"* of the early editions. Johnson points out that the same image of *"suspicion"* is exhibited in a Latin tragedy, called *Roxana,* written about the same time by Dr. William Alabaster.—I. G.

11. *"a wild trick";* a dash of the wildness.—C. H. H.

The better cherish'd, still the nearer death
My nephew's trespass may be well forgot;
It hath the excuse of youth and heat of blood;
And an adopted name of privilege,
A hare-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen:
All his offenses live upon my head
And on his father's; we did train him on,
And, his corruption being ta'en from us,
We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.
Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know,
In any case, the offer of the king.

*Ver.* Deliver what you will; I 'll say 'tis so.
Here comes your cousin.

*Enter Hotspur and Douglas.*

*Hot.* My uncle is return'd
Deliver up my Lord of Westmoreland.
Uncle, what news?

*Wor.* The king will bid you battle presently.

*Doug.* Defy him by the Lord of Westmoreland.

*Hot.* Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.

*Doug.* Marry, and shall, and very willingly.

[*Exit.*

*Wor.* There is no seeming mercy in the king.

*Hot.* Did you beg any? God forbid!

*Wor.* I told him gently of our grievances,
Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus,

18. *"adopted name of privilege"; i. e.* the name of *Hotspur* will suggest that his temperament must be his excuse.—I. G.

29. *"Westmoreland"* had been retained in pledge for the safe return of Worcester.—H. N. H.

31. *"bid"*; offer.—C. H. H.

33. *"Douglas"* must here be read as a trisyllable.—I. G.

By now forswearing that he is forsworn:
He calls us rebels, traitors; and will scourge
With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

*Re-enter Douglas.*

*Doug.* Arm, gentlemen; to arms! for I have thrown
A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth,
And Westmoreland, that was engaged, did bear it;
Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.
*Wor.* The Prince of Wales stepp'd forth before the king,
And, nephew, challenged you to single fight.
*Hot.* O, would the quarrel lay upon our heads,
And that no man might draw short breath to-day
But I and Harry Monmouth! Tell me, tell tell me,
How show'd his tasking? seem'd it in contempt?
*Ver.* No, by my soul; I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urged more modestly,
Unless a brother should a brother dare
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.
He gave you all the duties of a man;
Trimm'd up your praises with a princely tongue,
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle,
Making you ever better than his praise
By still dispraising praise valued with you;

60. *"By still dispraising praise valued with you";* omitted by Pope and others as "foolish," but defended by Johnson:—"to vilify praise,

And, which became him like a prince indeed,
He made a blushing cital of himself;
And chid his truant youth with such a grace
As if he master'd there a double spirit
Of teaching and of learning instantly.
There did he pause: but let me tell the world,
If he outlive the envy of this day,
England did never owe so sweet a hope,
So much misconstrued in his wantonness.

*Hot.* Cousin, I think thou art enamored
On his follies: never did I hear
Of any prince so wild a libertine.
But be he as he will, yet once ere night
I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,
That he shall shrink under my courtesy.
Arm, arm with speed: and, fellows, soldiers, friends,
Better consider what you have to do
Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My lord, here are letters for you.

*Hot.* I cannot read them now.

compared or valued with merit, superior to praise, is no harsh expression."—I. G.

64. *"master'd"*; that is, *was master of*. In the next line *"instantly"* is used in the sense of *at the same time*.—H. N. H.

68. *"owe"*; own.—H. N. H.

72. *"so wild a libertine"*; Capell's emendation for the reading of the Ff., *"at libertie,"* and Qq. 1–4, *"a libertie"*; Theobald punctuated the line thus: *"of any prince, so wild, at liberty"*; others proposed *"wild o' liberty,"* which Collier erroneously declared to be the reading of the three oldest Quartos.—I. G.

O gentlemen, the time of life is short!
To spend that shortness basely were too long,
If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.
An if we live, we live to tread on kings;
If die, brave death, when princes die with us!
Now, for our consciences, the arms are fair,
When the intent of bearing them is just.

*Enter another Messenger.*

*Mess.* My lord, prepare; the king comes on apace.
*Hot.* I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale,[91]
For I profess not talking; only this—
Let each man do his best: and here draw I
A sword, whose temper I intend to stain
With the best blood that I can meet withal
In the adventure of this perilous day.
Now, Esperance! Percy! and set on.
Sound all the lofty instruments of war,
And by that music let us all embrace;
For, heaven to earth, some of us never shall [100]
A second time do such a courtesy.

[*The trumpets sound. They embrace and exeunt.*

97. *"Esperance";* four syllables.—C. H. H.

## I
## Scene III

*Plain between the camps.*

*The King enters with his power. Alarum to the battle. Then enter Douglas and Sir Walter Blunt.*

*Blunt.* What is thy name, that in the battle thus
Thou crossest me? what honor dost thou seek
Upon my head?

*Doug.* Know then, my name is Douglas;
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus,
Because some tell me that thou art a king.

*Blunt.* They tell thee true.

*Doug.* The Lord of Stafford dear to-day hath bought
Thy likeness; for instead of thee, King Harry,
This sword hath ended him: so shall it thee,
Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner.

*Blunt.* I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot;
And thou shalt find a king that will revenge
Lord Stafford's death.

[*They fight. Douglas kills Blunt.*

*Enter Hotspur.*

*Hot.* O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Homildon thus,
I never had triumph'd upon a Scot.

11. So the first two quartos and the fourth. The fifth quarto has "born *to yield,* thou proud Scot"; the folio, "born to yield, thou *haughty* Scot."—H. N. H.

15. So the first two quartos; the other old copies, "triumph'd *over* a Scot."—H. N. H.

*Doug.* All 's done, all 's won; here breathless lies the king.
*Hot.* Where?
*Doug.* Here.
*Hot.* This, Douglas? no: I know this face full well:
A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt;
Semblably furnish'd like the king himself.
*Doug.* A fool go with thy soul, whither it goes!
A borrowed title hast thou bought too dear:
Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king?
*Hot.* The king hath many marching in his coats.
*Doug.* Now, by my sword, I will kill all his coats;
I 'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,
Until I meet the king.
*Hot.* Up, and away!
Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day.
[*Exeunt.*

*Alarum. Enter Falstaff, solus.*

*Fal.* Though I could 'scape shot-free at London I fear the shot here; here 's no scoring but upon the pate. Soft! who are you? Sir Walter Blunt: there 's honor for you! here 's no vanity! I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy too. God keep lead out of me! I need no more weight than mine own bowels. I have led my ragamuffins

22. *"Whither"* for *whithersoever.*—H. N. H.

34. *"here's no vanity";* the negative is here used ironically, to designate the excess of a thing. So in Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour:* "O, here's *no* foppery! Death! I can endure the stocks better."—H. N. H.

I

where they are peppered: there 's not three of my hundred and fifty left alive; and they are for the town's end, to beg during life. 40 But who comes here?

*Enter the Prince.*

*Prince.* What, stand'st thou idle here? lend me thy sword:
Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are yet unrevenged: I prithee, lend me thy sword.

*Fal.* O Hal, I prithee, give me leave to breathe a while. Turk Gregory never did such deeds in arms as I have done this day. I

38. *"there's not three . . . left";* the same form of expression has occurred before in Act iv. sc. 2: "There's *not* a shirt and a half in all my company: and the half-shirt is two napkins, tack'd together; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host at St. Albans." It seems to be a sort of Falstaffian idiom; as if the Poet meant to carry out Sir John's peculiar recklessness of truth into the smallest particulars, yet in such a way as not to prove him, in the proper sense of the term, a liar. In both these cases, modern editions very unwarrantably change *not* into *but;* as though the man had better talk grammatically than characteristically.—This passage, by the way, might be aptly quoted in disproof of Falstaff's alleged cowardice.—H. N. H.

40. *"the town's end";* at the gates, a common station for beggars. —C. H. H.

47, 48. *"Turk Gregory never did such deeds in arms";* Warburton observes:—"Fox, in his *History,* hath made Gregory (*i. e.* Pope Gregory VII, called Hildebrand) so odious that I don't doubt but the good Protestants of that time were well pleased to hear him thus characterized, as uniting the attributes of their two great enemies, the Turk and Pope, in one."—I. G.

This furious friar surmounted almost invincible obstacles to deprive the emperor of his right of investiture of bishops, which his predecessors had long attempted in vain.—H. N. H.

have paid Percy, I have made him sure.

*Prince.* He is, indeed; and living to kill thee. 50
prithee, lend me thy sword.

*Fal.* Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be alive, thou get'st not my sword; but take my pistol, if thou wilt.

*Prince.* Give it me: what, is it in the case?

*Fal.* Aye, Hal; 'tis hot, 'tis hot; there 's that will sack a city.

[*The Prince draws it out, and finds it to be a bottle of sack.*

*Prince.* What, is it a time to jest and dally now?
[*He throws the bottle at him. Exit.*

*Fal.* Well, if Percy be alive, I 'll pierce him. If he do come in my way, so: if he do not, 60 if I come in his willingly, let him make a carbonado of me. I like not such grinning honor as Sir Walter hath: give me life: which if I can save, so; if not, honor comes unlooked for, and there 's an end. [*Exit.*

59. *"Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him,"* is addressed to the prince as he goes out; the rest of the speech is a soliloquy.—H. N. H.

## Scene IV

*Another part of the field.*

*Alarum. Excursions. Enter the King, the Prince, Lord John of Lancaster, and Earl of Westmoreland.*

*King.* I prithee,
Harry, withdraw thyself; thou bleed'st too much.
Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.
*Lan.* Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.
*Prince.* I beseech your majesty, make up,
Lest your retirement do amaze your friends.
*King.* I will do so.
My Lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his tent.
*West.* Come, my lord, I 'll lead you to your tent.
*Prince.* Lead me, my lord? I do not need your help:
And God forbid a shallow scratch should drive
The Prince of Wales from such a field as this,
Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on,
And rebels' arms triumph in massacres!
*Lan.* We breathe to long: come, cousin Westmoreland,
Our duty this way lies; for God's sake, come.
[*Exeunt Prince John and Westmoreland.*
*Prince.* By God, thou hast deceived me, Lancaster;
I did not think thee lord of such a spirit:

I

Before, I loved thee as a brother, John;
But now, I do respect thee as my soul.

*King.* I saw him hold Lord Percy at the point,
With lustier maintenance than I did look for
Of such an ungrown warrior.

*Prince.* O, this boy.
Lends mettle to us all! [*Exit.*

*Enter Douglas.*

*Doug.* Another king! they grow like Hydra's heads:
I am the Douglas, fatal to all those
That wear those colors on them: what art thou,
That counterfeit'st the person of a king?

*K. Hen.* The king himself; who, Douglas, grieves at heart
So many of his shadows thou hast met
And not the very king. I have two boys
Seek Percy and thyself about the field:
But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,
I will assay thee: so, defend thyself.

*Doug.* I fear thou art another counterfeit;
And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king:
But mine I am sure thou art, whoe'er thou be,
And thus I win thee.

[*They fight; the King being in danger,*
*Re-enter Prince of Wales.*

21. *"hold . . . at the point"; i. e.* parry his attacks.—C. H. H.

38. *"And thus I win thee";* the matter is thus delivered by Holinshed: "This battell lasted three long houres, with indifferent fortune on both parts, till at length the king, crieng saint George, victorie, brake the arraie of his enemies, and adventured so farre, that (as some write) the earle Dowglas strake him downe, and at

*Prince.* Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like
Never to hold it up again! the spirits
Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, art in my arms:
It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee;
Who never promiseth but he means to pay.
[*They fight: Douglas flies.*
Cheerly, my lord: how fares your grace?
Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succor sent,
And so hath Clifton: I 'll to Clifton straight.
*King.* Stay, and breathe awhile:
Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion,
And show'd thou makest some tender of my life,
In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.
*Prince.* O God! they did me too much injury
That ever said I hearken'd for your death.
If it were so, I might have let alone
The insulting hand of Douglas over you,
Which would have been as speedy in your end
As all the poisonous potions in the world,
And saved the treacherous labor of your son
*King.* Make up to Clifton: I 'll to Sir Nicholas Gawsey. [*Exit.*

*Enter Hotspur.*

that instant slue sir Walter Blunt and three others, apparalled in the king's sute and clothing, saieng, I marvell to see so many kings thus suddenlie arise, one in the necke of another. The king indeed was raised, and did that daie manie a noble feat of armes; for, as it is written, he slue that daie with his owne hands six and thirtie persons of his enemies."—H. N. H.

49. *"makest some tender of";* hast some regard for.—C. H. H.

*Hot.* If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

*Prince.* Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.

*Hot.* My name is Harry Percy.

*Prince.* Why, then I see
A very valiant rebel of the name.
I am the Prince of Wales; and think not, Percy,
To share with me in glory any more:
Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere;
Nor can one England brook a double reign,
Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales.

*Hot.* Nor shall it, Harry; for the hour is come
To end the one of us; and would to God
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

*Prince.* I 'll make it greater ere I part from thee;
And all the budding honors on thy crest
I 'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

*Hot.* I can no longer brook thy vanities.

[*They fight.*

*Enter Falstaff.*

*Fal.* Well said, Hal! to it, Hal! Nay, you shall find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

*Re-enter Douglas; he fights with Falstaff, who falls down as if he were dead, and exit Douglas. Hotspur is wounded, and falls.*

*Hot.* O, Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth!
I better brook the loss of brittle life

65. *"sphere"*; orbit.—C. H. H.
75. *"Well said"*; that is, "well *done*, Hal!"—H. N. H.

Hot. ". . . O, I could prophesy,
But that the earthy and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue : no, Percy, thou are dust,
And food for——

Prince. "For worms, brave Percy: fare thee well, great heart!"

King Henry IV. P. 1, Act 5, Scene 4.

Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;
They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword my flesh:
But thought 's the slave of life, and life time's fool;
And time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop. O, I could prophesy,
But that the earthy and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue: no, Percy, thou art dust,
And food for— [*Dies.*

*Prince.* For worms, brave Percy: fare thee well, great heart!
Ill-weaved ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;
But now two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough: this earth that bears thee dead
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
If thou wert sensible of courtesy,
I should not make so dear a show of zeal:
But let my favors hide thy mangled face;
And, even in thy behalf, I 'll thank myself
For doing these fair rites of tenderness.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!

81. *"But thought 's the slave of life,"* etc.; Dyce and others prefer the reading of Quarto 1:—

> *"But thoughts the slaves of life, and life time's fool,*
> *And time that takes survey of all the world,*
> *Must have a stop."*

*i. e.* "Thoughts, which are the slaves of life, aye, and life itself, which is but the fool of Time, aye, and Time itself, which measures the existence of the whole world, must come to an end" (Vaughan).—I. G.

Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remember'd in thy epitaph!
[*He spieth Falstaff on the ground.*
What, old acquaintance! could not all this flesh
Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!
I could have better spared a better man:
O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,
If I were much in love with vanity!
Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,
Though many dearer, in this bloody fray.
Embowel'd will I see thee by and by:
Till then in blood by noble Percy lie.
[*Exit.*

*Fal.* [*Rising up.*] Emboweled! if thou embowel me to-day, I 'll give you leave to powder me and eat me too to-morrow. 'Sblood 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie, I am no counterfeit: to die, is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man who hath not the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valor is discretion; in the which better part I have saved my life. 'Zounds, I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead: how, if he should counterfeit too, and rise? by my faith, I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I 'll make him sure; yea, and I 'll swear I killed him. Why

Fal. "The better part of valour is discretion; in the which better part
I have saved my life."

King Henry IV., P. 1. Act 5, Scene 4.

may he not rise as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me. Therefore, sirrah [*Stabbing him*], with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me. [*Takes up Hotspur on his back.*

*Re-enter the Prince of Wales and Lord John of Lancaster.*

*Prince.* Come, brother John; full bravely hast thou flesh'd
Thy maiden sword.

*Lan.* But, soft! whom have we here?
Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

*Prince.* I did; I saw him dead,
Breathless and bleeding on the ground. Art thou alive?
Or is it fantasy that plays upon our eyesight?
I prithee, speak; we will not trust our eyes
Without our ears: thou art not what thou seem'st.

*Fal.* No, that 's certain; I am not a double man: but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack. There is Percy [*throwing the body down*]: if your father will do me any honor, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

*Prince.* Why, Percy I killed myself, and saw thee dead.

*Fal.* Didst thou? Lord, Lord, how this world is given to lying! I grant you I was down and out of breath; and so was he: but we

rose both at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believed, so; if not, let them that should reward valor bear the sin upon their own heads. I 'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh: if the man were alive, and would deny it, 'zounds, I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

*Lan.* This is the strangest tale that ever I heard.

*Prince.* This is the strangest fellow, brother John.
Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back:
For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,
I 'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.
[*A retreat is sounded.*
The trumpet sounds retreat; the day is ours.
Come, brother, let us to the highest of the field,
To see what friends are living, who are dead.
[*Exeunt Prince of Wales and Lancaster.*

*Fal.* I 'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that rewards me, God reward him! If I do grow great, I 'll grow less; for I 'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly as a nobleman should do. [*Exit.*

173. *"Grow great";* so Qq.; Ff. *"grow great again."*—I. G.

## Scene V

*Another part of the field.*

*The trumpets sound. Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster, Earl of Westmoreland, with Worcester and Vernon prisoners.*

*King.* Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.
Ill-spirited Worcester! did not we send grace,
Pardon and terms of love to all of you?
And wouldst thou turn our offers contrary?
Misuse the tenor of thy kinsman's trust?
Three knights upon our party slain to-day,
A noble earl and many a creature else
Had been alive this hour,
If like a Christian thou hadst truly borne
Betwixt our armies true intelligence.
*Wor.* What I have done my safety urged me to;
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.
*King.* Bear Worcester to the death, and Vernon too:
Other offenders we will pause upon.
[*Exeunt Worcester and Vernon, guarded.*
How goes the field?
*Prince.* The noble Scot, Lord Douglas, when he saw

14. *"to the death";* "the" is used of death inflicted by authority.—C. H. H.

I

The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
The noble Percy slain, and all his men
Upon the foot of fear, fled with the rest;
And falling from a hill, he was so bruised
That the pursuers took him. At my tent
The Douglas is; and I beseech your grace
I may dispose of him.

*King.* With all my heart.

*Prince.* Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you
This honorable bounty shall belong:
Go to the Douglas, and deliver him
Up to his pleasure, ransomless and free:
His valor shown upon our crests to-day
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds
Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

*Lan.* I thank your grace for this high courtesy,
Which I shall give away immediately.

*King.* Then this remains, that we divide our power.
You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland
Towards York shall bend you with your dearest speed,
To meet Northumberland and the prelate Scroop,
Who, as we hear, are busily in arms:
Myself and you, son Harry, will towards Wales,

21. *"he was so bruised,"* etc.; thus Holinshed: "To conclude, the kings enemies were vanquished and put to flight, in which flight the earle of Dowglas, for hast falling from the crag of an hie mounteine, brake one of his cullions, and was taken, and, for his valiantnesse, of the king franklie and freelie delivered."—H. N. H.

32–33. This speech of Prince John, though in all the first four quartos, is strangely left out by Mr. Knight, merely because it is wanting in the folio.—H. N. H.

I

To fight with Glendower and the Earl of
March.
Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,
Meeting the check of such another day:
And since this business so fair is done,
Let us not leave till all our own be won.

[*Exeunt.*

41. *"sway"*; Ff. and later Qq. *"way."*—I. G.

# GLOSSARY

I

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

Admiral, admiral's ship with a lantern in the stern; III. iii. 29.

Advantage, leisure; II. iv. 618; interest; II. iv. 624; favorable opportunity; III. ii. 180.

Advertisement, information, news; III. ii. 172; counsel, IV. i. 36.

Advised, guided by advice; IV. iii. 5.

Affections, inclinations; III. ii. 30.

Against; "against his name," contrary to the dignity of his royal name; III. ii. 65.

Allhallown summer, *i.e.* summer weather at the beginning of winter; "spring at Michaelmas" ("Allhallowmas" is on the first of November) in ridicule of Falstaff's youthful frivolity at his advanced age; I. ii. 184.

Amamon, the name of a demon; II. iv. 384.

Amaze, throw into disorder; V. iv. 6.

Ancients, ensigns; IV. ii. 27; *"ancient"* standard; IV. ii. 36.

Angel, a coin with the figure of the archangel Michael piercing the dragon with its spear; its value varied from six shillings and eight pence to ten shillings; IV. ii. 6.

Anon, anon! coming! II. i. 5.

Answer, repay; I. iii. 185.

Anyway, either way, on either side; I. i. 61.

Apace, quickly, at a quick pace; V. ii. 90.

Apple-john, a variety of apple that shrivels with keeping; III. iii. 5.

Appointment, equipment; I. ii. 203.

Apprehends, imagines, conceives; I. iii. 209.

Approve me, prove me, try me; IV. i. 9.

Arbitrement, judicial inquiry; IV. i. 70.

Argument, subject for conversation; II. ii. 100.

Arras, hangings of tapestry; II. iv. 571.

Articulate = articulated, specified, enumerated (Ff. *"articulated"*); V. i. 72.

Aspects, an astrological term; influence of a planet for good or ill; I. i. 97.

Assay thee, try thee, cross swords with thee; V. iv. 34.

"At hand, quoth pick-purse," a proverbial expression; II. i. 53.

Athwart, adversely, as though to thwart one's purpose; I. i. 36.

Attempts, pursuits; III. ii. 13.

Attended, waited for; IV. iii. 70.

ATTRIBUTION, praise; IV. i. 3.

AUDITOR, an officer of the Exchequer; II. i. 64.

AWAY; "a. all night" (so the Qq.)?= march all night; (Folios "a. all to-night"); IV. ii. 67.

"AYE, WHEN? CANST TELL?" proverbial phrase expressing scorn; II. i. 43.

BACK; "turned back," *i.e.* turned their back, fled; I. ii. 213.

BACK, mount; II. iii. 80.

BAFFLE, "originally a punishment of infamy, inflicted on recreant knights, one part of which was hanging them up by the heels" (Nares); I. ii. 118.

BAGPIPE; "the Lincolnshire b." a favorite instrument in Lincolnshire; a proverbial expression; I. ii. 88.

BAITED, *v.* Noté; IV. i. 99.

BALK'D, heaped, piled up ("balk" ="ridge," common in Warwickshire); I. i. 69.

BALLAD-MONGERS, contemptuous name for "ballad-makers"; III. i. 130.

BANDS, bonds; III. ii. 157.

BANISH'D, lost, exiled (Collier MS. *"tarnish'd"*); I. iii. 181.

BASE, wicked, treacherous, (Qq. "bare"); I. iii. 108.

BASILISKS, a kind of large cannon; originally a fabulous animal whose look was supposed to be fatal; II. iii. 56.

BASTARD, sweet Spanish wine; II. iv. 32.

BATE, fall off, grow thinner; III. iii. 2.

BATTLE, armed force, army; IV. i. 129.

I

BAVIN, brushwood, soon burning out; III. ii. 61.

BEARS HARD, feels deeply; I. iii. 270.

BEAVER, helmet; IV. i. 104.

BECOME, adorn, do credit to; II. iv. 567.

BEGUILING, cheating, robbing; III. i. 189.

BELDAM, aged grandmother; III. i. 32.

BESIDE, beyond; III. i. 179.

BESTRIDE ME, defend me by standing over my body; V. i. 122.

BIDE, abide, endure; IV. iv. 10.

BLUE-CAPS, "a name of ridicule given to the Scots from their blue bonnets"; II. iv. 406.

BOLTERS, sieves for meal; III. iii. 81.

BOLTING-HUTCH, a bin into which meal is bolted; II. iv. 514.

BOMBARD, a large leathern vessel for holding liquors; II. iv. 515.

BOMBAST; originally cotton used as stuffing for clothes; II. iv. 372.

BONFIRE-LIGHT, fire kindled in the open air (originally, a bone-fire; Q. 1, *"bonefire light"*; Q. 2, *bonfire light"*; Qq. 3, 4, *"bone-fire light"*; the rest *"Bone-fire light"*); III. iii. 47.

BOOK, indentures; III. i. 224.

BOOTLESS, without profit or advantage; III. i. 67.

BOOTS, booty; with play upon the literal sense of "boots"; II. i. 95.

BOSOM, secret thoughts, confidence; I. iii. 266.

BOTS, small worms; II. i. 11.

BOTTOM, low-lying land, valley; III. i. 105.

Brach, a female hound; III. i. 240.

Brave, fine; I. ii. 75.

Brawn, mass of flesh; II. iv. 127.

Break with, broach the subject to; III. i. 144.

Breathe, take breath (Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"break"*); II. iv. 18.

Breathed, paused to take breath; I. iii. 102.

"Brewer's horse"; a disputed point probably equivalent to *malt-horse,* a term of contempt for a dull heavy beast; III. iii. 10.

Brief, letter, short writing; IV. iv. 1.

"Bring in," the call for more wine; I. ii. 44.

Brisk, smart; I. iii. 54.

Bruising; "b. arms," probably arms cramping and bruising the wearers; III. ii. 105.

Buckram, coarse linen stiffened with glue; I. ii. 207.

Buffets; "go to b."=come to blows; II. iii. 35.

Buff jerkin, a jacket of buff-leather, worn by sheriffs' officers; I. ii. 51.

Burning, alight with war; III. iii. 238.

Busky, bosky (Q. 1, *"bulky"*); V. i. 2.

By-drinkings, drinks at odd times, between meals; III. iii. 90.

"By God, soft"; an exclamation (Ff., *"soft, I pray ye"*); II. i. 40.

Caddis-garter, garter made of worsted ribbon; II. iv. 82.

Caliver, corruption of *caliber,* a light kind of musket; IV. ii. 21.

Candy, sugared, sweet; I. iii. 251.

Canker, dog-rose, wild rose; I. iii. 176.

Canker'd, venomous, malignant; I. iii. 137.

Cankers, canker-worms; IV. ii. 34.

Canstick, old spelling and pronunciation of *candlestick* (Ff., *"candlestick"*); III. i. 131.

Cantle, piece (Qq., "scantle"); III. i. 100.

"Cap and knee," doffing of cap and bending of knee; IV. iii. 68.

Capering, leaping, skipping (Q. 1, *"capring"; the rest "carping"*); III. ii. 63.

Capital, principal; III. ii. 110.

Capitulate, form a league; III. ii. 120.

Carbonado, meat cut across to be broiled; V. iii. 62.

Carded, *v.* Note; III. ii. 62.

Cart, vehicle in which a criminal was borne to execution; II. iv. 568.

Case ye, mask your faces; II. ii. 57.

Caterpillars, men who feed upon the wealth of the country; II. ii. 89.

Cates, delicacies; III. i. 163.

Cavil, quarrel, find fault; III. i. 140.

Cess, measure; II. i. 8.

Changing, exchanging; I. iii. 101.

Charge, cost, expense; I. i. 35; III. i. 112; baggage; II. i. 51.

Charles' wain, the Great Bear; II. 1, 2.

I

Chat, chatter; I. iii. 65.

Cheap; "as good c.," as good a bargain; III. iii. 55.

Chewet, chough, probably jackdaw; (used generally in sense of mince-pie); V. i. 29.

Chops, mass of flesh resembling meat; a term of contempt; I. ii. 156.

Christen, Christian (Qq. 5, 6, 7, 8, "Christian"; omitted in Ff.); II. iv. 9.

Chuffs, churlish misers; II. ii. 96.

Cital, mention, citation; V. ii. 62.

Clap to, shut; II. iv. 316.

Clipp'd in, enclosed, encircled; III. i. 44.

Close, grapple, hand to hand fight; I. i. 13.

Cloudy men, men with cloudy looks; III. ii. 83.

Cock, cockcrow; II. i. 20.

Color, give a specious appearance to; I. iii. 109.

Colt, befool; II. ii. 42.

Come near me, hit me; I. ii. 15.

Comfit-maker, confectioner; III. i. 253.

Commodity, supply; I. ii. 96.

Common-hackney'd, vulgarized; III. ii. 40.

Commonwealth, used quibblingly; II. i. 92.

Community, commonness, frequency; III. ii. 77.

Comparative, "a dealer in comparisons, one who affects wit"; III. ii. 67.

Comparative, full of comparisons; I. ii. 93.

Compass, "in good c.," within reasonable limits; III. iii. 24.

Concealments, secrets of nature; III. i. 167.

Condition, natural disposition; I. iii. 6.

Conduct, escort; III. i. 92.

Confound, spend, wear away; I. iii. 100.

Conjunction, assembled force; IV. i. 37.

Contagious, baneful; I. ii. 229.

Contracted, engaged to be married; IV. ii. 18.

Corinthian, spirited fellow; II. iv. 13.

Corpse, corpses (Q. 1 and Ff. 1, 2, "corpes"); I. i. 43.

Correction, punishment; V. i. 111.

Corrival, rival, competitor; I. iii. 207.

Couching, couchant, lying down, (the heraldic term); III. i. 153.

Countenance, patronage, with play upon literal sense of word; I. ii. 35; sanction; III. ii. 65; bearing; V. i. 69.

Cousin, kinsman; I. iii. 292.

Cozeners, deceivers (used quibblingly); I. iii. 255.

Cranking, winding, bending; III. i. 98.

Cressets, open lamps or burners, set up as beacons, or carried on poles; III. i. 15.

Crisp, curled, rippled; I. iii. 106.

Crossings, contradictions; III. i. 36.

Crown, enthrone; III. i. 217.

Crystal button, generally worn upon the jerkin of vintners; II. iv. 81.

Cuckoo's bird, the young of the cuckoo; V. i. 60.

Cuisses, armor for the thighs (Qq. and Ff., *"cushes"*) IV. i. 105.

I

Culverin, a kind of cannon; II. iii. 60.

Curbs, restrains, holds in check; III. i. 171.

Cut, the name of a horse; II. i. 6.

Daff'd, put aside, doffed (Qq. and Ff. *"daft"*); IV. i. 96.

Damm'd, stopped up, enclosed (Qq. 1, 2, 6 and Ff., *"damnd"*); III. i. 101.

Dangerous, indicating danger; V. i. 69.

Dank, damp; II. i. 9.

Dare, daring; IV. i. 78.

Daventry, a town in Northamptonshire; commonly pronounced "Dahntry" (Qq. 1–5, "Dauintry"; Qq. 6, 7, 8, "Daintry," etc.); IV. ii. 56.

Dear, eagerly desired, urgent; I. i. 33; worthy, valued; IV. iv. 31.

Dearest, best; III. i. 182.

Defend, forbid; IV. iii. 38.

Defy, renounce, abjure; I. iii. 228; despise; IV. i. 6.

Deliver, report; V. ii. 26.

Deliver'd, related, reported; I. iii. 26.

Denier, the smallest coin, the tenth part of a penny; III. iii. 97.

Deny, refuse; I. iii. 29.

Deputation, "in d.," as deputies; IV. iii. 87.

Deputy of the ward, local police officer; III. iii. 138.

Devil rides upon a fiddle-stick, a proverbial expression, probably derived from the puritanic denunciation of music, and meaning, "here's much ado about nothing"; II. iv. 557.

Devised, untrue, forged; III. ii. 23.

Discarded, dismissed; IV. ii. 31.

Discontents, malcontents; V. i. 76.

Disdain'd, disdainful; I. iii. 183.

Dislike, discord, dissension; V. i. 26.

Disputation, conversation; III. i. 206.

Distemperature, disorder; III. i. 34.

Divide myself, cut myself in half; II. iii. 38.

Division, modulation; III. i. 211.

Doff, put off; V. i. 12.

Doubt, suspect, fear; I. ii. 203.

Dowlas, a kind of coarse linen; III. iii. 85.

Draff, refuse of food, given to swine; IV. ii. 41.

Drawn, gathered together, collected; IV. i. 33.

Drawn fox, "a fox scented and driven from cover; such a one being supposed to be full of tricks"; III. iii. 137.

Draws, draws back; IV. i. 73.

Dread, awful, terrible; V. i. 111.

Drench, mixture of bran and water; II. iv. 124.

Drone, "the largest tube of the bagpipe, which emits a hoarse sound resembling that of the drone bee"; I. ii. 88.

Drowzed, looked sleepily; III. ii. 81.

Drum, an allusion probably to the enlisting of soldiers by the beating of the drum; hence, perhaps, rallying point; III. iii. 241.

Durance, a strong material of which prisoners' clothes were made; called also "everlasting"; used quibbingly; I. ii. 52.

Duties, (?) dues, (?) homage; V. ii. 56.

EASTCHEAP, a "cheap" or market, in the east of London, noted for its eating houses and taverns; I. ii. 150.

ECCE SIGNUM, here the proof; II. iv. 195.

EMBOSSED, swollen; III. iii. 187.

EMBOWEL'D, *i. e.* for embalming; V. iv. 109.

ENFEOFF'D HIMSELF, gave himself up entirely (Qq. 6, 7, 8, *"enforc't"*); III. ii. 69.

ENGAGED, detained as hostage (Pope, *"encaged"*); IV. iii. 95.

ENGROSS UP, amass (*up*, intensive) (Qq. 1, 2, and Ff., *"up"*; the rest, *"my"*); III. ii. 148.

ENLARGED, set free; III. ii. 115.

ENLARGEMENT, escape; III. i. 31.

ENTERTAIN, pass peaceably; V. i. 24.

ENVY, malice, enmity; V. ii. 67.

EQUITY, justice, fairness; II. ii. 107.

ESPERANCE, the motto of the Percy family, and their battle-cry; II. iii. 80.

ESTIMATION, conjecture; I. iii. 272.

ESTRIDGES, ostriches; IV. i. 98.

EVEN, modestly, prudently; I. iii. 285.

EXHALATIONS, meteors; II. iv. 365.

EXPECTATION, promise; II. iii. 22.

EXPEDIENCE, expedition; I. i. 33.

EYE OF DEATH, look of deadly terror; I. iii. 143.

FACE, trim, set off; V. i. 74.

FACTOR, agent; III. ii. 147.

FALL OFF, prove faithless; I. iii. 94.

I

FATHER, father-in-law; III. i. 87.

FATHOM-LINE, lead line; I. iii. 204.

FAT ROOM, probably "vat-room"; II. iv. 1.

FAT-WITTED, heavy witted, dull; I. ii. 2.

FAVORS, a scarf or glove given by a lady to her knight; V. iv. 96; features (Hanmer "favor" =face); perhaps "decorations usually worn by knights in their helmets;" III. ii. 136.

FEAR'D, feared for; IV. i. 24.

FEARFULLY, in fear; I. iii. 105.

FEARS, the objects of our fears; I. iii. 87.

FEEDS; "f. him," *i.e.* feeds himself; III. ii. 180.

FEELING, carried on by touch, with play upon the word (Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"feeble"*); III. i. 206.

FELLOW, neighbor, companion; II. ii. 114.

FERN-SEED; "the receipt of f.," *i.e.* the receipt for gathering fern-seed; according to popular superstition these seeds were invisible, and anyone who could gather them was himself rendered invisible; II. i. 100.

FIGURES, shapes created by the imagination; I. iii. 209.

FINSBURY, the common resort of citizens, just outside the walls; III. i. 257.

FLEECE, plunder them; II. ii. 91.

FLESH'D, stained with blood; V. iv. 135.

FLOCKS, tufts of wool; II. i. 7.

FOBBED, cheated, tricked (Qq. 7, 8, *"snub'd"*); I. ii. 70.

FOIL, tinsel on which a jewel is set to enhance its brilliancy (Qq. 7, 5, 6, 7, 8, and Ff., *"soile"*); I. ii. 246.

I

Foot, foot-soldiers, infantry; II. iv. 622.

Foot land-rakers, foot-pads (Qq. *"footland rakers";* Ff. *"Footland-Rakers"*); II. i. 84.

Forced, compelled by whip and spur; III. i. 135.

Foul, bad (F. 2, *"soure";* Ff. 3, 4, *"sowre"*); V. i. 8.

Found; "f. me," found me out, discovered my weakness; I. iii. 3.

Four by the day, four o'clock in the morning; II. i. 1.

Framed, planned, composed; III. i. 123.

Franklin, freeholder or yeoman; II. i. 61.

Frets, used equivocally for (i.) chafes and (ii.) wears out; II. ii. 2.

From, away from; III. ii. 31.

Front, confront; II. ii. 63.

Frontier, forehead, brow; I. iii. 19.

Frontiers, outworks; II. iii. 55.

Full of rest, thoroughly rested; IV. iii. 27.

Furniture, furnishing, equipment; III. iii. 237.

Gadshill; a hill two miles northwest of Rochester on the Canterbury Road; a well-known resort of highwaymen; I. ii. 148.

Gage, engage, pledge; I. iii. 173.

Gait, walk, pace; III. i. 135.

Gall, annoy; I. iii. 229.

Garters, an allusion to the Order of the Garter; "He may hang himself in his own garters," was an old proverbial saying; II. ii. 48.

Gelding, horse; II. i. 39.

Gelding, taking away from; III. i. 110.

Gib cat, old tom cat; I. ii. 85.

Gilliams, another form of Williams; II. iii. 73.

Given, inclined, disposed; III. iii. 18.

"God save the mark!" a deprecatory exclamation; I. iii. 56.

Goodman, grandfather; II. iv. 109.

Good morrow, good morning; II. iv. 597.

"Good night," an exclamation expressing desperate resignation (*cp.* the use of *buona notte* among the Italians to this day); I. iii. 194.

Gorbellied, big-bellied; II. ii. 94.

Government; "good g.," self-control, used quibblingly; I. ii. 32; command, IV. i. 19.

Grace, service, honor, III, i. 182.

Grace, "the Archbishop's grace, of York," *i. e.* his Grace the Archbishop of York; III, ii. 119.

Grandam, grandmother; III. i. 34.

Grapple, wrestle, struggle; I. iii. 197.

Grief, physical pain; I. iii. 51; V. i. 134.

Griefs, grievances; IV. iii. 42.

Gull, unfledged bird; V. i. 60.

Gummed, "g. velvet," *i. e.* stiffened with gum; II. ii. 2.

Gyves, fetters; IV. ii. 48.

Habits, garments; I. ii. 202.

Hair, peculiar quality, nature, character; IV. i. 61.

Half-fac'd, half-hearted; I. iii. 208.

Half-moon, the name of a room in the tavern; II. iv. 33.

I

HALF-SWORD, close fight; II. iv. 189.

"HAPPY MAN BE HIS DOLE," happiness be his portion; a proverbial expression; II. ii. 81.

HARDIMENT, bravery, bold encounter; I. iii. 101.

HARE, "flesh of hare was supposed to generate melancholy"; I. ii. 90.

HARLOTRY, vixen; III. i. 199.

HARLOTRY PLAYERS, vagabond (or strolling) players; II. iv. 451.

HARNESS, armor, armed men; III. ii. 101.

HEAD, armed force (used quibblingly); I. iii. 284.

HEAD; "made head," raised an armed force; III. i. 64.

HEAD OF SAFETY, protection in an armed force; IV. iii. 103.

HEARKEN'D FOR, longed for; V. iv. 52.

HEAVENLY-HARNESS'D TEAM, the car and horses of Phœbus, the sun-god; III. i. 221.

HEM, an exclamation of encouragement; II. iv. 19.

HERALD'S COAT, tabard, or sleeveless coat, still worn by heralds; IV. ii. 52.

HEST, behest, command; II. iii. 69.

HIND, boor; II. iii. 18.

HITHERTO, to this spot; III. i. 74.

HOLD IN, restrain themselves; II. i. 88.

HOLD ME PACE, keep pace with me; III. i. 49.

HOLY-ROOD DAY, fourteenth of September; I. i. 52.

HOME, "to pay home," *i. e.* thoroughly, fully; I. iii. 288.

HOMO, "'homo' is a common name to all men," a quotation from the Latin grammars of the time; II. i. 108.

HOPES, anticipations; I. ii. 242.

HORSE, horses; II. i. 3.

HOT IN QUESTION, earnestly discussed; I. i. 34.

HUE AND CRY, a clamor in pursuit of a thief; II. iv. 578.

HUMOROUS, capricious; III. i. 234.

HUMORS, caprices; II. iv. 108; II. iv. 513.

HURLYBURLY, tumultuous; V. i. 78.

HYBLA; "honey of H." (so Qq., but Ff. *"honey,"* omitting *"of H."*); three towns of Sicily bore this name, and one of them was famed for its honey; I. ii. 50.

HYDRA, the many-headed serpent killed by Hercules; V. iv. 25.

"IGNIS FATUUS," Will o' the wisp; III. iii. 47.

IGNOMINY, dishonor (Qq. 1, 2, 3, 8, Ff. 3, 4, *"ignominy,"* the rest *"ignomy"*); V. iv. 100.

IMMASK, mask, conceal; I. ii. 207.

IMPAWN'D, pledged, left as hostage; IV. iii. 108.

IMPEACH, accuse, reproach; I. iii. 75.

IMPRESSED, pressed, compelled to fight; I. i. 21.

INDENT, indentation; III. i. 104.

INDENT, bargain, compound with, make an indenture; I. iii. 87.

INDENTURES TRIPARTITE, triple agreement, *i. e.* "drawn up in three corresponding copies"; III. i. 80.

INDIRECT, wrong, out of the direct course, wrongful; IV. iii. 105.

INDUCTION, beginning; III. i. 2.

I

Injuries, wrongs; V. i. 50.

Intelligence, intelligencers, informers; IV. iii. 98.

Intemperance, excesses, want of moderation (Ff., *"intemperature"*); III. ii. 156.

Intended, intending to march (Collier MS., *"intendeth"*); IV. i. 92.

Interchangeably, mutually (each person signing all the documents); III. i. 81.

Interest to, claim to; III. ii. 98.

Irregular, lawless; I. i. 40.

Item, "a separate article, or particular, used in enumeration," originally meant "likewise, also"; II. iv. 609.

Iteration; "damnable iteration," "a wicked trick of repeating and applying holy texts" (Johnson); I. ii. 105.

Jack, frequently used as a term of contempt; II. [illegible] 13.

Joined-stool, a sort of folding chair; II. iv. 432.

Journey-bated, exhausted by their long march; IV. iii. 26.

Jumps, agrees; I. ii. 79.

Justling, busy; IV. i. 18.

Kendal green, a woolen cloth made at Kendal, Westmoreland; II. iv. 254.

Kept, dwelt; I. iii. 244.

King Christen, Christian king (Ff., *"in Christendome"*); II. i. 19.

Knows, becomes conscious of; IV. iii. 74.

Lack-brain, empty-headed fellow; II. iii. 19.

Lag-end, latter end; V. i. 24.

Lay by, the words used by highwaymen to their victims; properly a nautical term, "slacken sail"; I. ii. 43.

Leaden, having a leaden sheath; II. iv. 433.

Leading, "great l.," well-known generalship; IV. iii. 17.

Lean, scanty; I. ii. 84.

Leaping-houses, brothels; I. ii. 11.

Leash, three in a string; II. iv. 7.

Leathern jerkin, a garment generally worn by tapsters; II. iv. 80.

Leave; "good leave," full permission, I. iii. 20; "give us leave," a courteous form of dismissal, III. ii. 1.

Leg, obeisance; II. iv. 441.

Lend me thy hand, help me; II. iv. 2.

Let him, let him go; I. i. 91.

Let'st slip, let's loose (the greyhound); I. iii. 278.

Libertine (Capell's emendation of Qq. 1, 2, 3, 4, *"a libertie"*; Q. 5, &c., *"at libertie"*; Collier MS., *"of liberty"*); V. ii. 72.

Lies, lodges; I. ii. 149.

Lieve, lief, willingly; IV. ii. 20.

Lighted, alighted; I. i. 63.

Liking; "in some l.," in good condition; III. iii. 6.

Line, rank; III. ii. 85.

Line, strengthen; II. iii. 92.

Links, torches carried in the streets before lamps were introduced; III. iii. 52.

Liquored, made waterproof; II. i. 98.

List, limit; IV. i. 51.

Loggerheads, blockheads; II. iv. 4.

I

LONG-STAFF; "long-staff sixpenny strikers," fellows who infested the roads with long-staffs, and knocked men down for sixpence; II. i. 84.

LOOK BIG, look threateningly; IV. i. 58.

LUGGED BEAR, a bear led through the streets by a rope tied round its head; I. ii. 85.

MAD, madcap, merry; IV. ii. 42.

"MAID MARIAN," a character in the Morris Dances, originally Robin Hood's mistress, often personated by a man dressed as a woman; III. iii. 137.

MAIN, a stake at gaming; IV. i. 47.

MAINTENANCE, carriage; V. iv. 22.

MAJOR, probably used for "major premiss," with a play upon *"major"="mayor"*; II. iv. 566.

MAJORITY, pre-eminence; III. ii. 109.

MAKE AGAINST, oppose; V. i. 103.

MAKEST TENDER OF, hast regard for; V. iv. 49.

MAKE UP, go forward, advance; V. iv. 5.

MALEVOLENT, hostile (an astrological term); I. i. 97.

MALT-WORMS; "mustachio purple-hued malt-worms," *i. e.* ale-topers; those who dip their mustachios so deeply and perpetually in liquor as to stain them purple-red; II. i. 86.

MAMMETS, puppets; II. iii. 101.

MANAGE, direction; II. iii. 56.

MANNER; "taken with the m.," *i. e.* taken in the act; a law term (*captus cum manuopere*); II. iv. 360.

MANNINGTREE, a place in Essex where the "Moralities" were acted; during the fair held there an ox was roasted whole; II. iv. 517.

MARK, a coin worth thirteen shillings and fourpence; II. i. 62.

MARKED, heeded, observed; I. ii. 99.

MASTER'D, possessed, owned; V. ii. 64.

MASTERS, "my m.," a familiar title of courtesy used even to inferiors; II. iv. 572.

MEAN, means; I. iii. 261.

MEDICINES, alluding to the common belief in love-potions; II. ii. 20.

"MELANCHOLY AS A CAT," an old proverbial expression; I. ii. 85.

MEMENTO MORI, a ring upon the stone of which a skull and cross-bones were engraved, commonly worn as a reminder of man's mortality; III. iii. 37.

MERCY; "I cry you mercy," I beg your pardon; I. iii. 212.

MERLIN, the old magician of the Arthurian legends; III. i. 150.

MICHER, truant, thief (*"mocher, a truant; a blackberry moucher, a boy who plays truant to pick blackberries,"* Akerman's *Glossary of Provincial Words*); II. iv. 465.

MILLINER; "perfumed like a milliner"; a man who dealt in fancy articles, especially articles of personal adornment, which he was in the habit of constantly perfuming; I. iii. 36.

MINCING, affected; III. i. 134.

MINION, darling, favorite; I. i. 83.

MISPRISION, misapprehension; I. iii. 27.

I

Misquote, misinterpret; V. ii. 13.
Mistreadings, sins, transgressions; III. ii. 11.
Misuse, ill-treatment; I. i. 43.
Mo, more; IV. iv. 31.
Moiety, share; III. i. 96.
Moldwarp, mole; III. i. 149.
Moody, discontent, angry; I. iii. 19.
Moor-ditch, part of the stagnant ditch surrounding London, between Bishopsgate and Cripplegate; I. ii. 91.
More; "the more and less," high and low; IV. iii. 68.
Moulten, moulting; III. i. 152.
Mouthed, gaping; I. iii. 97.
Muddy, dirty, rascally; II. i. 110.
Mutual, having common interests (Q. 8 *"naturall"*); I. i. 14.

Natural scope, natural temperament; III. i. 171.
Neat's tongue, ox tongue; II. iv. 280.
Neck; "in the n. of that," immediately after; IV. iii. 92.
Neglectingly, slightingly, carelessly; I. iii. 52.
Nether stocks, stockings; II. iv. 134.
Newgate fashion, "as prisoners are conveyed to Newgate, fastened two and two together"; III. iii. 104.
New reap'd, trimmed in the newest style; I. iii. 34.
Next, nearest, surest; II. i. 10; III. i. 264.
Nice, precarious; IV. i. 48.
Noted, well known, familiar; I. ii. 208.
Nothing, not at all; III. i. 133.
Not-pated, close cropped; II. iv. 81.

Ob, abbreviation of obolus (properly a small Greek coin), halfpenny; II. iv. 614.
Offering, challenging, assailing; IV. i. 69.
Old faced, old patched; IV. ii. 34.
Oneyers; "great o.," probably a jocose term for "great ones" (*v.* Note); II. i. 88.
Opinion, self-conceit; III. i. 185; public opinion, reputation, III. ii. 42.
Opposed, standing opposite, confronting; I. i. 9; opposite; III. i. 110.
Orb, sphere; V. i. 17.
Order ta'en, arrangement made; III. i. 71.
O, the father, *i. e.* by God the Father; II. iv. 446.
Ought, owed; III. iii. 152.
Outdare, out-brave, defy; V. i. 40.
Outfaced, frightened; II. iv. 292.

Pacified, appeased; III. iii. 195.
Painted cloth, tapestry worked or painted with figures and scenes, with which the walls of rooms were hung; IV. ii. 28.
Palisadoes, palisades; II. iii. 55.
Paraquito, little parrot, term of endearment; II. iii. 88.
Parcel, item; II. iv. 116; small part; III. ii. 159.
Parley, conversation (of looks); III. i. 204.
Parmaceti, spermaceti, the sperm of the whale; I. iii. 58.
Part; "on his p.," on his behalf; (Ff., *"in his behalfe"*), I. iii. 133; share; III. i. 75.
Participation, "vile p.," low companions; III. ii. 87.
Partlet; "Dame P.," the name

of the hen in the old story of "Reynard the Fox" (*cp.* Chaucer's *Nonnes Preestes Tale*); III. iii. 60.

PASSAGES; "thy p. of life," the actions of thy life; III. ii. 8.

PASSIONS, sorrow; II. iv. 439; suffering; III. i. 35.

PATIENCE, composure of mind; I. iii. 200.

PAUL'S, St. Paul's Cathedral; "a constant place of resort for business and amusement"; II. iv. 599.

PEACH, betray you, turn King's evidence; II. ii. 48.

PEREMPTORY, bold, unawed; I. iii. 17.

PERSONAL, in person; IV. iii. 88.

PICK-THANKS, officious parasites; III. ii. 25.

PIERCE, with play on *Percy* (probably pronounced *perce*); V. iii. 58.

PINCH, vex, torment; I. iii. 229.

PISMIRES, ants; I. iii. 240.

PLAY OFF, toss off at a draught; II. iv. 20.

POINT, head of the saddle; II. i. 7.

POMGARNET, Pomegranate, the name of a room in the tavern; II. iv. 45.

POPINJAY, parrot; I. iii. 50.

POSSESS'D, informed; IV. i. 40.

POSSESSION, the possessor; III. ii. 43.

POST, messenger; I. i. 37.

POULTER, pouterer; II. iv. 500.

POUNCET-BOX, a small smelling box perforated with holes for musk or other perfumes; I. iii. 38.

POWDER, salt; V. iv. 112.

POWER, army, force; I. i. 22.

I

PRECEDENT, sample; II. iv. 40.

PREDICAMENT, condition, category; I. iii. 168.

PRESENTLY, immediately; II. i. 67.

PROFITED, skilled, attained to great proficiency; III. i. 166.

PROLOGUE TO AN EGG AND BUTTER, grace before an ordinary sort of breakfast; I. ii. 24.

PROSPEROUS HOPE, hope of prospering; III. i. 2.

PROTEST, a word used of petty and affected oaths; III. i. 260.

PRUNE, applied to birds, to trim; to pick out damaged feathers and arrange the plumage with the bill; I. i. 98.

PUKE-STOCKING, (probably) dark-colored stocking; II. iv. 81.

PURCHASE, gain, plunder (Ff., *"purpose"*); II. i. 106.

PUSH; "stand the p. of," expose himself to; III. ii. 66.

QUALITY, party; IV. iii. 36.

QUESTION, doubt, misgiving; IV. i. 68.

QUIDDITIES, equivocations; I. ii. 54.

QUILT, a quilted coverlet; IV. ii. 58.

QUIPS, sharp jests; I. ii. 54.

QUIT, acquit, excuse; III. ii. 19.

RABBIT-SUCKER, sucking rabbit; II. iv. 489.

RAMPING, rampant, rearing to spring; the heraldic term; III. i. 153.

RARE, excellent, used perhaps quibblingly; I. ii. 74.

RASH, quick, easily excited; III. ii. 61.

RATED, chid, scolded; IV. iii. 99.

RATED, reckoned upon, relied upon; IV. iv. 17.

RAZES, roots, (?) packages, bales; II. i. 26.

READ; "hath r. to me," instructed me; III. i. 46.

REASONS, with a play upon "raisins"; II. iv. 273.

REBUKE, chastisement; V. i. 111.

RED-BREAST TEACHER, teacher of music to birds; III. i. 264.

REGARD, opinion; IV. iii. 57.

REMEMBER YOU, remind you; V. i. 32.

REPRISAL, prize; IV. i. 118.

REPROOF, confutation, refutation; I. ii. 220, III. ii. 23; angry retorts; III. i. 175.

RESPECT, attention; IV. iii. 31.

RETIRES, retreats; II. iii. 58.

REVENGEMENT, revenge; III. ii. 7.

REVERSION, hope of future possession; IV. i. 53.

RICH, fertile; III. i. 105.

RIVO, a common exclamation of topers; II. iv. 128.

ROAN, roan-colored horse; II. iii. 77.

ROUNDLY, ROUNDLY, speak out plainly; I. ii. 25.

ROYAL, a quibbling allusion to the "royal" coin (= 10 shillings; a "noble" = 6s. 8d.); II. iv. 333.

RUB THE ELBOW, (in token of enjoyment); V. i. 77.

RUDELY, "by thy violent conduct"; III. ii. 32.

SACK, Spanish and Canary wines; I. ii. 3.

SACK AND SUGAR, alluding to the then custom of putting sugar into wines; I. ii. 130.

SAINT NICHOLAS' CLERKS, thieves, highwaymen (? due to a confusion of (1) Saint Nicholas, the patron saint of scholars, and (2) the familiar use of "Old Nick"); II. i. 69.

SALAMANDER, an animal supposed to be able to live in fire; III. iii. 57.

SALT-PETER, niter; I. iii. 60.

SALVATION; "upon their s.," *i. e.* by their hopes of salvation (Ff., *"confidence"*); II. iv. 10.

SARCENET, a thin kind of silk, originally made by the Saracens, whence its name; here used contemptuously for soft, delicate; III. i. 256.

SCANDALIZED, disgraced (Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"so scandalized"*); I. iii. 154.

SCOT AND LOT, taxes; V. iv. 115.

SEAT, estates; V. i. 45.

SELDOM, rarely seen; III. ii. 58.

SEMBLABLY, similarly; V. iii. 21.

SERVANT, used adjectively, subject; I. iii. 19.

SERVICE, action; III. ii. 5.

SET A MATCH, made an appointment; in thieves' slang, "planned a robbery" (Ff., *"watch"*); I. ii. 124.

SET OFF; "s. o. his head," "taken from his account"; V. i. 88.

SETTER, the one who set the match; II. ii. 55.

SEVEN STARS, the Pleiades; I. ii. 17.

SHALLOW, silly, stupid; II. iii. 18.

SHAPE OF LIKELIHOOD, probability; I. i. 58.

"SHELTER, SHELTER," conceal yourself quickly; II. ii. 1.

SHOT-FREE, scot-free, free from charge; with play upon the word; V. iii. 30.

SHOTTEN HERRING, a herring that has cast its roe; II. iv. 149.

SIMILES, comparisons (Qq. 1-4

I

and F. 1, *"smiles"*); I. ii. 92.

Sinew, strength; IV. iv. 17.

Sink or swim, "an old English proverbial expression implying to run the chance of success or failure"; I. iii. 194.

Sirrah, generally used to an inferior; here an instance of unbecoming familiarity; I. ii. 206.

Skill, wisdom, good policy; I. ii. 247.

Skimble-skamble, wild, confused; III. i. 154.

Skipping, flighty, thoughtless; III. ii. 60.

Slovenly, battle-stained; I. iii. 44.

Smug, trim, smooth; III. i. 102.

Sneak-cup, (probably) one who sneaks from his cup; III. iii. 104.

Snuff; "took it in snuff," *i. e.* took it as an offense; with a play upon "snuff in the ordinary sense; I. iii. 41.

So, howsoever; IV. i. 11.

Solemnity, awful grandeur, dignity; III. ii. 59.

Soothers, flatterers; IV. i. 7.

Soused gurnet, a fish pickled in vinegar, a term of contempt; IV. ii. 13.

Spanish-pouch, evidently a contemptuous term = drunkard; II. iv. 83.

Speed; "be your s.," stand you in good stead; III. i. 190.

Spite, vexation; III. i. 192.

Spleen, waywardness; II. iii. 87.

Spoil, ruin, corruption; III. iii. 13.

Squier, square (Q. 8, *"squaire"*; Ff. 3, 4, *"square"*; the rest *"squire"*); II. ii. 13.

Squire; "s. of the night's body," a play upon "squire of the body," *i. e.* attendant upon a knight; I. ii. 28.

Stain'd, soiled, bespattered (F. 1, *"strained"*); I. i. 64.

Standing-tuck, rapier set on end; II. iv. 283.

Start; "s. of spleen," impulse of caprice; III. ii. 125.

Starting-hole, subterfuge, evasion; II. iv. 301.

Starve, to starve (Ff. *"staru'a"*); I. iii. 159.

Starveling, a starved, lean person; II. i. 78.

Starving, longing; V. i. 81.

State, chair of state, throne; II. iv. 432.

Steal, steal yourselves away; III. i. 93.

Stock-fish, dried cod; II. iv. 281.

Stomach, appetite; II. iii. 48.

Strait, strict; IV. iii. 79.

Strappado; "the strappado is when a person is drawn up to his height, and then suddenly to let him fall half way with a jerk, which not only breaketh his arms to pieces, but also shaketh all his joints out of joint, which punishment is better to be hanged, than for a man to undergo" (Randle Holme, in his *Academy of Arms and Blazon*); II. iv. 271.

Strength, strong words, terms; I. iii. 25.

Stronds, strands; I. i. 4.

Struck fowl, wounded fowl; IV. ii. 22.

Subornation; "murderous s.," procuring murder by underhand means; I. iii. 163.

Suddenly, very soon; I. iii. 294.

"Sue his livery," to lay legal

claim to his estates, a law term; IV. iii. 62.

Sufferances, sufferings; V. i. 51.

Suggestion, temptation; IV. iii. 51.

Suits, used with a quibbling allusion to the fact that the clothes of the criminal belonged to the hangman; I. ii. 82.

Sullen, dark; I. ii. 235.

Summer-house, pleasant retreat, country-house; III. i. 164.

Sunday-citizens, citizens in their "Sunday best"; III. i. 261.

Supply, reinforcements; IV. iii. 3.

"Sutton Co'fil," a contraction of Sutton Coldfield, a town twenty-four miles from Coventry (Q. 2, *"Sutton cophill"*; Ff. and Qq. 5, 6, 8, *"Sutton-cop-hill"*; IV. ii. 3.

Swathling clothes, swaddling clothes (Q. 1, 2, 3, *"swathling"*; the rest, *"swathing"*); III. ii. 112.

Sword-and-buckler, the distinctive weapons of serving men and riotous fellows; I. iii. 230.

Taffeta, a glossy silken stuff; I. ii. 12.

Take it, swear; II. iv. 10.

Take me with you, tell me what you mean; II. iv. 526.

Tall, strong, able; I. iii. 62.

Tallow-catch =="tallow-ketch," *i. e.* a tallow-tub, or perhaps "tallow-keech" (Steeven's conjecture), *i. e.* a round lump of fat rolled up by the butcher to be carried to the chandler; II. iv. 262.

Target, shield; II. iv. 232.

Tarry, remain, stay; I. ii. 167.

Task'd, taxed; IV. iii. 92.

Tasking, challenge (Q. 1, *"tasking"*; the rest, *"talking"*); V. ii. 51.

Task me, test me; IV. i. 9.

Taste, test, try the temper (Q. 2, *"taste"*; Q. 1, *"tast"*; the rest, *"take"*); IV. i. 119.

Temper, disposition, temperament; III. i. 170.

Tench; "stung like a t."; possibly there is an allusion to the old belief that fishes were supposed to be infested with fleas; or perhaps the simile is intentionally meaningless; II. i. 17.

Term, word (Ff. and Qq. 7, 8, *"dreame"*; Qq. 5, 6, *"deame"*); IV. i. 85.

Termagant, an imaginary god of the Mahomedans, represented as a most violent character in the old Miracle-plays and Moralities; V. iv. 114.

Therefore, for that purpose; I. i. 30.

Thick-eyed, dull-eyed; II. iii. 53.

Thief, used as a term of endearment; III. i. 238.

Tickle-brain, some kind of strong liquor; II. iv. 452.

Tinkers, proverbial tipplers and gamblers; II. iv. 22.

Toasts-and-butter, effeminate fellows, Cockneys; IV. ii. 23.

Tongue; "the tongue," *i. e.* the English language; III. i. 125.

Topples, throws down; III. i. 32.

Toss, "to toss upon a pike"; IV. ii. 76.

Touch, touchstone, by which gold was tested; IV. iv. 10.

Trace, track, follow; III. i. 48.

Trade-fallen, fallen out of service; IV. ii. 33.

Train, allure, entice; V. ii. 21.

I

Tranquillity, people who live at ease (Collier MS., *"sanguinity"*); II. i. 87.

Transformation, change of appearance; I. i. 44.

Treasures; "my t.," *i. e.* tokens of love due to me from you; II. iii. 52.

Trench, turn into another channel; III. i. 112.

Trenching, entrenching, making furrows; I. i. 7.

Trick, peculiarity; II. iv. 460.

Trim, ornamental dress, gallant array; IV. i. 113.

Tristful, sorrowful (Qq., Ff., *"trustful"*; Rowe's correction); II. iv. 447.

Triumph, public festivity; III. iii. 50.

Trojans, cant name for thieves; II. i. 79.

True, honest; I. ii. 127.

Trumpet, trumpeter; " play the t.," act the herald; V. i. 4.

"Turk Gregory"; Pope Gregory VII; V. iii. 47.

Turn'd, being shaped in the turning-lathe; III. i. 131.

Twelve-score, twelve score yards (in the phraseology of archery); II. iv. 623.

Under-skinker, under tapster; II. iv. 28.

Uneven, embarrassing; I. i. 50.

Unhandsome, indecent; I. iii. 44.

Unjointed, disjointed, incoherent; I. iii. 65.

Unjust, dishonest; IV. ii. 31.

Unminded, unregarded; IV. iii. 58.

Unsorted, ill-chosen; II. iii. 14.

Unsteadfast, unsteady; I. iii. 193.

Untaught, ill-mannered; I. iii. 43.

Unwashed; "with u. hands," without waiting to wash your hands, immediately; III. iii. 216.

Unyoked, uncurbed, reckless; I. ii. 227.

Up, up in arms; III. ii. 120.

Valued, being considered; III. ii. 177.

Vassal, servile; III. ii. 124.

Vasty, vast; III. i. 53.

Velvet-guards, trimmings of velvet; hence, the wearers of such finery; III. i. 261.

Virtue, valor; II. iv. 137.

Vizards, visors, masks; I. ii. 147.

Waiting; "w. in the court," *i. e.* "dancing attendance in the hope of preferment"; I. ii. 80.

Wake, waking; III. i. 219.

Want; "his present w.," the present want of him; IV. i. 44.

Wanton, soft, luxurious; III. i. 214.

Ward, posture when on guard; II. iv. 224.

Wards, guards in fencing, postures of defense; I. ii. 218.

Warm, ease-loving; IV. ii. 20.

Wasp-stung, (so Q. 1; Qq. and Ff., *"wasp-tongue"* or *"wasp-tongued"*) irritable as though stung by a wasp; I. iii. 236.

Watering, drinking; II. iv. 19.

Wear, carry, bear (Ff., *"wore"*) I. iii. 162.

Well, rightly; IV. iii. 94.

Well-beseeming, well becoming; I. i. 14.

Well-respected, ruled by reasonable considerations; IV. iii. 10.

I

WHAT! an exclamation of impatience; II. i. 3.
WHEREUPON, wherefore; IV. iii. 42.
WHICH, who; III. i. 46.
WILD OF KENT, weald of K.; II. i. 61.
WILLFUL-BLAME, willfully blamable; III. i. 177.
WIND, turn in this or that direction; IV. i. 109.
WITCH, bewitch; IV. i. 110.
WITHAL, with; II. iv. 590.
WORSHIP, honor, homage; III. ii. 151.
WRUNG IN THE WITHERS, pressed in the shoulders; II. i. 7.

YEDWARD, a familiar corruption of Edward, still used in some counties; I. ii. 154.
YET, even now; I. iii. 77.
YOUNKER, greenhorn; III. iii. 98.

ZEAL, earnestness; IV. iii. 63.

# STUDY QUESTIONS

By Emma D. Sanford

### GENERAL

1. Considered chronologically, assign the relation of *King Henry IV* to Shakespeare's other historical plays.

2. Give year when written and reasons for authenticity of this date.

3. Give sources and mention some inconsistencies of the play. What was the duration of time of the whole action?

4. Give explanation of the confusion of the characters Oldcastle and Falstaff.

### ACT I

5. In the opening lines of the play, to what past and future expeditions does the King allude?

6. What confusion does Shakespeare make in regard to the character Mortimer?

7. What speech of the King's reveals his disappointment in the valor of his son Henry?

8. What incident, after Hotspur's victory in Scotland, led to the rebellion of the Percys?

9. What expressions does Falstaff employ to indicate extreme melancholy? What are some of his plays upon words, *i. e.*, puns?

10. What is the significance of "latter spring" and "All-hallown summer," as applied to Falstaff?

11. Define the relations of Prince Henry and Falstaff as indicated by their meeting in the Prince's apartments.

12. What is the meaning of the Prince's words, "I'll so

offend, to make offense a skill"? How do they reveal his temperament?

13. What is the purpose of the plot as outlined at the close of scene ii?

14. In scene iii, define the changed relationship between the King and the Percys. What does this portend? Describe the plot proposed by Worcester.

ACT II

15. Why is scene iii opened by the reading of a letter? Who is the probable writer of this letter, and why is it made anonymous?

16. What state of mind is indicated by Hotspur's rejoinder, "What, ho!" to his wife's entreaties? Was Lady Percy merely inquisitive, or, solicitous for her husband's welfare?

17. What speech, in scene iv, reveals the Prince's opinion of Hotspur and of fighting in general?

18. Why does Falstaff tell such an inconsistent story about the robbery (scene iv)?

19. Explain the play on the words "nobleman" and "royal man."

20. What light is thrown on Prince Henry's filial respect, by means of the imaginary dialogue in scene iv?

ACT III

21. What proofs does Glendower put forth concerning his magic power? Why does Hotspur discredit his claims?

22. What is the division of land made as spoil of the intended battle of Shrewsbury? What does the subsequent altercation indicate?

23. In what respect do the respective farewells of Mortimer and Hotspur with their wives, have a bearing on their future conduct?

24. How does the King reveal a guilty conscience, in the opening lines of scene ii? What effect does his praise of Hotspur's bravery have upon Prince Henry?

25. By what important move, does the King put the young Prince to the test?

26. How does Falstaff take advantage of a jest to refute his charge of robbery?

27. Describe the changed pursuits of Prince Henry and Falstaff at the close of scene iv.

ACT IV

28. Contrast the opinions of Hotspur and Douglas as to the significance of the loss of the support of Hotspur's father.

29. Comment upon Hotspur's outburst against Prince Henry, in view of the latter's former and subsequent conduct.

30. What are the prophetic lines concerning the ultimate defeat of the rebels at Shrewsbury?

31. Of what sort of men is Falstaff's regiment composed? Note the last two lines of his speech (scene ii); how do they reveal his whole character?

32. Which ones of the rebels are in favor of delaying battle and why?

33. What is the nature of the King's overtures as presented by Blunt?

34. What are Hotspur's reasons for rebellion as given in his reply to Blunt?

35. In York's comment upon Glendower's absence from battle, note his allusion to the latter's belief in the supernatural, as previously explained.

ACT V

36. What were the atmospheric conditions on the morning of the battle of Shrewsbury?

37. Explain the King's words, "old limbs."

38. What accusation of treachery does Worcester make against the King?

39. What is implied by Worcester in his comparison of the King to "the cuckoo's bird"?

40. Compare Prince Henry's challenge against Hotspur with the latter's fiery denunciation of the former.

41. Is the King's apparent friendliness an indication of sincerity, cowardice or treachery?

42. How does Falstaff regard honor?

43. What does Worcester propose to Vernon upon their return from their interview with the King? What is his purpose?

44. What is the interpretation to be placed on Hotspur's mood immediately preceding the battle?

45. By whom is Blunt slain? Whom does Douglas take him to be?

46. What trick did the King use to ensure his personal safety in battle?

47. Who was "Turk Gregory"? Why does Falstaff make use of this comparison?

48. Pick out Falstaff's jest in the heat of battle.

49. Prior to the battle, what has been the intercourse between Princes Henry and John, as implied by Prince Henry's remarks (scene iv)?

50. Who rescues the King from Douglas and why?

51. What is the outcome of the duel between Hotspur and Prince Henry?

52. What is the meaning of "but thought's the slave of life," etc.?

53. Comment on Falstaff's counterfeit of death and his remarks upon life and death. Was he unnecessarily vulgar, even for *Falstaff?*

54. What does Falstaff mean by "If I do grow great, I'll grow less"? Does his sudden resolution make amends for his perfidy and is it consistent?

55. What is the dramatic use of the battle of Shrewsbury?

56. Is the flight of Douglas intended as a satire upon the valor of the Scotch?

57. What encounters next demand the arms of the King and his sons?

58. What are the most prominent characteristics of

Henry IV, Prince Henry, Hotspur, Glendower, Douglas, Mortimer and Falstaff? How does the battle of Shrewsbury serve to illustrate them?

59. Is the sudden conversion of Prince Henry a natural transition of the boy into a man or, does Shakespeare create this reformation by way of a spectacular production?

# PART TWO OF
# KING HENRY IV

# INTRODUCTION

By Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.

In our Introduction to *The First Part of Henry IV* authority was produced, such as to put it well nigh beyond question, that the original name of Falstaff was Oldcastle. It was seen, also, that if such were the case, the change must have been made before February 25, 1598, at which time the play was entered in the Stationers' Register, and "the conceited mirth of Sir John *Falstaff*" mentioned in the entry. That *The Second Part of King Henry the Fourth* was also written before that date, appears highly probable, to say the least, in that the quarto edition retains *Old.* as prefix to a speech in Act I, sc. ii, which unquestionably belongs to Falstaff. And the same thing might be further argued from Falstaff's being spoken of, in Act III, sc. ii, as having been "page to Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk;" which was true of Sir John *Oldcastle*, and has been justly adduced by Mr. Halliwell as evidence that Falstaff originally bore that name. Nothing more has been discovered from which to infer the probable date of the writing.

The play was published in 1600, in a quarto pamphlet of forty-three leaves, the title-page reading as follows: "The Second Part of Henry the Fourth, continuing to his death, and coronation of Henry the Fifth: With the humours of Sir John Falstaff, and swaggering Pistol. As it hath been sundry times publicly acted by the Right Honourable, the Lord Chamberlain his servants. Written by William Shakespeare. London: Printed by V. S. for Andrew Wise and William Aspley. 1600." The play is not known to have been published again till in the folio of

1623. These two editions differ greatly, several of the best parts having first appeared in the folio, and on the other hand a few passages of inferior quality being found only in tne quarto. And there are many smaller differences of text, too numerous to mention, and of such a nature as to infer that the folio must have been printed from an independent manuscript, and that the play had been carefully revised by the author, and perhaps rewritten, after the first issue. And it is quite remarkable that in some copies of the quarto the whole first scene of the third act is wanting; from which we may gather that the edition was brought out hastily, and that the oversight was detected while it was in press, and corrected after a part of it had gone beyond the publisher's hand. All which of course goes to enhance the authority of the folio in comparison of the quarto. Accordingly, in this, as in all good modern editions, the text of the folio is followed in the main, with the addition of such passages from the quarto as had been omitted, and with the exception of one set of changes which, there is the best reason to believe, proceeded from the strictness of the law, not from the judgment of the Poet. We refer to such expressions as "'zounds," "'sblood," "by my faith," "by the mass," and sundry others, which, in compliance with a statute made in the third year of James I, were used to be trimmed away or softened down by the Master of the Revels, as savoring of profanity. And in respect of the passages restored from the quarto, even granting them to have been thrown out by the author himself, yet a modern edition ought by all means to retain them, both as illustrating the history of the Poet's mind, and because no right-minded reader would be content to lack any thing known to have come from Shakespeare's pen.

Various particulars, and among them all the historical matter, pertaining to the Second Part, were given in our Introduction to the preceding play. Every one, upon reading the two dramas, must be sensible of a falling-off in the latter; for, besides the disappearance of Hotspur and

Glendower, whose presence shed into the First Part a vast addition of life and glory,—besides the lack of these, Prince Henry and Falstaff, though still themselves, are not presented in so great opulence of transpiration; the plot itself not yielding any such opportunities either for humor or for heroism as were furnished by the battle of Shrewsbury. As Sir John and the prince are the very summit of Shakespeare's art and excellence in comic representation, what was wanting in them could nowise be made good by the coming in of such characters as Shallow and Silence, rich and rare as are the treasures presented in the latter. It is true, something of compensation is given in the nobleness of mind, the wisdom and intrepidity of the Chief Justice and the Archbishop; but it was not for them, nor for thousands like them, to replace the unspeakable delectations which we miss. And indeed the defects in question were of a kind not to be squared up by any thing else that ever entered into the wit of man to conceive.

From what hath been said of Bolingbroke it is plain enough what order and state of things would be likely to spring up around him. His prodigious force of character must needs give shape and tone to the manners and sentiments of the court and the council-board; while at the same time his being is so compact of subtlety and intricacy as might well render the place any thing but congenial and inviting to a young man of free and generous aptitudes. One can easily conceive that Prince Henry, as we have described him, would breathe somewhat hard in such an atmosphere, though he might not know why: however much he might respect such a father, and even if in thought he approved the public counsels, still he would reluct to mingle in them, as going against his grain; and so would naturally be drawn away either to such occupations where his high-strung energies could act without crossing his honorable feelings, or else to some tumultuous merrymakings where, laying off all distinct purpose, and untying his mind into perfect dishabille, he could let his bounding spirits run out in transports of frolic and fun. The ques-

tion, then, is, to what kind of attractions would he be likely to betake himself? It must be no ordinary companionship that could yield entertainment to such a spirit, even in his loosest moments: whatsoever bad or questionable elements there might be in the composition of his mirth, it must have some fresh and rich ingredients, some sparkling and generous flavor, to make him relish it.

Here, then, we have a sort of dramatic necessity for the "unimitated, inimitable Falstaff," whose character stamps itself as thoroughly on the proceedings at Eastcheap as the king's does on those at the palace. Whatsoever may have been the facts in the case, there was strong artistic reason why he should be just such a marvelous congregation of charms and vices as he is: none but an old man could be at once so dissolute and so discerning, or appear to think so much like a wise man, even when talking most unwisely; and he must have a world of wit and sense, to reconcile a mind of such native rectitude and penetration to his riotous and profligate courses. In the qualities of Sir John we can easily see how the prince might be the madcap reveler that history gives him out, and yet be all the while secretly laying in choice preparations of wisdom and virtue, thus needing no other conversion than the calls of duty and the opportunities of noble enterprise.

Falstaff is a very impracticable subject for criticism to deal with; his character being more complex and manifold than can well be digested into the forms of logical statement. He has more, or is more, than that one can easily tell what he is. Diverse and even opposite are the qualities that meet in him, yet their opposition only enriches, not distracts, their working; and so perfect, withal, is their fusion, so happily are they blended, so evenly balanced, and they move together so smoothly and in such mutual good will, that no generalities can be made to set him off: if we undertake to grasp him in a formal conclusion, the best part still escapes between the fingers; so that the only way to give any idea of him is to take the man himself along and show him. One of the wittiest of men, yet

he is not a wit; one of the most sensual of men, still he cannot with strict justice be called a sensualist; he has a quick, strong sense of danger, and a lively regard to his own safety, a peculiar vein indeed of cowardice, or of something very like it, yet he is not a coward; he lies and brags prodigiously, still he is not a liar nor a braggart. No such general terms, applied to him, can do otherwise than mislead, causing us to think we understand him when we do not.

If we were to fix upon any thing as especially characteristic of Falstaff, we should say it is an amazing fund of good sense. His vast stock of this, to be sure, is pretty much all enlisted or impressed into the service of sensuality, yet nowise so but that the servant still overpeers and outshines the master. Moreover, his thinking has such agility and quickness, and at the same time is so apt and pertinent, as to do the work of the most prompt and popping wit, yet in such sort as we cannot but feel the presence of something much larger and stronger than wit. For mere wit, be it never so good, to be keenly relished must be sparingly used, and the more it tickles the sooner it tires. But no one can ever weary of Falstaff's talk, who understands it; his speech being like pure, fresh cold water, which always tastes good, because it is—tasteless. The wit of other men seems to be some special faculty or mode of thought, and lies in a quick seizing of remote and fanciful affinities; whereas in Falstaff it lies not in any one thing more than another, for which cause it cannot be defined; being indeed none other than that roundness and evenness of mind which we call good sense, so quickened and pointed as to produce the effect of wit, yet without hindrance to its own proper effect.

Inexhaustible and available, however, as is his stock of good sense, he is himself fully aware of it, and rests in the calm assurance that it will never fail him; and, though vastly proud thereof, his pride never shows itself in an offensive shape; it being the sure effect of good sense to keep off all such unhandsome exhibitions. This proud

consciousness of his resources it is, no doubt, that keeps him so perpetually at his ease; and hence, in part, the ineffable charm of his conversation. Never at a loss, and never apprehensive that he shall be at a loss, he therefore never exerts himself, nor concerns himself for the result; so that nothing is strained, or studied, or far-fetched: firmly relying on his strength, he still invites the toughest trials, as knowing that his powers will bring him off without any using of the whip or the spur, and by merely giving the rein to their natural briskness and celerity. Hence it is, also, that he so often lets go all regard to prudence of speech, and thrusts himself into the tightest places and narrowest predicaments, as fit opportunities of exercising and evincing his incomparable fertility and alertness of thought; being quite assured that he shall still come off uncornered and uncaught, and that the greater his seeming perplexity, the greater will be his triumph. And in all these cases, no sooner do the others pounce upon him, and seem to have him in their toils, than he most adroitly springs a diversion upon their thoughts, and fills them with other things. Such are his sallies and escapes when cornered up about the men in buckram, the picking of his pocket, and his threatening to cudgel the prince. And thus, throughout, no exigency turns up but that he is ready with a word that exactly fits into and fills the place; and he always lets on and shuts off the jest precisely when and how it will produce the best effect.

At other times this faculty shows itself in a quick spying and using of advantages. Which is best instanced at the battle of Shrewsbury, when, being set upon by Douglas, he falls down as if he were dead, and in that condition witnesses the death of Hotspur. The question is, how to derive upon himself the honor and profit of the killing of Percy, without hazarding a conflict with Prince Henry's claim. And in the stratagem which he employs to this end, his action as exactly fits into and fills the place, as his words do in other cases. When the prince says, "Why, Percy I kill'd myself, and *saw thee dead*," how

quickly and how shrewdly he gives that simple mistake such a turn as to accredit all his own lies! the prince being instantaneously made a witness against himself.

Besides this proud consciousness of his intellectual sufficiency, he has a further ground of exultant pride, in that the tranquil, easy contact and grapple of his mind acts, and he knows it acts, as a potent stimulus on others, provided they be capable of it, working and lifting them up towards the greatness that is in himself. This it is, that, in the absence of any appeals to his heroic qualities, draws Prince Henry into his company, who manifestly resorts to him chiefly for the mental excitement of his conversation and presence. Here is the conquest upon which Sir John most prides himself; nor does he decline any effort, or scruple any knavery, whereby he may work diversion for the prince, as is clear from what he says to himself about Justice Shallow, when he has him tempering between his finger and his thumb. Nor has he any difficulty in stirring up congenial motions in Prince Henry's mind; insomuch that the prince almost grows to equal him in his own peculiar line, and puts him to his best efforts to keep his leading. Falstaff is the same when Prince Henry is away, and indeed his wit goes bounding and dancing on in all its richness in his soliloquies. But it is not so with the prince, as appears in his occasional playing with other characters, where he is indeed sprightly, voluble, and sensible enough, but wants the strength, nimbleness, and raciness of wit, which he shows in conversation with Sir John. The cause of which plainly is, that Falstaff has his power in himself; the prince, in virtue of Falstaff's presence: with Sir John, he is nearly as great as he in the same kind; without him, he has none of his greatness, though he has a greatness of his own which is far better, and which Falstaff is so far from having in himself, that he cannot even discern it in another. Accordingly, it is remarkable that the prince is the only person in the play who understands Falstaff, and whom Falstaff does not understand.

One of Sir John's greatest triumphs is in the scene with

the Chief Justice; the purpose of which seemingly is to justify the prince in giving in to his fascinations, by showing that there was no gravity so firm and steady but he could thaw it into mirth, if it were united to a fertile and genial mind. On no other occasion does Falstaff let off so much cool, imperturbable effrontery; yet in all his impudence there is a sly infusion of something, an indescribable witchery, whereby the judge is surprised into a tilt of wit, in spite of himself, and before he knows it. He even seems to draw out the interview, that he may have time to taste the delectable spicery of Falstaff's speech; and we cannot but fancy him laughing repeatedly in his sleeve while they are talking, and roaring himself into stitches as soon as he gets out of sight. Nor, unless our inward parts be sadly out of gear, can we help loving and honoring him the more for being drawn into such an intellectual frolic by such an intellectual player.

Coleridge has taken upon him to deny that Falstaff has, properly speaking, any humor. A formidable weight of judgment, certainly, to cope withal; nevertheless, it may as well be owned that we cannot so come at Sir John but that his whole intellectual structure and furnishing seem pervaded with a most grateful and softening moisture; nor should we well know how to understand any definition of humor, that would exclude him from being the greatest of all both verbal and practical humorists. Just think of his proposing Bardolph,—an offscouring and package of dregs, which he has picked up, nobody can guess wherefore, unless because his face has turned into a perpetual blush and carbuncle,—just think of his proposing such a person for security, and that, too, to one who knows them both! Nor is it clear whether there be more of humor in his offering such an indorser, or in what he says about the rejection of his offer. And in his most exigent moments this juice is continually playing in with a strangely-exhilarating effect, as in the exploit at Gadshill, and the battle of Shrewsbury. And every where he manifestly takes a huge pleasure in referring to his own pecu-

liarities, and putting upon them the most grotesque and droll and whimsical constructions; no one enjoying the jests that are vented on him more than he does himself.

Falstaff's overflowing humor results in an easy, placid good-nature towards those about him, and attaches them by the mere remembrance of pleasure in his company. The tone of feeling he inspires is well shown in what the hostess says when he leaves her for the wars: "Well, fare thee well: I have known thee these twenty-nine years, come peascod time; but an honester, and truer-hearted man,—well, fare thee well;" where she plainly wants to say some good of him, which she cannot quite say, it is so glaringly untrue: the only instance, by the way, of her being checked by any scruples on that score. This feeling of the hostess is especially significant in view of what has passed between them, and of his outpourings of abuse upon her. She cannot be, at least she cannot keep, angry with him, because in his roughest speeches there is something tells her it is all a mere carousal of his wits; and when she is most at odds with him, a soothing word at once sweetens her thoughts; so that, instead of troubling him any further about the money he owes her, she cheerfully pawns her plate to lend him ten pounds more. And so in case of his other associates; though he often abuses them outrageously, so far as this can be done by words, insomuch that the language seems to strain its sinews beneath the load of his impudence, and they are aghast at his speech, yet they are not really hurt by it, and never think of resenting it. Perhaps, indeed, they do not respect him enough to feel resentment towards him. But, in truth, his juiciness of spirit not only keeps malice out of him, but keeps others from supposing it in him. And it is considerable that he lets off as great tempests of abuse on himself, and means just as much by them: they are but exercises of his powers, and that, too, merely for the exercise itself; that is, they are play; having, indeed, a kind of earnestness, but it is the earnestness of sport. Hence, whether alone or in company, he not only has all his faculties about him, but takes

the same pleasure in exerting them, if it may be called exertion. It is quite observable that he soliloquizes more than any of the Poet's characters except Hamlet; thought being equally an ever-springing impulse in them both, though indeed in very different forms.

Upon the whole, therefore, Falstaff may be justly set down as having all the intellectual qualities that enter into the composition of practical wisdom, without one of the moral. If to his powers of understanding, his sterling inexhaustible good sense, were joined an imagination equal, it is hardly too much to say he would be as great a poet as Shakespeare. In all which who does not perceive the exquisite fitness of his character to the dramatic exigency for which he was created? In his solid clear understanding, his discernment and large experience, and his infinite humor, what were else dark in the life of the prince is made plain, and we cannot fail to see how he is drawn to what is in itself bad, yet in virtue of something within him that still prefers him in our esteem. With less of wit, sense, and spirit, Sir John could have got no hold on the prince; and if to these attractive qualities he had not joined others of a very odious and repulsive kind, he would have held him too fast. So that we may almost say the Poet has here but embodied in imaginary forms that truth of which the real forms had been lost.

In respect of Falstaff's alleged cowardice, Mackenzie has hit him off so aptly, that his words must needs be quoted: "Though," says he, "I will not go so far as to ascribe valor to Falstaff, yet his cowardice, if fairly examined, will be found to be not so much a weakness as a principle. In his very cowardice there is much of the sagacity I have remarked in him; he has the sense of danger, but not the discomposure of fear." In confirmation of which, be it observed, that amidst the perilous exigencies of the fight Sir John's matchless brain is never a whit palsied by fear; and no sooner does he fall down to save his life, than all his wits are at work to turn his fall into a means of rising

to honor. It is true, his courage never forgets or oversteps the lines of prudence; nor on the other hand does he ever fail to make the best—or shall we say the worst?—of his situation; whereas it seems rather of the nature of cowardice, that pressing danger disconcerts and flusters it into imprudence. In short, his cowardice, if the word must still be used concerning him, certainly is not such as either to keep him out of danger, or to lose him the use of his powers in it: whether surrounded with pleasures or perils, his sagacity never in the least forsakes him; and his unabated purlings of humor when death is busy all about him, and even when others are taunting him with cowardice, seem hardly reconcilable with the character generally set upon him in this respect; for real cowards are apt to be angry braggarts whenever their bravery is called in question. As there is no touch of poetry in Falstaff, of course he is nothing in the matter of honor but the sign; and he has more good sense than to set such a value on this as to hazard that for which alone it is desirable: to have his name seasoned sweet in the world's regard he does not look upon as signifying any real worth in himself, and so furnishing just ground of self-respect, but only as it may yield him the pleasures and commodities of life; whereas the very soul of honor is, that it will sooner part with life than forfeit this ground of self-respect.

It can be no paradox to say that, hugely as we delight to be with Falstaff, he is about the last man we should wish to resemble. And this our repugnance, not to him, but to being like him, is not so much because he crosses or offends the moral feelings, as because he hardly touches them at all, one way or the other. The character seems to lie mainly out of their sphere, and they agree to be silent towards him as having practically disrobed himself of moral attributes. Now, however bad we may be, these are probably the last elements of our being that we would consent to part with; nor perhaps is there any thing that our nature so vitally shrinks away from, as to have men's moral feel-

ings sleep concerning us. Doubtless the best of us would rather be hated by men, than be such as they should not respect enough to hate.

This abeyance of the moral feelings towards Sir John is in great part owing, no doubt, to the fact that the character impresses us throughout as that of a player, and such a player, withal, whose good sense keeps every thing stagy and theatrical out of his playing. The question with him always is, not whether a thing be right or true, but what effect it will produce of mental entertainment: he lives but to furnish for himself and others intellectual wine, and his art lies in turning every thing about him into this. When he vows repentance and amendment of life, it is not that he meditates them, nor that he wishes to disrepute them, but merely that he may use them to this end. His immoralities are mostly such wherein the ludicrous element is prominent, and in this he loses and makes us lose sight of their other qualities. The animal susceptibilities of our nature are in him carried up to their highest pitch, and his several appetites hug their respective objects with exquisite gust. Moreover, his speech borrows additional flavor and effect from the thick foldings of flesh which it oozes through; therefore he glories in his much flesh, and cherishes it as being the procreant cradle of jests: if his body be fat, it enables his tongue to drop fatness; and in the chambers of his brain all the pleasurable agitations that pervade the structure below are curiously wrought into mental delectation. With how keen and inexhaustible a relish does he pour down sack, as if he tasted it all over and through his body to the ends of his fingers and toes! yet who does not see that he has far more pleasure in discoursing about it than in drinking it? And so it is through all the particulars of his enormous sensuality. And he makes the same use of his vices and infirmities; nay, he often exaggerates and caricatures those he has, and sometimes affects those he has not, that he may suck the same profit out of them.

Thus, throughout, Falstaff scarce strikes us otherwise

than as acting a part extempore, so that our conscience of right and wrong has as little to do with the man himself as with a good representation of him on the stage: the only thought, as with him, so also with us concerning him, being the quality of his art, wherein, to be sure, he is never at fault. And his art, if it be not original and innate, has become second nature: if the actor were not born with him, it has grown to him and become a part of him, so that he cannot lay it off; and if he have nobody else to entertain, he must needs keep playing for the entertainment of himself. And the marvel is, that in his constant prodigality of mental exhilaration he should cause all moral considerations to be waived; that as with him every thing is for art, nothing either for or against virtue, so he enchants us to such a pitch with the one, that for the time we neither abjure nor welcome, but simply forget, the other. But because we do not think of applying moral tests to him, therefore, however we may surrender to his fascinations, we never feel any respect for him. And it is very considerable that he has no self-respect. The reason of which is close at hand; for it scarce need be said that respect is a sentiment of which, in the nature of things, mere players, as such, are not legitimate objects; and as Falstaff is no less a player to himself than to others, so he of course respects himself as little as others respect him. And herein or hereabout consists the high moral scope and effect of this representation.

It must not be supposed, however, that because Falstaff touches the moral feelings so little one way or the other, therefore his company and conversation were altogether harmless to those who actually shared them. It is not, cannot be so, nor has the Poet so represented it. "Evil communications corrupt good manners," whether known and felt to be evil or not. We often hear it said, indeed, that "to the pure all things are pure;" which, no doubt, is very true: but then who is pure? or who but the impurest wretch on earth will claim to be pure? and so long as we are at all impure, we shall need to watch and ward our-

selves well, lest we become more so. And Falstaff's ripe understanding will teach us, "it is certain that either wise bearing or ignorant carriage is caught, as men take diseases one of another." In the intercourse of men there are always certain secret, mysterious, sacramental influences at work: the presence of others affects us without our knowing it, and by methods and processes past our finding out; and it is always a sacrament of harm to be in the society of those whom we do not respect.

The character of Sir John keeps on developing and growing rather worse to the end of the play; and there are some positive indications of a hard bad heart in him. This is especially true in his doings and avowed designs touching Shallow. And here we come upon the delicate thread whereby that sapient justice is linked in with what we have elsewhere stated to be the central, unifying, and organic law of the drama. In the matter about Shallow we are let into those worst traits of Falstaff, such as his unscrupulous and unrelenting selfishness, which had else escaped our dull perceptions, but which through all the disguises of art have betrayed themselves to the searching and apprehensive discernment of the prince. Thus Shallow serves as a fit ground to reflect those darker shades of Sir John's character, which are not visible to us in Prince Henry's presence, though they are not so dispersed by his coming but that he takes a secret impression of them. So that the effect, as it was doubtless meant to be, is to shield the prince from misconstruction or unhandsome suspicion in the treatment which Falstaff finally gets at his hand. And something of the kind was needful, in order to bring his character off from such an act altogether bright and sweet in our regard.

We cannot leave Sir John without remarking how he is a sort of public brain from which shoot forth nerves of communication through all the limbs and members of the commonwealth. The most broadly representative, perhaps, of all ideal characters, his conversations are as diversified as his capabilities; so that through him the vision is let

forth into a long-drawn yet clear perspective of old English life and manners. What a circle of vices and obscurities and nobilities are sucked into his train! how various in size and quality the orbs that revolve around him and shine by his light! Verily he is a most multitudinous man, a thorough epitome of ancient John Bull; and can spin fun enough out of his marvelous brain to make all the world "laugh and grow fat."

We have already had several glimpses of Mrs. Quickly, the heroine of Eastcheap. She is well worth a steady and attentive looking at. One of the most characteristic passages in the play is her account of Falstaff's debt to her; which has been aptly commented on by Coleridge as showing how her mind runs altogether in the rut of actual events; that she can think and speak of things only in the precise order of their occurrence; having no power to select such as are suited to her purpose, and detach them from the circumstantial impertinences with which they stand associated in her memory.

In strict keeping with this peculiarity of mind, her character throughout savors strongly of her whereabout in life, and is curiously elemented from her circumstances: she is plentifully trimmed up with vices and vulgarities, and they all taste rankly of her place and calling, thus showing that she has much of moral as of intellectual passiveness. Notwithstanding, somehow she always has an odor of womanhood about her: even her worst features are such as none but a woman could have; or at least they are greatly mitigated in her case by their marriage with a woman's nature. Nor is her character, with all its ludicrous and censurable qualities, unrelieved, as we have seen, with touches of generosity that relish equally of her sex, though not so much of her situation. It is even questionable whether she would have entertained Sir John's proposals so favorably, but that when he made them he was in a condition to need her kindness; and when her "exion is enter'd" against him, she seems to move quite as much from affection for him as from desire of the money. And who but a woman

could speak such words of fluttering eagerness as she speaks in urging on his arrest: "Do your offices, do your offices, master Fang and master Snare; do me, do me, do me your offices;" where her very reluctance to act prompts her to the greater despatch, and her heart seems palpitating with anxious hope that what she is doing will make another opportunity for her kind ministrations. Sometimes, indeed, she gets wrought up to a pretty high pitch of temper, but she cannot hold herself there; and between her turns of anger and her returns to the opposite, there is room for more of womanly feeling than we shall venture to describe. And there is still more of the woman in the cunning simplicity—or is it simpleness?—with which she manages to keep her good opinion of Sir John; as when, upon being told that at his death "he cried out of women, and said they were devils incarnate," she replies,—"A' never could abide carnation; 'twas a color he never lik'd;" as if she could nowise understand his words but in such a sense as would stand smooth with her interest and her affection.

It is curious to observe how Mrs. Quickly dwells on the confines of virtue and shame, and sometimes plays over the borders, ever clinging to the reputation and perhaps to the consciousness of the one, without foreclosing the invitations to the other. Nor may we dismiss her without remarking how in her worst doings she apparently hides from herself their ill favor under a fair name; as people often paint the cheeks of their vices, and then look them sweetly in the face, though they cannot but know the paint is all that keeps them from being unsightly and loathsome. In her case, however, this may spring in part from a simplicity not unlike that which sometimes makes children shut their eyes at what affrights them, and then think themselves safe.—Upon the whole, Mrs. Quickly must be set down as one of the wicked; the Poet evidently meant her so: and in mixing so much of good with the general preponderance of bad in her character, he has shown a rare spirit of

wisdom, such as may well remind us that "both good men and bad men are apt to be less so than they seem."

Such is one department of life, to which the Poet has conducted us by a pathway leading from Falstaff. But there is an avenue opening out from Sir John into another and still richer vein of character. Aside from the humor of the characters themselves, there is great humor of art in the very bringing together of Falstaff and Shallow. Whose risibilities are not stirred up from the bottom, as he studies the contrast between the piercing sagacity of the one and the stupid vanity of the other? Shallow is vastly proud of his acquaintance with Sir John: Sir John understands this perfectly; and it seems doubtful whether he be drawn to the deep Shallow more for the pleasure he has in making a butt of him, or for the prospect of currying himself a road to his purse and "making him a philosopher's two stones."

One of the most irresistible spots in Justice Shallow is the exulting self-complacency with which he remembers his youthful essays towards profligacy: wherein, though without ever suspecting it, he was the sport and by-word of his companions; he having shown in them the same boobyish, pulpy-brained ambition as he now shows in talking about them. His reminiscences on this score are in the last degree diverting; partly, perhaps, as reminding us of a perpetual sort of people, some of whom scarce any one able to read can have failed to meet with. Another choice spot in Shallow is a huge love or habit of talking on when he can think of nothing to say, as though his tongue were hugging and kissing his words; as when he refuses to excuse Sir John from staying with him over night. And his eloquence rises still higher, he lingers upon his words with a still keener relish, in the garden after supper. This ardent and enthusiastic caressing of his own phrases springs not merely from sterility of thought, but partly also from that vivid self-appreciation which causes him to dwell with such rapture on the spirited sallies of his youth.

One more point about fetches the compass of his mind, he being in fact considerable mainly for his loquacious thinness. It is well exemplified in his fine appreciation of Sir John's witticism on Mouldy, the name of one of the recruits he is taking up. The rare critical powers which Shallow here brings into exercise would doubtless warrant the recommending of him as a model in criticism, but that his train of imitators is already so large.

With such a theme at hand, it is little to be wondered at that Sir John's wit should grow gigantic. But that in doing so it should still keep up to the full its frolicsome agility, is something remarkable. The strain of humorous exaggeration with which he pursues the subject to himself is indeed sublime. Yet in some of his reflections on Shallow and his men we have a clear though brief view of the profound philosopher that every where underlies the profligate humorist and make-sport; for he there shows a breadth and sharpness of observation, and a depth of practical sagacity, such as might have placed him in the front rank of statesmen and sages.

One would suppose the force of feebleness could go no further than it does in Justice Shallow; yet it is carried several degrees higher in his cousin, Justice Silence. The habitual tautology of the one has its counterpart in the no less habitual taciturnity of the other. And Shallow's peculiarity herein may have grown partly from talking to his cousin, and getting no answers; for Silence has scarce energy enough to make answers, and when he does so, the answer is generally but an echo of the question. So that his immovable taciturnity is but the proper outside of his essential vacuity, and springs from sheer dearth of soul. The only faculty he seems to have is memory, and he has not life enough of his own to set even this in motion;—nothing but excess of wine can make it stir: so that it seems fairly questionable whether wine sets him a-thinking, or he sets wine a-thinking. He is indeed a stupendous platitude of a man; his character being poetical by a sort of inversion, as extreme ugliness sometimes has the effect of beauty,

and fascinates the eye. And yet he has a son at Oxford, and a daughter just blossoming into womanhood, which strangely links him with our household sympathies.

Shakespeare's fondness of weaving poetical conceptions round the leanest subjects is finely shown in the continual pouring forth of snatches from old ballads by Silence, when his native sterility of brain is overcome by the working of sack on his memory. How delicately-comical the volubility with which he trundles off the fag-ends of popular ditties, when in "the sweet of the night" his heart has grown rich with the exhilaration of wine! Who can ever forget the exquisite humor of the contrast between Silence dry and Silence drunk? As nothing but wine can put his tongue astir, so his tongue cannot choose but keep on till the force of the wine is spent: so long as the effect of this is on him, not even the tempestuous abuse of Pistol can stop him.

The conduct of Silence on this occasion lets us far into the style and spirit of old English mirth. We see that he must have passed his life in an atmosphere of song; for it was only by dint of long custom and endless repetition that so passive a memory as his could be stored with such matter. And the snatches he sings are fragments of old minstrelsy "that had long been heard in the squire's hall and the yeoman's chimney corner," where friends and neighbors were wont to "sing aloud old songs, the precious music of the heart."

It were hardly just either to Shallow and Silence or to the Poet, to dismiss them without referring to their piece of dialogue about old Double: where, with all that is odd and grotesque, in itself and its circumstances, there is a strange mixture of something that draws and knits in with the sanctities of our being, and "feelingly persuades us what we are." As with the "smooth-lipped shell" of which Wordsworth speaks so beautifully, so with this poor shell of humanity; when we apply our ear to it, and listen intensely, "from within are heard murmurings, whereby the monitor expresses mysterious union with its native sea."

It is considerable that this bit of dialogue occurs at our first meeting with the speakers; as if the Poet meant it on purpose to set and gauge our feelings aright towards them; to forestall and prevent an over-much rising of contempt for them, which is probably about the worst feeling we can cherish. At all events, such is nature; and so jealous was our divine Shakespeare of nature's rights.—After hovering awhile among these scenes, we are almost tempted to retract what was said above touching the falling off in the Second Part.

Among the other characters of this play there is much judicious discrimination. Lord Bardolph is shrewd and sensible, of a firm practical understanding, and prudent forecast, and none the less brave, that his cool reflection begets a temperance, and puts him upon looking carefully before he leaps. And the Archbishop, so forthright and strong-thoughted, bold, enterprising, and resolute in action, in speech grave, moral, and sententious, forms, all together, a noble portrait. Northumberland makes good his previous character: evermore talking big and doing nothing; full of verbal tempest and practical indecision; and still ruining his friends, and at last himself, between "I would" and "I dare not," he lives without our respect and dies unpitied of us; while his daughter-in-law's remembrance of her noble husband kindles a sharp resentment of his mean-spirited backwardness, and a hearty scorn of his blustering verbiage.

The drama of *King Henry IV*, taking the two parts as artistically one, is deservedly ranked among the very highest of Shakespeare's achievements. The characterization, whether for quantity, or quality, or variety, or, again, whether regarded in the individual development or in the dramatic combination, is above all praise. And yet, large and free as is the scope here given to invention, the parts are all strictly subordinated to the idea of the whole as an historical drama; insomuch that even Falstaff, richly ideal as is the character, every where helps on the history, a

whole century of old English wit and sense and humor being crowded together and compacted in him. And one is surprised, withal, upon reflection, to see how many scraps and odd minutes of intelligence are here to be met with. The Poet seems indeed to have been almost every where, and brought away some tincture or relish of the place; as though his body were set full of eyes, and every eye took in matter of thought and memory: here we have the smell of eggs and butter; there we turn up a fragment of old John of Gaunt; elsewhere we chance upon a pot of Tewksbury mustard; again we hit a bit of popular superstition, how earl Douglas "runs o' horseback up a hill perpendicular:" on the march with Falstaff we contemplate "the cankers of a calm world and a long peace;" at Clement's-Inn we hear "the chimes at midnight;" at master Shallow's we "eat a last year's pippin of my own graffing, with a dish of carraways and so forth:" now we are amidst the poetries of chivalry and the felicities of victory; now amidst the obscure sufferings of war, where its inexorable iron hand enters the widow's cottage, and snatches away the land's humblest comforts. And so we might go on indefinitely, the particulars of this kind being so numerous as might well distract the mind, and yet so skillfully composed that the number seems not large, till by a special effort of thought one goes to view them severally. And these particulars, though so unnoticed, or so little noticed, in the detail, are nevertheless so ordered that they all tell in the result. How pervading and controlling is the principle of organic life and law, issuing in a perfect fitting of all the parts to each, and of each to all, so that in the farthest extremities we can detect the beatings of one common heart, may be specially instanced in Sir John: whose sayings every where so fit and cleave to the circumstances, to all the oddities of connection and situation out of which they grow; have such a mixed smacking, such a various and composite relish, made up from all the peculiarities of the person by whom, the occasion wherein, and the pur-

pose for which they are spoken, that they cannot be detached and set out by themselves, without thwarting or greatly marring their force and flavor. On the whole, we may safely affirm with Johnson, that "perhaps no author has ever, in two plays, afforded so much delight."

# COMMENTS

## By Shakespearean Scholars

### THE PRINCE

The prince comes to the court at his father's end. The last suspicion rouses fully his veiled nature. This one scene, which needs no explanation, is worth all the rest of the play. The king's apparent death cuts him to the heart; Warwick finds him sitting over the crown like a picture of mourning sorrow. The hearts even of the most unconcerned tremble with doubt as to what the kingdom may expect from him. The far-seeing Warwick had flattered the sick king that the prince had but studied his wild companions like a strange tongue, the most immodest word of which is learned; that in the perfectness of time he would cast off his followers. But when the perfectness of time came, he seemed to be of another opinion, and he wishes the heir to the throne had the temper of the worst of his brothers. His brothers see with astonishment Henry's deep emotion when he appears as king; the worthy Lord Chief-Justice he keeps in suspense to the very last; at length with calm majesty he draws back the clouds from his bright and pure nature, and with one word sets all at rest, by promising that this very man shall be a father to him, that *his* voice shall sound before all others in his ear, and that he will follow his wise directions. Wildness and passion have died and been buried with his father; the tide of blood, hitherto flowing in vanity, turns and ebbs back to the sea, where it shall mingle "with the state of floods, and flow henceforth in formal majesty." The change of feeling which had commenced with his call against the rebels is completed at his higher vocation to occupy the

English throne, and it is soon confirmed by his kingly life and his heroic deeds.—Gervinus, *Shakespeare Commentaries.*

## FALSTAFF

Falstaff was no coward, but pretended to be one merely for the sake of trying experiments on the credulity of mankind: he was a liar with the same object, and not because he loved falsehood for itself. He was a man of such pre-eminent abilities, as to give him a profound contempt for all those by whom he was usually surrounded, and to lead to a determination on his part, in spite of their fancied superiority, to make them his tools and dupes. He knew, however low he descended, that his own talents would raise him, and extricate him from any difficulty. While he was thought to be the greatest rogue, thief, and liar, he still had that about him which could render him not only respectable, but absolutely necessary to his companions. It was in characters of complete moral depravity, but of first-rate wit and talents, that Shakspere delighted.—Collier, *Diary.*

It cannot escape the reader's notice that he [Falstaff] is a character made up by Shakespeare wholly of incongruities: a man at once young and old, enterprising and fat, a dupe and a wit, harmless and wicked, weak in principle and resolute by constitution, cowardly in appearance and brave in reality, a knave without malice, a liar without deceit, and a knight, a gentleman, and a soldier, without either dignity, decency, or honor.—Morgan, *An Essay on the Dramatic Character of Sir John Falstaff.*

Sir John, although, as he truly declares, "not only witty in himself, but the cause that wit is in other men," is by no means a purely comic character. Were he no more than this, the stern words of Henry to his old companion would be unendurable. The central principle of Falstaff's method of living is that the facts and laws of

the world may be evaded or set at defiance, if only the resources of inexhaustible wit be called upon to supply by brilliant ingenuity whatever deficiencies may be found in character and conduct. Therefore Shakspere condemned Falstaff inexorably. Falstaff, the invulnerable, endeavors, as was said in a preceding chapter, to coruscate away the realities of life. But the fact presses in upon Falstaff at the last relentlessly. Shakspere's earnestness here is at one with his mirth; there is a certain sternness underlying his laughter. Mere detection of his stupendous unveracities leaves Sir John just where he was before; the success of his lie is of less importance to him than is the glory of its invention. "There is no such thing as totally demolishing Falstaff; he has so much of the invulnerable in his frame that no ridicule can destroy him; he is safe even in defeat, and seems to rise, like another Antæus, with recruited vigor from every fall." It is not ridicule, but some stern invasion of fact—not to be escaped from—which can subdue Falstaff. Perhaps Nym and Pistol got at the truth of the matter when they discoursed of Sir John's unexpected collapse:—

*Nym.* The king hath run bad humors on the knight; that's the even of it.
*Pistol.* Nym, thou hast spoke the right;
His heart is fracted and corroborate.

—Dowden, *Shakspere—His Mind and Art.*

In comic power Shakespeare culminates in Falstaff. Sir John is perhaps the most substantial and original, the most witty and humorous, all-around rogue, that ever was portrayed. He presents a most portly presence in the mind's eye, and his figure is drawn so definitely and individually, that even to the mere reader it conveys the clear impression of personal acquaintance.—Randolph, *The Trial of Sir John Falstaff.*

## SHALLOW AND SILENCE

After Falstaff, the most perfect characters in the play are Shallow and Silence, the Gloucestershire justices. Here again we have Shakespeare's astonishing power in individuality-portraiture. It is impossible to conceive a stronger contrast, a more direct antipodes in mental structure than he has achieved between Falstaff and Shallow; the one all intellect, all acuteness of perception and fancy, and the other, the justice, a mere compound of fatuity, a *caput mortuum* of understanding. Not only is Shallow distinguished by his eternal babble, talking "infinite nothings," but with the flabby vivacity, the idiotic restlessness that not unfrequently accompany this class of mind; (if such a being may be said to possess mind at all;) he not only tattles on—"whirr, whirr, whirr," like a ventilator, but he fills up the chinks in his sentences with *repetitions*, as blacksmiths continue to tap the anvil in the intervals of turning the iron upon it. But Shakespeare has presented us with a still stronger quality of association in minds of Shallow's caliber, that of asking questions everlastingly, and instantly giving evidence that the replies have not sunk even skin deep with them, rushing on from subject to subject, and returning again to those that have been dismissed. His provincial habit of life is also indicated by his constant recurrence to his metropolitan days,—the "mad days that he had spent at Clement's Inn." The idea of Shallow having been a roysterer at *any* period of his life! the very constitution of the man's mind confutes his boast, without the testimony of Falstaff; and that is the finest burlesque portrait that ever was drawn.

As if it were not sufficient triumph for the poet to have achieved such a contrast as the two intellects of Falstaff and Shallow,—in the consciousness and the opulence of unlimited genius, he stretches the line of his invention, and produces a foil even to Shallow—a climax to nothing—in the person of his cousin, Silence.

Silence is an embryo of a man,—a molecule,—a gradua-

tion from nonentity towards intellectual being,—a man dwelling in the suburbs of sense, groping about in the twilight of apprehension and understanding. He is the second stage in the "Vestiges;" he has just emerged from the tadpole state. Here again a distinction is preserved between these two characters. Shallow gabbles on from mere emptiness; while Silence, from the same incompetence, rarely gets beyond the shortest replies. The firmament of his wonder and adoration are the sayings and doings of his cousin and brother-justice at Clement's Inn, and which he has been in the constant habit of hearing, without satiety and nausea, for half-a-century. Like a provincial-bred man, also, Silence thinks no heroes can be so great as those of his own neighborhood.—CLARKE, *Shakespeare-Characters.*

## FALSTAFF'S COMPANIONS

Pistol is the raw article of poltroonery done in fustian instead of a gayly slashed doublet. Bardolph is the capaciousness for sherry without the capacity to make it apprehensive and forgetive: it goes to his head, but, finding no brain there, is provoked to the nose, where it lights a cautionary signal. Nym is the brag stripped of resources, shivering in prosiness. Dame Quickly is the easy virtue in reduced circumstances, dropped out of its fashionable quarter to keep a bar and be a procuress,—all the fine phrases pawned clear down to vulgar gossip.—WEISS, *Wit, Humor, and Shakspeare.*

## KINGCRAFT AND THE CHEATING OF INFERIOR RANKS

Kingcraft, policy, and statesmanship are, therefore, not so far removed in kin from the cheating and swindling of inferior ranks; and that they are more solemn, and less readily admit of genial accompaniments, is no addition to their excellence, and the ambitious politically, or indeed in any other direction, must lay their account of dignity with

the penalty of isolation. This contrast is not only exhibited dramatically in the double position of Hal, cordial almost and at his ease among his free companions, and reserved perforce and disabled from real cordiality as the center of a crowded court, but the same sentiment inspires the reflections of the restless Henry IV on the contrast, in respect of ease and happiness, between the occupant of the throne he struggled so incessantly to gain and retain, and his humblest subject in rudest circumstances of outward hardship—the peasant in smoky crib and upon uneasy pallet, or the sea-boy storm-drenched at the masthead.—Lloyd, *Critical Essays.*

## SUMMARY

In the second part of the play, the other and second side of the nature of feudalism is brought more into the foreground. Shakspeare justly looks upon the war as ended; the battle of Shrewsbury has decided the victory in favor of the royal party. What there remains of the war is so unimportant, that, very properly, it takes place behind the scenes. The question now is, for the king to make the best possible use of his victory, and for the rebellious barons to obtain as advantageous a peace as possible. Political prudence has now to settle matters; hence the dramatic action here consists principally in deliberations and negotiations. The barons, at the very outset, appear inclined to submission; they maintain their position in the field at the head of their army, simply to make an imposing impression. Accordingly, those of them who look upon themselves less as knights than as lords and rulers of the country—old Northumberland and the Bishop of York, Westmoreland and others—stand at the head of affairs. The vassalry is exhibited more from that aspect, where it stands in direct relation with the government, and where the barons occupy a political position in the narrower sense, inasmuch as by virtue of their semi-sovereign power over their great estates, they not only represent their own per-

sons but, as lords of the land, have the weal and woe of thousands in their hand. This, Shakespeare has intimated in a beautiful manner by the short intermediate scene with Sir John Colevile (Act IV, iii), which has its significance and justification from this very circumstance.—Ulrici, *Shakespeare's Dramatic Art.*

# THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV

# DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

RUMOR, *the Presenter*
KING HENRY *the Fourth*
HENRY, PRINCE OF WALES, *afterwards King Henry V,*
THOMAS, DUKE OF CLARENCE,
PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER,
PRINCE HUMPHREY OF GLOUCESTER,
} *his sons*
EARL OF WARWICK
EARL OF WESTMORELAND
EARL OF SURREY
GOWER
HARCOURT
BLUNT
Lord Chief-Justice of the King's Bench
A Servant of the Chief-Justice
EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND
SCROOP, *Archbishop of York*
LORD MOWBRAY
LORD HASTINGS
LORD BARDOLPH
SIR JOHN COLVILLE
TRAVERS and MORTON, *retainers of Northumberland*
SIR JOHN FALSTAFF
His Page
BARDOLPH
PISTOL
POINS
PETO
SHALLOW,
SILENCE,
} *country justices*
DAVY, *servant to Shallow*
MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, and BULLCALF, *recruits*
FANG and SNARE, *sheriff's officers*

LADY NORTHUMBERLAND
LADY PERCY
MISTRESS QUICKLY, *hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap*
DOLL TEARSHEET

Lords and Attendants; Porter, Drawers, Beadles, Grooms, &c.
A Dancer, speaker of the Epilogue

SCENE: *England*

# SYNOPSIS

By J. Ellis Burdick

ACT I

Hotspur's father, the Earl of Northumberland, hears of his son's defeat and death at Shrewsbury and that the king has sent John of Lancaster and the Earl of Westmoreland against him. His anger at this news gives him strength and he resolves to resist. Scroop, Archbishop of York, becomes commander of the insurgent army.

ACT II

Sir John Falstaff while levying troops runs up an account at the tavern and the hostess threatens to sue him. The Prince of Wales finds him at the tavern and he is summoned to take up his army duties.

ACT III

Henry IV is disheartened over his own failing health and the wars in the north; he believes that the rebels are aiming at his throne; and his inability to keep his vow to visit the Holy Land also worries him.

ACT IV

In Gaultree Forest in Yorkshire the Archbishop of York at the head of the rebels faces John of Lancaster with the royal forces. The latter calls a conference of the rebel chieftains, promises to redress their grievances, and urges that both armies be dispersed. The rebels assent and begin to disperse their forces. Immediately, Lancaster has the rebel leaders, Hastings, York, and Mowbray, arrested, and

orders them executed for high treason. His own army falls upon the scattering bands of insurgents and many are slain and taken prisoners. Messengers carry the news to the king, but he is too ill to care much about the tidings, and his condition grows rapidly worse. The Prince of Wales comes to attend his father; he is told that the king is sleeping and sits down beside him. The sleep, however, is so deep that the Prince believes his father dead and goes into another room, carrying with him the crown which had been on the pillow beside the king. The king awakes and accuses his son of being anxious for his death. The Prince explains his conduct and father and son are at peace again.

### ACT V

After Henry IV's death, the Prince of Wales ascends the throne as Henry V. With his assumption of the crown, he dismisses from his companionship Falstaff and his friends, sending them to the navy until "their conversation appear more wise and modest to the world."

# THE SECOND PART OF
# KING HENRY IV

## INDUCTION

*Warkworth. Before the castle.*

*Enter Rumor, painted full of tongues.*

*Rum.* Open your ears; for which of you will stop
The vent of hearing when loud Rumor speaks?
I, from the orient to the drooping west,
Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth:
Upon my tongues continual slanders ride,
The which in every language I pronounce,
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.

INDUCTION. *"Enter Rumor, painted full of tongues";* so Q.; Ff., *"Enter Rumor."* In ancient pageants Rumor was often represented as apparelled in a robe "full of toongs"; Stephen Hawes, in his *Pastime of Pleasure,* describes Rumor as

> *"A goodly lady, environed about*
> *With tongues of fire."*

Similarly Chaucer, *House of Fame,* 298–300. Probably the idea was ultimately derived from Virgil, *Æneid,* IV. 173–188.—I. G.

In a masque on *St. Stephen's Night,* 1614, by Thomas Campion, *Rumor* comes on in a skin coat *full of winged tongues.*—H. N. H.

INDUCT. 6. *"tongues";* so Q.; Ff., *"tongue."*—I. G.

INDUCT. 8. *"men";* so Q.; Ff., *"them."*—I. G.

I speak of peace, while covert enmity
Under the smile of safety wounds the world:
And who but Rumor, who but only I,
Make fearful musters and prepared defense,
Whiles the big year, swoln with some other grief,
Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,
And no such matter? Rumor is a pipe
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures,
And of so easy and so plain a stop
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
The still-discordant wavering multitude,
Can play upon it. But what need I thus
My well-known body to anatomize
Among my household? Why is Rumor here?
I run before King Harry's victory;
Who in a bloody field by Shrewsbury
Hath beaten down young Hotspur and his troops,
Quenching the flame of bold rebellion
Even with the rebels' blood. But what mean I
To speak so true at first? my office is
To noise abroad that Harry Monmouth fell
Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword,
And that the king before the Douglas' rage
Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.
This have I rumor'd through the peasant towns
Between that royal field of Shrewsbury
And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone,
Where Hotspur's father, old Northumberland,

35. *"hold of ragged stone";* Northumberland's castle.—H. N. H.

Lies crafty-sick: the posts come tiring on,
And not a man of them brings other news
Than they have learn'd of me: from Rumor's tongues
They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true wrongs. [*Exit.* 40

37. *"tiring on";* probably riding hard, without a pause.—C. H. H.

## ACT FIRST

### Scene I

*The same.*

*Enter Lord Bardolph.*

*L. Bard.* Who keeps the gate here, ho?

*The porter opens the gate.*

Where is the earl?

*Port.* What shall I say you are?

*L. Bard.* Tell thou the earl
That the Lord Bardolph doth attend him here.

*Port.* His lordship is walk'd forth into the orchard:
Please it your honor, knock but at the gate,
And he himself will answer.

*Enter Northumberland.*

*L. Bard.* Here comes the earl.

[*Exit Porter.*

*North.* What news, Lord Bardolph? every minute now
Should be the father of some stratagem:
The times are wild; contention, like a horse
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose
And bears down all before him.

*L. Bard.* Noble earl,
I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury.

*North.* Good, an God will!
*L. Bard.* As good as heart can wish:
The king is almost wounded to the death;
And, in the fortune of my lord your son,
Prince Harry slain outright; and both the Blunts
Kill'd by the hand of Douglas; young Prince John
And Westmoreland and Stafford fled the field;
And Harry Monmouth's brawn, the hulk Sir John,
Is prisoner to your son: O, such a day,
So fought, so follow'd and so fairly won,
Came not till now to dignify the times,
Since Cæsar's fortunes!
*North.* How is this derived?
Saw you the field? came you from Shrewsbury?
*L Bard.* I spake with one, my lord, that came from thence,
A gentleman well bred and of good name,
That freely render'd me these news for true.
*North.* Here comes my servant Travers, whom I sent
On Tuesday last to listen after news.

*Enter Travers.*

*L. Bard.* My lord, I over-rode him on the way;
And he is furnish'd with no certainties
More than he haply may retail from me.
*North.* Now, Travers, what good tidings comes with you?
*Tra.* My lord, Sir John Umfrevile turn'd me back

With joyful tidings; and, being better horsed,
Out-rode me. After him came spurring hard
A gentleman, almost forspent with speed,
That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied horse.
He ask'd the way to Chester; and of him
I did demand what news from Shrewsbury:
He told me that rebellion had bad luck,
And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold.
With that, he gave his able horse the head,
And bending forward struck his armed heels
Against the panting sides of his poor jade
Up to the rowel-head, and starting so
He seem'd in running to devour the way,
Staying no longer question.

*North.* Ha! Again:
Said he young Harry Percy's spur was cold?
Of Hotspur Coldspur? that rebellion
Had met ill luck?

*L. Bard* My lord, I 'll tell you what;
If my young lord your son hath not the day,
Upon mine honor, for a silken point
I 'll give my barony: never talk of it.

*North.* Why should that gentleman that rode by Travers

45. *"jade"* is not used by Shakespeare as a *term* of contempt; for Richard II gives this appellation to his favorite horse Roan Barbary, which Henry IV rode at his coronation: "That *jade* hath eat bread from my royal hand." It was only another name for a horse.—H. N. H.

47. So in the book of Job, xxxix. 24: "He *swalloweth the ground* with fierceness and rage." The same expression occurs in Ben Jonson's *Sejanus:* "But with that speed and heat of appetite, with which they greedily *devour the way* to some great sports."—H. N. H.

Give them such instances of loss?

*L. Bard.* Who, he?
He was some hilding fellow that had stolen
The horse he rode on, and, upon my life
Spoke at a venture. Look, here comes more news.

*Enter Morton.*

*North.* Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf,
Foretells the nature of a tragic volume:
So looks the strond whereon the imperious flood
Hath left a witness'd usurpation.
Say, Morton, didst thou come from Shrewsbury?

*Mor.* I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble lord;
Where hateful death put on his ugliest mask
To fright our party.

*North.* How doth my son and brother?
Thou tremblest; and the whiteness in thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him half his Troy was burnt;
But Priam found the fire ere he his tongue,
And I my Percy's death ere thou report'st it.
This thou wouldst say, 'Your son did thus and thus;
Your brother thus: so fought the noble Douglas:'

62. *"whereon"*; so Q.; Ff., *"when."*—I. G.
63. *"witness'd usurpation"*; an attestation of its ravage.—H. N. H.

Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds:
But in the end, to stop my ear indeed,
Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise,
Ending with 'Brother, son, and all are dead.'
*Mor.* Douglas is living, and your brother, yet;
But, for my lord your son,—
*North.* Why, he is dead.
See what a ready tongue suspicion hath!
He that but fears the thing he would not know
Hath by instinct knowledge from others' eyes
That what he fear'd is chanced. Yet speak, Morton;
Tell thou an earl his divination lies,
And I will take it as a sweet disgrace,
And make thee rich for doing me such wrong.
*Mor.* You are too great to be by me gainsaid:
Your spirit is too true, your fears too certain.
*North.* Yet, for all this, say not that Percy 's dead.
I see a strange confession in thine eye:
Thou shakest thy head, and hold'st it fear or sin
To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so;
The tongue offends not that reports his death:
And he doth sin that doth belie the dead,
Not he which says the dead is not alive.
Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office, and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
Remember'd tolling, a departing friend.
*L. Bard.* I cannot think, my lord, your son is dead.

101. *"a losing office";* an office that brings him but loss.—C. H. H.
102. The *"bell"* anciently was rung while the person was dying, and thence called the *passing* bell.—H. N. H.

*Mor.* I am sorry I should force you to believe
That which I would to God I had not seen;
But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,
Rendering faint quittance, wearied and out-breathed,
To Harry Monmouth; whose swift wrath beat down
The never-daunted Percy to the earth,
From whence with life he never more sprung up.
In few, his death, whose spirit lent a fire
Even to the dullest peasant in his camp,
Being bruited once, took fire and heat away
From the best-temper'd courage in his troops;
For from his metal was his party steel'd;
Which once in him abated, all the rest
Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy lead:
And as the thing that 's heavy in itself,
Upon enforcement flies with greatest speed,
So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss,
Lend to this weight such lightness with their fear
That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim
Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,
Fly from the field. Then was that noble Worcester
Too soon ta'en prisoner; and that furious Scot,
The bloody Douglas, whose well-laboring sword
Had three times slain the appearance of the king
'Gain vail his stomach and did grace the shame
Of those that turn'd their backs, and in his flight,
Stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of all

Is that the king hath won, and hath sent out
A speedy power to encounter you, my lord,
Under the conduct of young Lancaster
And Westmoreland. This is the news at full.
*North.* For this I shall have time enough to mourn.
In poison there is physic; and these news,
Having been well, that would have made me sick,
Being sick, have in some measure made me well:
And as the wretch, whose fever-weaken'd joints,
Like strengthless hinges, buckle under life,
Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire
Out of his keeper's arms, even so my limbs,
Weaken'd with grief, being now enraged with grief,
Are thrice themselves. Hence, therefore, thou nice crutch!
A scaly gauntlet now with joints of steel
Must glove this hand: and hence, thou sickly quoif!
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head
Which princes, flesh'd with conquest, aim to hit.
Now bind my brows with iron; and approach
The ragged'st hour that time and spite dare bring
To frown upon the enraged Northumberland!
Let heaven kiss earth! now let not Nature's hand
Keep the wild flood confined! let order die!
And let this world no longer be a stage

138. *"having been well";* referring to *me, i. e.* "had I been well."—C. H. H.

To feed contention in a lingering act;
But let one spirit of the first-born Cain
Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set
On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
And darkness be the burier of the dead!
*Tra.* This strained passion doth you wrong, my lord.
*L. Bard.* Sweet earl, divorce not wisdom from your honor.
*Mor.* The lives of all your loving complices
Lean on your health; the which, if you give o'er
To stormy passion, must perforce decay.
You cast the event of war, my noble lord,
And summ'd the account of chance, before you said
'Let us make head.' It was your presurmise,
That, in the dole of blows, your son might drop:
You knew he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge,
More likely to fall in than to get o'er;
You were advised his flesh was capable
Of wounds and scars, and that his forward spirit
Would lift him where most trade of danger ranged:
Yet did you say 'Go forth;' and none of this,

156. *"to feed contention in a lingering act,"* where civil war drags out its course through successive scenes;—a reference perhaps to the "long jars" of York and Lancaster.—C. H. H.

161. This line is wanting in the folio, and in the quarto is by mistake given to Umfreville, who is spoken of in this very scene as absent. It is given to Travers as Steevens' suggestion.—H. N. H.

164. *"Leam"*; Q., *"leaue"*; *"your"*; Q., *"you."*—I. G.

166–179; omitted in Q.—I. G.

174. *"where most trade of danger ranged"*; where danger chiefly walked or haunted.—C. H. H.

Though strongly apprehended, could restrain
The stiff-borne action: what hath then befallen,
Or what hath this bold enterprise brought forth,
More than that being which was like to be?

*L. Bard.* We all that are engaged to this loss
Knew that we ventured on such dangerous seas
That if we wrought out life 'twas ten to one;
And yet we ventured, for the gain proposed
Choked the respect of likely peril fear'd;
And since we are o'erset, venture again.
Come, we will all put forth, body and goods.

*Mor.* 'Tis more than time: and, my most noble lord,
I hear for certain, and do speak the truth,
The gentle Archbishop of York is up
With well-appointed powers: he is a man
Who with a double surety binds his followers.
My lord your son had only but the corpse,
But shadows and the shows of men, to fight;
For that same word, rebellion, did divide
The action of their bodies from their souls;
And they did fight with queasiness, constrain'd,
As men drink potions, that their weapons only
Seem'd on our side; but, for their spirits and souls,
This word, rebellion, it had froze them up,
As fish are in a pond. But now the bishop
Turns insurrection to religion:
Supposed sincere and holy in his thoughts,
He 's followed both with body and with mind;

189–209. Omitted in Q.—I. G.

As the sense plainly requires these lines, Mr. Collier thinks the quarto to have been put forth in haste, and perhaps printed from a defective manuscript.—H. N. H.

And doth enlarge his rising with the blood
Of fair King Richard, scraped from Pomfret stones;
Derives from heaven his quarrel and his cause;
Tells them he doth bestride a bleeding land,
Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke;
And more and less do flock to follow him.
*North.* I knew of this before; but, to speak truth,
This present grief had wiped it from my mind.
Go in with me; and counsel every man
The aptest way for safety and revenge:
Get posts and letters, and make friends with speed:
Never so few, and never yet more need.

[*Exeunt.*

## Scene II

*London. A street.*

*Enter Falstaff, with his Page bearing his sword and buckler.*

*Fal.* Sirrah, you giant, what says the doctor to my water?

*Page.* He said, sir, the water itself was a good

204. *"doth enlarge his rising";* increases the number of his supporters by posing as the avenger of Richard.—C. H. H.

207. That is, stand over his country, as she lies bleeding and prostrate, to protect her. It was the office of a friend to protect his fallen comrade in battle in this manner.—H. N. H.

1, 2. This quackery was once so much in fashion that Linacre, the founder of the College of Physicians, formed a statute to restrain apothecaries from carrying the *water* of their patients to a doctor, and afterwards giving medicines in consequence of the opinions

healthy water; but, for the party that owed it, he might have moe diseases than he knew for.

*Fal.* Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me: the brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is not able to invent any thing that tends to laughter, more than I invent or is invented on me: I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee like a sow that hath overwhelmed all her litter but one. If the prince put thee into my service for any other reason than to set me off, why then I have no judgment. Thou whoreson mandrake, thou art fitter to be worn in my cap than to wait at my heels. I was never manned with

pronounced concerning it. This statute was followed by another, which forbade the doctors themselves to pronounce on any disorder from such an uncertain diagnostic. But this did not extinguish the practice, which has its dupes even in these enlightened times.—H. N. H.

4. *"owed"*; owned.—H. N. H.

7. *"gird"*; Gifford says that *gird* is but a metathesis of *gride*, meaning, literally, a thrust, a blow; metaphorically, a smart stroke of wit, a taunt, or sarcastic retort.—This passage might be aptly quoted as proving that with Falstaff the main business of life is to laugh and provoke laughter. He is manifestly himself proud of the pride that others take in girding at him; enjoys their quips even more perhaps than they do, because he is the begetter of them; as being the flint which alone can draw forth sparks from their steel, and himself shining by the light he causes them to emit. And in what he says just after to the Page we see that much as he values the things that minister to his "huge hill of flesh," he values that hill itself still more as ministering opportunities of saying fine things; and that he would not spare an ounce from that bulk out of which he can extract occasion for such prodigies of humor.—H. N. H.

8. *"foolish-compounded clay, man"*; Q. and Ff., *"foolish compounded clay-man."*—I. G.

19. *"manned with an agate"*; *i. e.* with an image cut in agate,—

an agate till now: but I will inset you neither in gold nor silver, but in vile apparel, and send you back again to your master, for a jewel,—the juvenal, the prince your master, whose chin is not yet fledged. I will sooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand than he shall get one on his cheek; and yet he will not stick to say his face is a face-royal: God may finish it when he will, 'tis not a hair amiss yet: he may keep it still at a face-royal, for a barber shall never earn sixpence out of it; and yet he 'll be crowing as if he had writ man ever since his father was a bachelor. He may keep his own grace, but he 's almost out of mine, I can assure him. What said Master Dombledon about the satin for my short cloak and my slops?

*Page.* He said, sir, you should procure him better assurance than Bardolph: he would not take his band and yours; he liked not the security.

*Fal.* Let him be damned, like the glutton! pray God his tongue be hotter! A whoreson

referring both to the page's diminutive stature and to his smooth face.—C. H. H.

23. *"juvenal";* occurs in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* and in *Love's Labor Lost.* It is also used in many places by Chaucer for a *young man.*—H. N. H.

30. *"face-royal";* Steevens imagines that there may be a quibble intended on the coin called a real, or *royal;* that a barber can no more earn sixpence by his face than by the face stamped on the coin, the one requiring as little shaving as the other.—H. N. H.

42. *"his tongue be hotter";* alluding to the rich man in the Parable, *Luke* xvi. 24.

Achitophel! a rascally yea-forsooth knave! to bear a gentleman in hand, and then stand upon security! The whoreson smooth-pates do now wear nothing but high shoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles; and if a man is through with them in honest taking up, then they must stand upon security. I had as lief they would put ratsbane in my mouth as offer to stop it with security. I looked a' should have sent me two and twenty yards of satin, as I am a true knight, and he sends me security. Well, he may sleep in security; for he hath the horn of abundance, and the lightness of his wife shines through it: and yet cannot he see, though he have his own lanthorn to light him. Where 's Bardolph?

*Page.* He 's gone into Smithfield to buy your worship a horse.

*Fal.* I bought him in Paul's, and he 'll buy me a horse in Smithfield: an I could get me but a wife in the stews, I were manned, horsed, and wived.

43. *"a rascally yea-forsooth knave"*; Q., *"rascall."*—I. G.

48. *"through"*; that is, in their debt, by *taking up* goods on credit. —H. N. H.

62. *"Paul's"*; in Shakespeare's time *St. Paul's Cathedral* was a common resort of politicians, newsmongers, men of business, idlers, gamesters, smashed-up roués, and all such who lived by their wits. Spendthrift debtors also fled thither, a part of the cathedral being privileged from arrest. Thus in Dekker's *Gull's Horn-Book,* 1609: "There you may spend your legs in winter a whole afternoon; converse, plot, laugh, and talk any thing; jest at your creditor, even to his face; and in the evening, even by lamp-light, steal out." Tradesmen and masterless serving-men also set up their adver-

*Enter the Lord Chief Justice and Servant.*

*Page.* Sir, here comes the nobleman that committed the prince for striking him about Bardolph.

*Fal.* Wait close; I will not see him.

*Ch. Just.* What 's he that goes there? 70

*Serv.* Falstaff, an 't please your lordship.

*Ch. Just.* He that was in question for the robbery?

*Serv.* He, my lord: but he hath since done good service at Shrewsbury; and, as I hear, is now going with some charge to the Lord John of Lancaster.

*Ch. Just.* What, to York? Call him back again.

*Serv.* Sir John Falstaff!

*Fal.* Boy, tell him I am deaf. 80

*Page.* You must speak louder; my master is deaf.

*Ch. Just.* I am sure he is, to the hearing of any thing good. Go, pluck him by the elbow; I must speak with him.

*Serv.* Sir John!

tisements there; and such of the latter as had been cast off were to be had there at all times. Which last circumstance is thus referred to in *Choice of Change,* 1598: "A man must not make choyce of three things in three places: Of a wife in Westminster; *of a servant in Paul's; of a horse in Smithfield;* lest he chuse a queane, a knave, or a jade." Likewise in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy:* "He that marries a wife out of a suspected inn or alehouse, buys a horse in Smithfield, and hires a servant in Paul's, as the diverb is, shall likely have a jade to his horse, a knave for his man, an arrant honest woman to his wife."—H. N. H.

66–68. *"here comes the nobleman who committed the Prince,"* etc.; this was Sir William Gascoigne, Chief-Justice of the King's Bench.—I. G.

*Fal.* What! a young knave, and begging! Is there not wars? is there not employment? doth not the king lack subjects? do not the rebels need soldiers? Though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg than to be on the worst side, were it worse than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it.

*Serv.* You mistake me, sir.

*Fal.* Why, sir, did I say you were an honest man? setting my knighthood and my soldiership aside, I had lied in my throat, if I had said so.

*Serv.* I pray you, sir, then set your knighthood and your soldiership aside; and give me leave to tell you, you lie in your throat, if you say I am any other than an honest man.

*Fal.* I give thee leave to tell me so! I lay aside that which grows to me! If thou gettest any leave of me, hang me; if thou takest leave, thou wert better be hanged. You hunt counter: hence! avaunt!

*Serv.* Sir, my lord would speak with you.

*Ch. Just.* Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

*Fal.* My good lord! God give your lordship good time of day. I am glad to see your lordship abroad: I heard say your lordship was sick: I hope your lordship goes abroad by advice. Your lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack of age

87. *"begging"*; so in the quarto; in the folio, *beg*. And just below the folio has *want*, instead of *"need."*—H. N. H.

in you, some relish of the saltness of time; and I most humbly beseech your lordship to have a reverend care of your health.

*Ch. Just.* Sir John, I sent for you before your expedition to Shrewsbury.

*Fal.* An 't please your lordship, I hear his majesty is returned with some discomfort from Wales.

*Ch. Just.* I talk not of his majesty; you would not come when I sent for you.

*Fal.* And I hear, moreover, his highness is fallen into this same whoreson apoplexy.

*Ch. Just.* Well, God mend him! I pray you, let me speak with you.

*Fal.* This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, an 't please your lordship; a kind of sleeping in the blood, a whoreson tingling.

*Ch. Just.* What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

*Fal.* It hath it original from much grief, from study and perturbation of the brain: I have read the cause of his effects in Galen: it is a kind of deafness.

*Ch. Just.* I think you are fallen into the disease; for you hear not what I say to you.

*Fal.* Very well, my lord, very well: rather, an 't please you, it is the disease of not listening,

137. *"it";* its; so Q, $F_1$ $F_2$.—C. H. H.

143. In Q. the prefix *"Old"* is given instead of *"Fal(staff),"* *cp. Preface.*—I. G.

the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.

*Ch. Just.* To punish you by the heels would amend the attention of your ears; and I care not if I do become your physician.

*Fal.* I am as poor as Job, my lord, but not so patient: your lordship may minister the potion of imprisonment to me in respect of poverty; but how I should be your patient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or indeed a scruple itself.

*Ch. Just.* I sent for you, when there were matters against you for your life, to come speak with me.

*Fal.* As I was then advised by my learned counsel in the laws of this land-service, I did not come.

*Ch. Just.* Well, the truth is, Sir John, you live in great infamy.

*Fal.* He that buckles him in my belt cannot live in less.

*Ch. Just.* Your means are very slender, and your waste is great.

*Fal.* I would it were otherwise; I would my means were greater, and my waist slenderer.

*Ch. Just.* You have misled the youthful prince.

*Fal.* The young prince hath misled me: I am

160–162. The Poet shows some knowledge of the law here; for, in fact, a man employed as Falstaff then was could not be held to answer in a prosecution for an offense of the kind in question.—H. N. H.

the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.

*Ch. Just.* Well, I am loath to gall a new-healed wound: your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on Gadshill: you may thank the unquiet time for your quiet o'er-posting that action.

*Fal.* My lord?

*Ch. Just.* But since all is well, keep it so; wake not a sleeping wolf.

*Fal.* To wake a wolf is as bad as to smell a fox.

*Ch. Just.* What! you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

*Fal.* A wassail candle, my lord, all tallow: if I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

*Ch. Just.* There is not a white hair on your face but should have his effect of gravity.

*Fal.* His effect of gravy, gravy, gravy.

*Ch. Just.* You follow the young prince up and down, like his ill angel.

187. *"if I did say of wax";* of course there is a quibble here upon *wax;* referring to the substance that candles are made of, and to what is signified by the verb, to *wax,* that is, *grow.*—H. N. H.

191. *"his";* it may be worth the while to remark here, that in the Poet's time *"his"* was constantly used where we should use *its,* the latter not being then a legitimate words. Such, as the reader may not need to be told, is uniformly the case in our version of the Scriptures; and the same usage occurs in a great many places of these plays. It is true, Shakespeare has *its* in several instances, as in *The Winter's Tale,* Act i. sc. 2: "How sometimes nature will betray *its* folly, *its* tenderness, and make itself a pastime." And again, a little after: "My dagger muzzled, lest it should bite *its* master." But the word was then strictly an innovation, and as such was shunned by scholars and careful writers generally.—H. N. H.

*Fal.* Not so, my lord; your ill angel is light; but I hope he that looks upon me will take me without weighing: and yet, in some respects, I grant, I cannot go: I cannot tell. Virtue is of so little regard in these costermonger times that true valor is turned bear- 200
herd: pregnancy is made a tapster, and hath his quick wit wasted in giving reckonings: all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age shapes them, are not worth a gooseberry. You that are old consider not the capacities of us that are young; you do measure the heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls: and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confess, are wags too. 210

*Ch. Just.* Do you set down your name in the

195. Falstaff is still punning. He here refers to the coin called *"angel,"* which of course grew *lighter* as it was clipped or became worn. "As *light* as a clipt *angel*" was a frequent comparison at that time. The quarto has *"ill angel"* both in the Judge's speech and in Falstaff's reply: the folio changes the former into *"evil* angel," but retains the latter.—H. N. H.

198. *"I cannot go; I cannot tell";* Johnson was probably right in seeing here a play on *go* and *tell* in the sense of *"pass current"* and *"count as good money."*—I. G.

*"I cannot tell";* Dr. Johnson explains, "I cannot be taken in a *reckoning,* I cannot *pass current."* Mr. Gifford objects to this, and says that it merely means "I cannot tell what to think of it." The phrase, with that signification, was certainly common, says Mr. Boswell; but as it will also bear the sense which Dr. Johnson assigned to it, his interpretation appears to suit the context better.—H. N. H.

199. *"costermonger"; costard* was the old name for an apple: a *coster-monger* therefore was an *apple-peddler.* Here, however, the word is used to denote a time of petty traffic, or *huckstering.*—H. N. H.

scroll of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age? Have you not a moist eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheek? a white beard? a decreasing leg? an increasing belly? is not your voice broken? your wind short? your chin double? your wit single? and every part about you blasted with antiquity? and will you yet call yourself young? Fie, fie, fie, Sir John!

*Fal.* My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head and something a round belly. For my voice, I have lost it with halloing and singing of anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not: the truth is, I am only old in judgment and understanding; and he that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him. For the box of the ear that the prince gave you, he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have checked him for it, and the young lion repents; marry, not in ashes and sackcloth, but in new silk and old sack.

*Ch. Just.* Well, God send the prince a better companion!

*Fal.* God send the companion a better prince! I cannot rid my hands of him.

*Ch. Just.* Well, the king hath severed you and

217. *"your wit single";* the Justice insensibly catches Falstaff's style, and slides into a tilt of wit with him, having in *single* a sly reference to *double,* just before.—H. N. H.

224. *"halloing";* does Falstaff mean "hallelu-ing?"—C. H. H.

Prince Harry: I hear you are going with Lord John of Lancaster against the Archbishop and the Earl of Northumberland.

*Fal.* Yea; I thank your pretty sweet wit for it. But look you pray, all you that kiss my lady Peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day; for, by the Lord, I take but two shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily: if it be a hot day, and I brandish anything but a bottle, I would I might never spit white again. There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head, but I am thrust upon it: well, I cannot last ever: but it was alway yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. If ye will needs say I am an old man, you should give me rest. I would to God my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is: I were better to be eaten to death with a rust than to be scoured to nothing with perpetual motion.

*Ch. Just.* Well, be honest, be honest; and God bless your expedition!

*Fal.* Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound to furnish me forth?

251. *"Spit white"; cp. Batman uppon Bartholome,* ed. 1582 (quoted by Dr. Furnivall):—*"If the spittle be white viscus, the sickness cometh of fleam; if black, of melancholy; the white spittle not knottie signifieth health."* Other passages indicate that it was also regarded as a sign of thirst.—I. G.

254–261. Omitted in Ff.—I. G.

264, 265. The point and aptness of this question are so subtle as to be, perhaps, not always taken. The Judge has just been exhorting him to honesty: he therefore says,—Will your lordship let me

*Ch. Just.* Not a penny, not a penny; you are too impatient to bear crosses. Fare you well: commend me to my cousin Westmoreland.

[*Exeunt Chief Justice and Servant.*

*Fal.* If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle. A man can no more separate age and covetousness than a' can part young limbs and lechery: but the gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other; and so both the degrees prevent my curses. Boy!

*Page.* Sir?

*Fal.* What money is in my purse?

*Page.* Seven groats and two pence.

*Fal.* I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse: borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable. Go bear this letter to my Lord of Lancaster; this to the prince; this to the Earl of Westmoreland; and this to old Mistress Ursula, whom I have weekly sworn to

have something to be honest with? If you will lend me a thousand pounds, I will agree not to steal for a while.—H. N. H.

266, 267. The Judge grows more and more facetious, and at last falls to downright punning; thus showing that Falstaff is "not only witty in himself, but the cause that wit is in other men." *"Crosses"* were *pieces of money.*—H. N. H.

270. This alludes to a common but cruel diversion of boys, called *filliping* the toad. They lay a board two or three feet long at right angles over a transverse piece two or three inches thick; then placing the toad at one end of the board, the other end is struck by a bat or large stick, which throws the poor toad forty or fifty feet perpendicular from the earth; and the fall generally kills it.—H. N. H.

275. to *"prevent"* is to anticipate. "Mine eyes *prevent* the night watches" (Psalm cxix).—H. N. H.

marry since I perceived the first white hair on my chin. About it: you know where to find me. [*Exit Page.*] A pox of this gout! or, a gout of this pox! for the one or the other plays the rogue with my great toe. 290 'Tis no matter if I do halt; I have the wars for my color, and my pension shall seem the more reasonable. A good wit will make use of any thing: I will turn diseases to commodity. [*Exit.*

## Scene III

*York. The Archbishop's palace.*

*Enter the Archbishop, the Lords Hastings, Mowbray, and Bardolph.*

*Arch.* Thus have you heard our cause and known our means;
And, my most noble friends, I pray you all,
Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes:
And first, lord marshal, what say you to it?
*Mowb.* I well allow the occasion of our arms;
But gladly would be better satisfied
How in our means we should advance ourselves
To look with forehead bold and big enough
Upon the power and puissance of the king.
*Hast.* Our present musters grow upon the file 10
To five and twenty thousand men of choice;
And our supplies live largely in the hope

3. *"hopes"*; prospects.—C. H. H.

Of great Northumberland, whose bosom burns
With an incensed fire of injuries.
*L. Bard.* The question then, Lord Hastings, standeth thus;
Whether our present five and twenty thousand
May hold up head without Northumberland?
*Hast.* With him, we may.
*L. Bard.* Yea, marry, there 's the point:
But if without him we be thought too feeble,
My judgment is, we should not step too far
Till we had his assistance by the hand;
For in a theme so bloody-faced as this
Conjecture, expectation, and surmise
Of aids incertain should not be admitted.
*Arch.* 'Tis very true, Lord Bardolph; for indeed
It was young Hotspur's case at Shrewsbury.
*L. Bard.* It was, my lord; who lined himself with hope,
Eating the air on promise of supply,
Flattering himself in project of a power
Much smaller than the smallest of his thoughts.
And so, with great imagination
Proper to madmen, led his powers to death,
And winking leap'd into destruction.
*Hast.* But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt
To lay down likelihoods and forms of hope.
*L. Bard.* Yes, if this present quality of war,
Indeed the instant action: a cause on foot,

30. That is, *which turned out to be much smaller.*—H. N. H.
36–55. Omitted in Q.—I. G.
36, etc.

*"If this present quality of war*
*Indeed the instant action: a cause on foot,"* etc.

Lives so in hope, as in an early spring
We see the appearing buds; which to prove fruit,
Hope gives not so much warrant as despair
That frosts will bite them. When we mean to build,
We first survey the plot, then draw the model;
And when we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the erection;
Which if we find outweighs ability,
What do we then but draw anew the model
In fewer offices, or at least desist
To build at all? Much more, in this great work,
Which is almost to pluck a kingdom down
And set another up, should we survey
The plot of situation and the model,
Consent upon a sure foundation,
Question surveyors, know our own estate,
How able such a work to undergo,
To weigh against his opposite; or else
We fortify in paper and in figures,
Using the names of men instead of men:
Like one that draws the model of a house

Various attempts have been made to restore the meaning of the lines. Malone's reading has been generally accepted:—

*"Yes, in this present quality of war:*
*Indeed the instant action—a cause on foot—*
*Lives so in hope as in an early spring,"*

which Grant White paraphrases, "Yes, in this present quality, function, or business of war, it is harmful to lay down likelihoods, etc. Indeed this very action or affair—a cause on foot— is no more hopeful of fruition than the buds of an unseasonably early spring." Pope proposed *"Impede the instant act"*; Johnson, *"in this present. . . . Indeed of instant action"*; Mason, *"if this prescient quality of war Induc'd the instant action,"* etc.—I. G.

Beyond his power to build it; who, half through,
Gives o'er and leaves his part-created cost
A naked subject to the weeping clouds,
And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.

*Hast.* Grant that our hopes, yet likely of fair birth,
Should be still-born, and that we now possess'd
The utmost man of expectation,
I think we are a body strong enough,
Even as we are, to equal with the king.

*L. Bard.* What, is the king but five and twenty thousand?

*Hast.* To us no more; nay, not so much, Lord Bardolph.
For his divisions, as the times do brawl,
Are in three heads: one power against the French,
And one against Glendower; perforce a third
Must take up us: so is the unfirm king
In three divided; and his coffers sound
With hollow poverty and emptiness.

*Arch.* That he should draw his several strengths together
And come against us in full puissance,
Need not be dreaded.

*Hast.* If he should do so,
He leaves his back unarm'd, the French and Welsh
Baying him at the heels: never fear that.

*L. Bard.* Who is it like should lead his forces hither?

71. *"against the French";* a French army of 12,000 men landed at Mitford Haven in Wales, for the aid of Glendower, during this rebellion.—I. G.

*Hast.* The Duke of Lancaster and Westmoreland;
Against the Welsh, himself and Harry Monmouth:
But who is substituted 'gainst the French,
I have no certain notice.

*Arch.* Let us on,
And publish the occasion of our arms.
The commonwealth is sick of their own choice;
Their over-greedy love hath surfeited:
An habitation giddy and unsure
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
O thou fond many, with what loud applause
Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Bolingbroke,
Before he was what thou wouldst have him be!
And being now trimm'd in thine own desires,
Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him,
That thou provokest thyself to cast him up.
So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge
Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard;
And now thou wouldst eat thy dead vomit up,
And howl'st to find it. What trust is in these times?
They that, when Richard lived, would have him die,
Are now become enamor'd on his grave:
Thou, that threw'st dust upon his goodly head

83. This is an anachronism. Prince John of Lancaster was not created a duke till the second year of the reign of his brother, King Henry V. At this time Prince Henry was actually duke of Lancaster. Shakespeare was misled by Stowe, who, speaking of the first parliament of King Henry IV, says, "His *second sonne* was there made duke of Lancaster."—H. N. H.

85–108. Omitted in Q.—I. G.

When through proud London he came sighing on
After the admired heels of Bolingbroke,
Criest now 'O earth, yield us that king again,
And take thou this!' O thoughts of men accursed!
Past and to come seems best; things present, worst.

*Morwb.* Shall we go draw our numbers, and set on?

*Hast.* We are time's subjects, and time bids begone.

[*Exeunt.*

# ACT SECOND

## Scene I

*London. A street.*

*Enter Hostess, Fang and his Boy with her, and Snare following.*

*Host.* Master Fang, have you entered the action?

*Fang.* It is entered.

*Host.* Where 's your yeoman? Is 't a lusty yeoman? will a' stand to 't?

*Fang.* Sirrah, where 's Snare?

*Host.* O Lord, aye! good Master Snare.

*Snare.* Here, here.

*Fang.* Snare, we must arrest Sir John Falstaff.

*Host.* Yea, good Master Snare; I have entered him and all.

*Snare.* It may chance cost some of us our lives, for he will stab.

*Host.* Alas the day! take heed of him; he stabbed me in mine own house, and that most beastly; in good faith, he cares not what mischief he does, if his weapon be out: he will foin like any devil; he will spare neither man, woman, nor child.

*Fang.* If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust.

*Host.* No, nor I neither: I 'll be at your elbow.

*Fang.* An I but fist him once; an a' come but within my vice,—

*Host.* I am undone by his going; I warrant you, he 's an infinitive thing upon my score. Good Master Fang, hold him sure: good Master Snare, let him not 'scape. A' comes continuantly to Pie-corner—saving your manhoods—to buy a saddle; and he is indited to dinner to the Lubber's-head in Lumbert street, to Master Smooth's the silkman: I pray ye, since my exion is entered and my case so openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his answer. A hundred mark is a long one for a poor lone woman to bear: and I have borne, and borne, and borne; and have been fubbed off, and fubbed off, and fubbed off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing; unless a woman should be made an ass and a beast, to bear every knave's wrong. Yonder he comes; and that arrant malmsey-nose knave, Bardolph, with him. Do your offices, do your offices: Master Fang and Master Snare, do me, do me, do me your offices.

*Enter Falstaff, Page, and Bardolph.*

36. *"long";* so in the old copies; which Theobald supposed to be a corruption of *lone,* or *loan.* Mr. Douce thinks the hostess means to say that "a hundred *mark* is a long" *score,* or *reckoning,* for her to bear.—H. N. H.

*Fal.* How now! whose mare 's dead? What 's the matter?

*Fang.* Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of Mistress Quickly.

*Fal.* Away, varlets! Draw, Bardolph: cut me off the villain's head: throw the quean in the channel.

*Host.* Throw me in the channel! I 'll throw thee in the channel. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastardly rogue! Murder, murder! Ah, thou honey-suckle villain! wilt thou kill God's officers and the king's? Ah, thou honey-seed rogue! thou art a honey-seed, a man-queller, and a woman-queller.

*Fal.* Keep them off, Bardolph.

*Fang.* A rescue! a rescue!

*Host.* Good people, bring a rescue or two. Thou wo't, wo't thou? thou wo't, wo't ta? do, do, thou rogue! do, thou hemp-seed!

*Fal.* Away, you scullion! you rampallian! you fustilarian! I 'll tickle your catastrophe.

*Enter the Lord Chief Justice, and his men.*

*Ch. Just.* What is the matter? keep the peace here, ho!

*Host.* Good my lord, be good to me. I beseech you, stand to me.

*Ch. Just.* How now, Sir John! what are you brawling here?

49. *"whose mare's dead"*; a proverbial phrase for "What has happened?"—C. H. H.

69. *"catastrophe"; i. e. pars postrema.*—C. H. H.

Doth this become your place, your time and business?
You should have been well on your way to York.
Stand from him, fellow: wherefore hang'st upon him?

*Host.* O my most worshipful lord, an 't please your grace, I am a poor widow of Eastcheap, and he is arrested at my suit.

*Ch. Just.* For what sum?

*Host.* It is more than for some, my lord; it is for all, all I have. He hath eaten me out of house and home; he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his: but I will have some of it out again, or I will ride thee o' nights like the mare.

*Fal.* I think I am as like to ride the mare, if I have any vantage of ground to get up.

*Ch. Just.* How comes this, Sir John! Fie! what man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation? Are you not ashamed to enforce a poor widow to so rough a course to come by her own?

*Fal.* What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

*Host.* Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thy-

88, 89. In explanation of this passage, Mr. Collier says that in old times "the gallows was jocosely called the two-legged, and sometimes the three-legged *'mare.'* " Of course the hostess means the *nightmare;* but punning and Falstaff are inseparable.—H. N. H.

89. *"vantage of ground";* favorable opportunity.—C. H. H.

96–118. Coleridge, in his noble *Essay on Method,* cites this speech of the hostess as an instance of narrative "fermenting o'er with frothy circumstances," and his comment upon it is one of those rare felicities of criticism, such as we never think of until started by another, nor ever forget them after; they being so natural and apt that the mind no sooner sees them than it closes with them. "The

self and the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, upon Wednesday in Wheeson week, when the prince broke thy head for liking his father to a singing-man of Windsor, thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me and make me my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then and call me gossip Quickly? coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar; telling us she had a good dish of prawns; whereby thou didst desire to eat some; whereby I told thee they were ill for a green wound? And didst thou not, when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so familiarity with such poor people; saying that ere long they should call me madam? And didst thou not kiss me and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath: deny it, if thou canst.

poor soul's thoughts and sentences," says he, "are more closely interlinked than the truth of nature would have required, but that the connections and sequence, which the habit of Method can alone give, have in this instance a substitute in the fusion of passion. For the absence of Method, which characterizes the uneducated, is occasioned by an habitual submission of the understanding to mere events and images as such, and independent of any power in the mind to classify and appropriate them. The general accompaniments of time and place are the only relations which persons of this class appear to regard in their statements."—H. N. H.

98. *"Parcel-gilt"* is partly gilt, or gilt only in parts. Laneham, in his *Letter from Kenilworth,* describing a bride-cup, says,—"It was formed of a sweet sucket barrel, a faire turn'd foot set to it, all seemly be-sylvered and *parcel gilt.*"—H. N. H.

*Fal.* My lord, this is a poor mad soul; and she says up and down the town that her eldest son is like you: she hath been in good case, and the truth is, poverty hath distracted her. But for these foolish officers, I beseech you I may have redress against them.

*Ch. Just.* Sir John, Sir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with such more than impudent sauciness from you, can thrust me from a level consideration; you have, as it appears to me, practised upon the easy-yielding spirit of this woman, and made her serve your uses both in purse and in person.

*Host* Yea, in truth, my lord.

*Ch. Just.* Pray thee, peace. Pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villainy you have done her: the one you may do with sterling money, and the other with current repentance.

*Fal.* My lord, I will not undergo this sneap without reply. You call honorable boldness impudent sauciness: if a man will make courtesy and say nothing, he is virtuous: no, my lord, my humble duty remembered, I will not be your suitor. I say to you, I do desire deliverance from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the king's affairs.

*Ch. Just.* You speak as having power to do

wrong: but answer in the effect of your reputation, and satisfy the poor woman.

*Fal.* Come hither, hostess.

*Enter Gower.*

*Ch. Just.* Now, Master Gower, what news?

*Gow.* The king, my lord, and Harry Prince of Wales
Are near at hand: the rest the paper tells.

*Fal.* As I am a gentleman.

*Host.* Faith, you said so before.

*Fal.* As I am a gentleman. Come, no more words of it.

*Host.* By this heavenly ground I tread on, I must be fain to pawn both my plate and the tapestry of my dining-chambers.

*Fal.* Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking: and for thy walls, a pretty slight drollery, or the story of the Prodigal, or the German hunting in water-work, is worth a thousand of

150. *"but answer,"* etc.; suitably to your character.—H. N. H.

151. *"satisfy"*; pay.—C. H. H.

154. *"Gower"*; probably intended for the poet, a zealous adherent of Henry IV.—C. H. H.

160. *"by this heavenly ground"*; a confusion of "by heaven" and "by this ground."—C. H. H.

163. *"glasses is the only drinking"*; Harrison (*Descr. of England*, ed. 1587, ii. 6; quoted by Adams) attests that the costly glass of Venice and Murano was then more in request with "our gentilitie" than gold or silver.—C. H. H.

166. *"water-work"*; the painted cloth was generally oil-color; but a cheaper sort, probably resembling in their execution some modern paper-hangings, was brought from Holland or Germany, executed in water-color, or distemper. The German hunting, or wild-boar hunt, would consequently be a prevalent subject.—H. N. H.

these bed-hangings and these fly-bitten tapestries. Let it be ten pound, if thou canst. Come, and 'twere not for thy humors, there 's not a better wench in England. Go, wash thy face, and draw the action. Come, thou must not be in this humor with me; dost not know me? come, come, I know thou wast set on to this.

*Host.* Pray thee, Sir John, let it be but twenty nobles: i' faith, I am loath to pawn my plate, so God save me, la!

*Fal.* Let it alone; I 'll make other shift: you 'll be a fool still.

*Host.* Well, you shall have it, though I pawn my gown. I hope you 'll come to supper. You 'll pay me all together?

*Fal.* Will I live? [*To Bardolph*] Go, with her, with her; hook on, hook on.

*Host.* Will you have Doll Tearsheet meet you at supper?

*Fal.* No more words; let 's have her.

[*Exeunt Hostess, Bardolph, Officers. and Boy.*

*Ch. Just.* I have heard better news.

*Fal.* What 's the news, my lord?

*Ch. Just.* Where lay the king last night?

*Gow.* At Basingstoke, my lord.

167. *"these bed-hangings";* a derisive term for wall tapestries.—C. H. H.

168. *"let it be ten pound";* Falstaff "satisfies" his creditor by requiring a new loan.—C. H. H.

175. *"but twenty nobles"; i. e.* £6: 13: 4 [$32.50].—C. H. H.

177. *"so God save me, la!";* Q., *"so God save me law";* Ff., *"in good earnest la."*—I. G.

*Fal.* I hope, my lord, all 's well: what is the news, my lord?

*Ch. Just.* Come all his forces back?

*Gow.* No; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse,
Are march'd up to my Lord of Lancaster,
Against Northumberland and the Archbishop.

*Fal.* Comes the king back from Wales, my noble lord?

*Ch. Just.* You shall have letters of me presently:
Come, go along with me, good Master Gower.

*Fal.* My lord!

*Ch. Just.* What 's the matter?

*Fal.* Master Gower, shall I entreat you with me to dinner?

*Gow.* I must wait upon my good lord here; I thank you, good Sir John.

*Ch. Just.* Sir John, you loiter here too long, being you are to take soldiers up in counties as you go.

*Fal.* Will you sup with me, Master Gower?

*Ch. Just.* What foolish matter taught you these manners, Sir John?

*Fal.* Master Gower, if they become me not, he was a fool that taught them me. This is the right fencing grace, my lord; tap for tap, and so part fair.

*Ch. Just.* Now the Lord lighten thee! thou art a great fool. [*Exeunt.*

## Scene II

*London. Another street*

*Enter Prince Henry and Poins.*

*Prince.* Before God, I am exceeding weary.

*Poins.* Is 't come to that? I had thought weariness durst not have attached one of so high blood.

*Prince.* Faith, it does me; though it discolors the complexion of my greatness to acknowledge it. Doth it not show vilely in me to desire small beer?

*Poins.* Why, a prince should not be so loosely studied as to remember so weak a composition.

*Prince.* Belike then my appetite was not princely got; for, by my troth, I do now remember the poor creature, small beer. But, indeed, these humble considerations make me out of love with my greatness. What a disgrace is it to me to remember thy name! or to know thy face to-morrow! or to take note how many pair of silk stockings thou hast, viz. these, and those that were thy peach-colored ones! or to bear the inventory of thy shirts; as, one for superfluity, and another for use! But that the tennis-court-keeper knows better than I; for it is a low ebb of linen with thee when thou keepest not racket there; as thou hast not done a great while, because

the rest of thy low countries have made a shift to eat up thy holland: and God knows, whether those that bawl out the ruins of thy linen shall inherit his kingdom: but the mid- 30
wives say the children are not in the fault; whereupon the world increases, and kindreds are mightily strengthened.

*Poins.* How ill it follows, after you have labored so hard, you should talk so idly! Tell me, how many good young princes would do so, their fathers being so sick as yours at this time is?

*Prince.* Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins?

*Poins.* Yes, faith; and let it be an excellent 40
good thing.

*Prince.* It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

*Poins.* Go to; I stand the push of your one thing that you will tell.

*Prince.* Marry, I tell thee, it is not meet that I should be sad, now my father is sick: albeit I could tell to thee, as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend, I could be sad, and sad indeed too. 50

*Poins.* Very hardly upon such a subject.

*Prince.* By this hand, thou thinkest me as far in the devil's book as thou and Falstaff for obduracy and persistency: let the end try the

28–33. Omitted in Ff.—I. G.

28. *"and God knows,"* etc.; his *bastard children,* wrapped up in his old shirts. The ellipsis *"out"* for *out of,* Steevens says, is sometimes used.—H. N. H.

man. But I tell thee, my heart bleeds inwardly that my father is so sick; and keeping such vile company as thou art hath in reason taken from me all ostentation of sorrow.

*Poins.* The reason?

*Prince.* What wouldst thou think of me, if I should weep?

*Poins.* I would think thee a most princely hypocrite.

*Prince.* It would be every man's thought; and thou art a blessed fellow to think as every man thinks: never a man's thought in the world keeps the road-way better than thine: every man would think me an hypocrite indeed. And what accites your most worshipful thought to think so?

*Poins.* Why, because you have been so lewd, and so much engraffed to Falstaff.

*Prince.* And to thee.

*Poins.* By this light, I am well spoke on; I can hear it with mine own ears: the worst that they can say of me is that I am a second brother, and that I am a proper fellow of my hands; and those two things, I confess, I cannot help. By the mass, here comes Bardolph.

*Enter Bardolph and Page.*

*Prince.* And the boy that I gave Falstaff: a'

77. *"a proper fellow of my hands";* is the same as *a tall fellow of his hands.* That *a tall* or *a proper fellow* was sometimes used in an equivocal sense for *a thief,* there can be no doubt. Cotgrave has a proverb, "The gibbet makes an end of *proper men.*"—H. N. H.

had him from me Christian; and look, if the fat villain have not transformed him ape.

*Bard.* God save your grace!

*Prince.* And yours, most noble Bardolph!

*Bard.* Come, you virtuous ass, you bashful fool, must you be blushing? wherefore blush you now? What a maidenly man-at-arms are you become! Is 't such a matter to get a pottle-pot's maidenhead?

*Page.* A' calls me e'en now, my lord, through a red lattice, and I could discern no part of his face from the window: at last I spied his eyes; and methought he had made two holes in the ale-wife's new petticoat and so peeped through.

*Prince.* Has not the boy profited?

*Bard.* Away, you whoreson upright rabbit, away!

*Page.* Away, you rascally Althæa's dream, away!

*Prince.* Instruct us, boy; what dream, boy?

*Page.* Marry, my lord, Althæa dreamed she was delivered of a fire-brand; and therefore I call him her dream.

*Prince.* A crown's worth of good interpretation: there 'tis, boy.

86. *"virtuous";* Ff., *"pernicious";* Capell conjectured *"precious."*—I. G.

100. *"Althæa";* the boy here confounds Althæa's firebrand with Hecuba's; perhaps the blunder was the poet's.—I. G.

The fire-brand of Althea was real: but Hecuba, when she was big with Paris, dreamed that she was delivered of a fire-brand that consumed the kingdom."—H. N. H.

*Poins.* O, that this good blossom could be kept from cankers! Well, there is sixpence to preserve thee.

*Bard.* An you do not make him hanged among you, the gallows shall have wrong.

*Prince.* And how doth thy master, Bardolph?

*Bard.* Well, my lord. He heard of your grace's coming to town: there 's a letter for you.

*Poins.* Delivered with good respect. And how doth the martlemas, your master?

*Bard.* In bodily health, sir.

*Poins.* Marry, the immortal part needs a physician; but that moves not him: though that be sick, it dies not.

*Prince.* I do allow this wen to be as familiar with me as my dog; and he holds his place; for look you how he writes.

*Poins.* [*Reads*] 'John Falstaff, knight,'—every man must know that, as oft as he has occasion to name himself: even like those that are kin to the king; for they never prick their finger but they say, 'There 's some of the king's blood spilt.' 'How comes that?' says he, that takes upon him not to conceive.

118. *"martlemas";* Falstaff is before called thou *latter spring, all-hallown summer,* and Poins now calls him *martlemas,* a corruption of *martinmas,* which means the same thing, the feast of St. Martin being considered the latter end of autumn. *Este de St. Martin* is a French proverb for a *late summer.* It means therefore an old fellow with juvenile passions.—H. N. H.

123. *"wen";* swollen excrescence.—H. N. H.

The answer is as ready as a borrower's cap, 'I am the king's poor cousin, sir.'

*Prince.* Nay, they will be kin to us, or they will fetch it from Japhet. But to the letter:

*Poins.* [*Reads*] 'Sir John Falstaff, knight, to the son of the king, nearest his father, Harry Prince of Wales, greeting.' Why, this is a certificate.

*Prince.* Peace!

*Poins.* [*Reads*] 'I will imitate the honorable Romans in brevity:' he sure means brevity in breath, short-winded. 'I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with Poins; for he misuses thy favors so much, that he swears thou art to marry his sister Nell. Repent at idle times as thou mayest; and so, farewell.'

'Thine, by yea and no, which is as much as to say, as thou usest him, JACK FALSTAFF with my familiars, JOHN with my brothers and sisters, and SIR JOHN with all Europe.'

My lord, I 'll steep this letter in sack, and make him eat it.

*Prince.* That 's to make him eat twenty of his words. But do you use me thus, Ned? must I marry your sister?

*Poins.* God send the wench no worse fortune! But I never said so.

*Prince.* Well, thus we play the fools with the

133. *"borrower's cap"*; Theobald's emendation; Ff. and Q., *"borrowed cap."*—I. G.

time; and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds and mock us. Is your master here in London?

*Bard.* Yea, my lord.

*Prince.* Where sups he? doth the old boar feed in the old frank?

*Bard.* At the old place, my lord, in Eastcheap.

*Prince.* What company?

*Prince.* Ephesians, my lord, of the old church.

*Prince.* Sup any women with him?

*Page.* None, my lord, but old Mistress Quickly and Mistress Doll Tearsheet.

*Prince.* What pagan may that be?

*Page.* A proper gentlewoman, sir, and a kinswoman of my master's.

*Prince.* Even such kin as the parish heifers are to the town bull. Shall we steal upon them, Ned, at supper?

*Poins.* I am your shadow, my lord; I 'll follow you.

*Prince.* Sirrah, you boy, and Bardolph, no word to your master that I am yet come to town: there 's for your silence.

*Bard.* I have no tongue, sir.

*Page.* And for mine, sir, I will govern it.

*Prince.* Fare you well; go. [*Exeunt Bardolph and Page.*] This Doll Tearsheet should be some road.

172. A slang phrase probably signifying *topers,* or *jolly companions of the old sort.*—H. N. H.

176. *"pagan";* Massinger, in *The City Madam,* has used this phrase for a *wench:* "In all these places I've had my several *pagans* billeted."—H. N. H.

*Poins.* I warrant you, as common as the way between Saint Alban's and London.

*Prince.* How might we see Falstaff bestow himself to-night in his true colors, and not ourselves be seen?

*Poins.* Put on two leathern jerkins and aprons, and wait upon him at his table as drawers.

*Prince.* From a god to a bull? a heavy descension! it was Jove's case. From a prince to a prentice? a low transformation! that shall be mine; for in every thing the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned. [*Exeunt.*

## Scene III

*Warkworth. Before the Castle.*

*Enter Northumberland, Lady Northumberland, and Lady Percy.*

*North.* I pray thee, loving wife, and gentle daughter,
Give even way unto my rough affairs:
Put not you on the visage of the times,
And be like them to Percy troublesome.

*Lady N.* I have given over, I will speak no more:
Do what you will; your wisdom be yo r guide.

197. *"leathern jerkins";* commonly worn by vintners and tapsters. —I. G.

199. *"descension";* so in the quarto; in the folio, *declension. Descension* seems to be a word of the Poet's own coining, and therefore perhaps the editors of the folio changed it, as not having sufficient authority.—H. N. H.

*North.* Alas, sweet wife, my honor is at pawn;
And, but my going, nothing can redeem it.
*Lady P.* O yet, for God's sake, go not to these wars!
The time was, father, that you broke your word,
When you were more endear'd to it than now;
When your own Percy, when my heart's dear Harry,
Threw many a northward look to see his father
Bring up his powers; but he did long in vain.
Who then persuaded you to stay at home?
There were two honors lost, yours and your son's.
For yours, the God of heaven brighten it!
For his, it stuck upon him as the sun
In the gray vault of heaven, and by his light
Did all the chivalry of England move
To do brave acts: he was indeed the glass
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves:
He had no legs that practised not his gait;
And speaking thick, which nature made his blemish,
Became the accents of the valiant;
For those that could speak low and tardily
Would turn their own perfection to abuse,
To seem like him: so that in speech, in gait,
In [illegible]et, in affections of delight,

12. *"heart's dear Harry"*; Ff., *"heart-deere-Harry."*—I. G.

19. *"the gray vault of heaven"*; *cp.* the use of "gray" applied to the eyes, where we generally use "blue"; *"gray-eyed morn"* (*Romeo and Juliet,* II. iii. 1) may perhaps illustrate the same fact.—I. G.

23. This and the twenty-one lines following are not in the quarto. —H. N. H.

In military rules, humors of blood,
He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
That fashion'd others. And him, O wondrous him!
O miracle of men! him did you leave,
Second to none, unseconded by you,
To look upon the hideous god of war
In disadvantage; to abide a field
Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's name
Did seem defensible: so you left him.
Never, O never, do his ghost the wrong
To hold your honor more precise and nice
With others than with him! let them alone:
The marshal and the archbishop are strong:
Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers,
To-day might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck,
Have talk'd of Monmouth's grave.

*North.* Beshrew your heart,
Fair daughter, you do draw my spirits from me
With new lamenting ancient oversights.
But I must go and meet with danger there,
Or it will seek me in another place
And find me worse provided.

*Lady N.* O, fly to Scotland,
Till that the nobles and the armed commons
Have of their puissance made a little taste.

*Lady P.* If they get ground and vantage of the king,
Then join you with them, like a rib of steel,

To make strength stronger; but, for all our loves,
First let them try themselves. So did your son;
He was so suffer'd: so came I a widow;
And never shall have length of life enough
To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes,
That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven,
For recordation to my noble husband. 61

*North.* Come, come, go in with me. 'Tis with my mind
As with the tide swell'd up unto his height,
That makes a still-stand, running neither way:
Fain would I go to meet the archbishop,
But many thousand reasons hold me back.
I will resolve for Scotland: there am I,
Till time and vantage crave my company.

[*Exeunt.*

## Scene IV

*London. The Boar's-head Tavern in Eastcheap.*

*Enter two Drawers.*

*First Draw.* What the devil hast thou brought there? apple-johns? thou knowest Sir John cannot endure an apple-john.

55. *"for all our loves";* as you love us all.—C. H. H.

59. *"remembrance";* alluding to the plant *rosemary,* so called because it was the symbol of *remembrance,* and therefore used at weddings and funerals. Thus Ophelia says,—"There's *rosemary,* that's for *remembrance.*"—H. N. H.

3. *"apple-john";* "Nor *John-apple,* whose wither'd rind entrench'd by many a furrow, aptly represents decrepid age" (Philips). Falstaff has already said of himself, "I am *withered* like an old *apple-John.*"—H. N. H.

*Sec. Draw.* Mass, thou sayest true. The prince once set a dish of apple-johns before him, and told him there were five more Sir Johns; and, putting off his hat, said, 'I will now take my leave of these six dry, round, old, withered knights.' It angered him to the heart: but he hath forgot that.

*First Draw.* Why, then, cover, and set them down: and see if thou canst find out Sneak's noise; Mistress Tearsheet would fain hear some music. Dispatch: the room where they supped is too hot; they 'll come in straight.

*Sec. Draw.* Sirrah, here will be the prince and Master Poins anon; and they will put on two of our jerkins and aprons; and Sir John must not know of it: Bardolph hath brought word.

*First Draw.* By the mass, here will be old utis: it will be an excellent stratagem.

*Sec. Draw.* I 'll see if I can find out Sneak. [*Exit.*

*Enter Hostess and Doll Tearsheet.*

9. *"angered"; anger* was sometimes used for simple *grief* or *distress,* without implying any desire to *punish.* Thus in St. Mark, iii, 5, speaking of our Saviour: "And when he had looked round about on them with *anger,* being *grieved* for the hardness of their hearts." —H. N. H.

12. *"Sneak"* was a street minstrel, and therefore the drawer goes out to listen for his band. In the old play of *King Henry V:* "There came the young prince, and two or three more of his companions, and called for wine good store, and then sent for a *noyse of musitians."*—The folio closes this speech at *music,* the rest being only in the quarto.—H. N. H.

21. *"old";* we have seen several times already that *"old"* was often used as an augmentative, something as *huge* is used now.—H. N. H.

*Host.* I' faith, sweetheart, methinks now you are in an excellent good temperality: your pulsidge beats as extraordinarily as heart would desire; and your color, I warrant you, is as red as any rose, in good truth, la! But, i' faith, you have drunk too much canaries; and that 's a marvelous searching wine, and it perfumes the blood ere one can say 'What 's this?' How do you know?

*Dol.* Better than I was: hem!

*Host.* Why, that 's well said; a good heart 's worth gold. Lo, here comes Sir John.

*Enter Falstaff.*

*Fal.* [*Singing*] 'When Arthur first in court'— Empty the jordan. [*Exit First Drawer.*]— [*Singing*] 'And was a worthy king.' How now, Mistress Doll!

*Host.* Sick of a calm; yea, good faith.

*Fal.* So is all her sect; an they be once in a calm, they are sick.

*Dol.* You muddy rascal, is that all the comfort you give me?

*Fal.* You make fat rascals, Mistress Doll.

*Dol.* I make them! gluttony and diseases make them; I make them not.

*Fal.* If the cook help to make the gluttony, you help to make the diseases, Doll: we catch of

36. *"When Arthur's first in court";* from the ballad of *Sir Lancelot du Lake,* printed in Percy's *Reliques.*—I. G.

40. *"calm"* is a Quicklyism for *qualm.* Of course Falstaff seizes the occasion to perpetrate a pun.—H. N. H.

you, Doll, we catch of you; grant that, my poor virtue, grant that.

*Dol.* Yea, joy, our chains and our jewels.

*Fal.* 'Your brooches, pearls, and ouches:' for to serve bravely is to come halting off, you know; to come off the breach with his pike bent bravely, and to surgery bravely; to venture upon the charged chambers bravely,—

*Dol.* Hang yourself, you muddy conger, hang yourself!

*Host.* By my troth, this is the old fashion; you two never meet but you fall to some discord: you are both, i' good truth, as rheumatic as two dry toasts; you cannot one bear with another's confirmities. What the good-year! one must bear, and that must be you: you are the weaker vessel, as they say, the emptier vessel.

*Dol.* Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge full hogshead? there 's a whole merchant's venture of Bourdeaux stuff in him; you have not seen a hulk better stuffed in the hold.

53. *"your brooches, pearls, and ouches";* a scrap of an old ballad, first marked as a quotation by Capell.—I. G.

This is a quotation from a ballad entitled *The Boy and the Mantle,* save that Falstaff substitutes *pearls* for *rings.* A modern revision of the ballad is given in Percy's *Reliques,* Book iii., Series iii.—*Ouches* were bosses of gold.—It has been rightly said that Sir John refers to something very different from real gems and jewels, using the words somewhat as we use *carbuncle.*—H. N. H.

56, 57. To understand this quibble it is necessary to remember that a *chamber* signifies not only an apartment, but a *small piece of ordnance.*—H. N. H.

58, 59. Omitted in Ff.—I. G.

64. *"good-year";* probably a corruption of Fr. "goujère," a disease. —C. H. H.

Come, I 'll be friends with thee, Jack: thou art going to the wars; and whether I shall ever see thee again or no, there is nobody cares.

*Re-enter First Drawer.*

*First Draw.* Sir, Ancient Pistol 's below, and would speak with you.

*Dol.* Hang him, swaggering rascal! let him not come hither: it is the foul-mouthedst rogue in England.

*Host.* If he swagger, let him not come here: no, by my faith; I must live among my neighbors; I 'll no swaggerers: I am in good name and fame with the very best: shut the door; there comes no swaggerers here: I have not lived all this while, to have swaggering now: shut the door, I pray you.

*Fal.* Dost thou hear, hostess?

*Host.* Pray ye, pacify yourself, Sir John: there comes no swaggerers here.

*Fal.* Dost thou hear? it is mine ancient.

*Host.* Tilly-fally, Sir John, ne'er tell me: your ancient swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before Master Tisick, the debuty, t'

72–76. It has been aptly suggested that Mistress Doll, as if inspired by the present visitation, grows poetical here, and improvisatores a littlewhat in the lyric vein. The close of her speech, if set to the eye as it sounds to the ear, would stand something thus:

"Come, I'll be friends with thee, Jack:
Thou art going to the wars;
And whether I shall ever see thee again,
Or no, there is nobody cares."—H. N. H.

94, 98. *"Tisick; Dumbe";* ludicrously intended to denote that the

other day; and, as he said to me, 'twas no longer ago than Wednesday last, 'I' good faith, neighbor Quickly,' says he; Master Dumbe, our minister, was by then; 'neighbor Quickly,' says he, 'receive those that are civil; for,' said he, 'you are in an ill name:' now a' said so, I can tell whereupon; 'for,' says he, 'you are an honest woman, and well thought on; therefore take heed what guests you receive: receive,' says he, 'no swaggering companions.' There comes none here: you would bless you to hear what he said: no, I 'll no swaggerers.

*Fal.* He 's no swaggerer, hostess; a tame cheater, i' faith; you may stroke him as gently as a puppy greyhound: he 'll not swagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turn back in any show of resistance. Call him up, drawer. [*Exit First Drawer.*

*Host.* Cheater, call you him? I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater: but I do not love swaggering, by my troth; I am the worse, when one says swagger: feel,

deputy was pursy and short-winded; the minister one of those who preached only the homilies set forth by authority. The Puritans nicknamed them Dumb-dogs, and the opprobrious epithet continued in use as late as the reign of King Charles II.—H. N. H.

114. *"cheater";* the humor consists in Mrs. Quickly's mistaking a *cheater,* that is, a *gamester,* for an *escheator,* or officer of the exchequer. Lord Coke, in his *Charge at Norwich,* 1607, puns upon the equivoque: "But if you will be content to let the *escheator* alone, and not look into his actions, he will be contented by deceiving you to change his name, taking unto himself the two last syllables only, with the *es* left out, and so turn *cheater.*"—H. N. H.

masters, how I shake; look you, I warrant you.

*Dol.* So you do, hostess.

*Host.* Do I? yea, in very truth, do I, an 'twere an aspen leaf: I cannot abide swaggerers.

*Enter Pistol, Bardolph, and Page.*

*Pist.* God save you, Sir John!

*Fal.* Welcome, Ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol, I charge you with a cup of sack: do you discharge upon mine hostess.

*Pist.* I will discharge upon her, Sir John, with two bullets.

*Fal.* She is pistol-proof, sir; you shall hardly offend her.

*Host.* Come, I 'll drink no proofs nor no bullets: I 'll drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleasure, I.

*Pist.* Then to you, Mistress Dorothy; I will charge you.

*Dol.* Charge me! I scorn you, scurvy companion. What! you poor, base, rascally, cheating, lack-linen mate! Away, you mouldy rogue, away! I am meat for your master.

*Pist.* I know you, Mistress Dorothy.

123. "Pistol" has been likened to the character of "the swaggering ruffian," Centurio, in the famous Spanish play by Rojas, called *Celestina,* which was translated into English by James Mabbe; and though entered on the Stationers' Registers in 1598, the translation was not issued till 1630. It is more than probable that Mabbe was one of Shakespeare's friends; at all events, the dramatist may easily have read the English *Tragicke-Comedye of Celestina* in MS. (Mabbe's fascinating book has recently been reprinted as a volume of Mr. Nutt's *Tudor Translations.*)—I. G.

*Dol.* Away, you cut-purse rascal! you filthy bung, away! by this wine, I 'll thrust my knife in your mouldy chaps, an you play the saucy cuttle with me. Away, you bottle-ale rascal! you basket-hilt stale juggler, you! Since when, I pray you, sir? God's light, with two points on your shoulder? much!

*Pist.* God let me not live, but I will murder your ruff for this.

*Fal.* No more, Pistol; I would not have you go off here: discharge yourself of our company, Pistol.

*Host.* No, good Captain Pistol; not here, sweet captain.

*Dol.* Captain! thou abominable damned cheater, art thou not ashamed to be called captain? An captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out, for taking their names upon you before you have earned them. You a captain! you slave, for what? for tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy-house? He a captain! hang him, rogue! he lives upon mouldy stewed prunes and dried cakes. A captain! God's light, these villains will make the word as odious as the

142. *"bung";* to *nip a bung,* in the cant of thievery, was to *cut a purse. "Bung* is now used for a *pocket,* heretofore for a *purse"* (*Belman of London,* 1610).—H. N. H.

146. *"Since when, I pray you, sir?"* a scoffing form of inquiry.—I. G.

150–152. Omitted in Ff.—I. G.

163. *"mouldy stewed prunes and dried cakes"* are put for the refuse of brothels.

word 'occupy'; which was an excellent good word before it was ill sorted: therefore captains had need look to 't.

*Bard.* Pray thee, go down, good ancient.

*Fal.* Hark thee hither, Mistress Doll.

*Pist.* Not I: I tell thee what, Corporal Bardolph, I could tear her: I 'll be revenged of her.

*Page.* Pray thee, go down.

*Pist.* I 'll see her damned first; to Pluto's damned lake, by this hand, to the infernal deep, with Erebus and tortures vile also. Hold hook and line, say I. Down, down, dogs! down, faitors! Have we not Hiren here?

*Host.* Good Captain Peesel, be quiet; 'tis very late, i' faith: I beseek you now, aggravate your choler.

*Pist.* These be good humors, indeed! Shall pack-horses,
And hollow pamper'd jades of Asia,

166. *"occupy";* this word had been perverted to an obscene meaning. An *occupant* was also a term for a woman of the town, and an *occupier* meant a *wencher.* Ben Jonson, in his *Discoveries,* says.—"Many, out of their own obscene apprehensions, refuse proper and fit words, as *occupy,* nature."—The folio omits all between *"odious"* and *"therefore."*—H. N. H.

178. *"Have we not Hiren here?"* probably a quotation from a lost play by George Peele called *The Turkish Mahomet and Hyren the Fair Greek"; "Hiren,"* a corruption of *"Irene."*—I. G.

*Hiren,* from its resemblance to *siren,* was used for a seducing woman, and consequently for a courtesan. Pistol, in his rants, twice brings in the same words, but apparently meaning to give his sword the name of *Hiren.* Mrs. Quickly, with admirable simplicity, supposes him to ask for a woman.—H. N. H.

184. *"And hollow pamper'd jades of Asia"; cp. 2 Tamburlaine,* IV. iv.:—

Which cannot go but thirty mile a day,
Compare with Cæsars, and with Cannibals,
And Trojan Greeks? nay, rather damn them with
King Cerberus; and let the welkin roar.
Shall we fall foul for toys?

*Host.* By my troth, captain, these are very bitter words.

*Bard.* Be gone, good ancient: this will grow to a brawl anon.

*Pist.* Die men like dogs! give crowns like pins! Have we not Hiren here?

*Host.* O' my word, captain, there 's none such here. What the good-year! do you think I would deny her? For God's sake, be quiet.

*Pist.* Then feed, and be fat, my fair Calipolis. Come, give 's some sack.
'Si fortune me tormente, sperato me contento.'

*"Holla, ye pamper'd jades of Asia!*
*What! can ye draw but twenty miles a day?"*—I. G.

188. *"Let the welkin roar";* a commonplace tag in old ballads of the time.—I. G.

199. *"Then feed, and be fat, my fair Calipolis";* a burlesque of passages in Peele's *Battle of Alcazar* (1594); Muley Mahomet enters to his wife with lion's flesh on his sword, and says, *"Feed then, and faint not, my fair Calipolis."*—I. G.

201. *"Si fortune me tormente, sperato me contento";* the line, probably purposely corrupted, was restored by Hanmer:—*"Si fortuna me tormenta, il sperare me contenta"* (*i. e.* "If fortune torments me, hope contents me"). "Pistol is only a copy of Hannibal Gonsaga," remarked Farmer, "who vaunted on yielding himself a prisoner, as you may read in an old collection of tales, called *Wits, Fits, Fancies:*—

*'Si Fortuna me tormenta,*
*Il speranza me contenta.'"*—I. G.

This, no doubt, is Pistol's reading or repeating of the motto on

Fear we broadsides? no, let the fiend give fire:
Give me some sack: and, sweetheart, lie thou there. [*Laying down his sword.*
Come we to full points here; and are etceteras nothing?

*Fal.* Pistol, I would be quiet.

*Pist.* Sweet knight, I kiss thy neaf: what! we have seen the seven stars.

*Dol.* For God's sake, thrust him down stairs: I cannot endure such a fustian rascal.

*Pist.* Thrust him down stairs! know we not Gal- 210
loway nags?

*Fal.* Quoit him down, Bardolph, like a shove-groat shilling: nay, an a' do nothing but speak nothing, a' shall be nothing here.

*Bard.* Come, get you down stairs.

*Pist.* What! shall we have incision? shall we imbrue? [*Snatching up his sword.*
Then death rock me asleep, abridge my doleful days!
Why, then, let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds

his sword; the same of which he has already said,—"Have we not Hiren here?" and which he calls *sweetheart* just after. Mr. Douce found an old sword having the motto inscribed in French,—

*"Si fortune me tourmente, l'espérance me contente."*

Some editions have corrected Pistol's repetition into grammatical Italian, but have not told us why they omitted to correct in like manner his *Cannibals* and *Trojan Greeks*. We see no reason for attempting to *de-Pistolize* the text.—H. N. H.

204. That is, shall we stop here, and have no more sport?—H. N. H.

207. *"seen the seven stars"*; spent many a night together.—C. H. H.

217. *"Then death rock me asleep"*; etc.; said to be a fragment of an old song written by Anne Boleyn.—I. G.

Untwine the Sisters Three! Come, Atropos, I say!

*Host.* Here 's goodly stuff toward!

*Fal.* Give me my rapier, boy.

*Dol.* I pray thee, Jack, I pray thee, do not draw.

*Fal.* Get you down stairs.

[*Drawing, and driving Pistol out.*

*Host.* Here 's a goodly tumult! I 'll forswear keeping house, afore I 'll be in these tirrits and frights. So; murder, I warrant now. Alas, alas! put up your naked weapons, put up your naked weapons.

[*Exeunt Pistol and Bardolph.*

*Dol.* I pray thee, Jack, be quiet; the rascal 's gone. Ah, you whoreson little valiant villain, you!

*Host.* Are you not hurt i' the groin? methought a' made a shrewd thrust at your belly.

*Re-enter Bardolph.*

*Fal.* Have you turned him out o' doors?

219. *"Untwine the Sisters Three"; cp. Midsummer-Night's Dream,* V. i., where there is a reference to the "shears" of Atropos, the Fate that cut the thread of human destiny.—I. G.

Pistol scatters out fragments of old ballads as well as of old plays. "O death, rock me on slepe, bring me on quiet rest," is from an ancient song attributed to Anne Boleyn. There is another in the *Gorgious Gallery of Gallant Inventions,* 1578, which has furnished him with some of his rhodomontade:

"I hate this loathsome life,
O Atropos, draw nie,
Untwist the thred of mortall strife,
Send death, and let me die."—H. N. H.

*Bard.* Yea, sir. The rascal 's drunk: you have hurt him, sir, o' the shoulder.

*Fal.* A rascal! to brave me!

*Dol.* Ah, you sweet little rogue, you! Alas, poor ape, how thou sweatest! come, let me wipe thy face; come on, you whoreson chops: ah, rogue! i' faith, I love thee: thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times better than the Nine Worthies: ah, villain!

*Fal.* A rascally slave! I will toss the rogue in a blanket.

*Dol.* Do, an thou darest for thy heart: an thou dost, I 'll canvass thee between a pair of sheets.

*Enter Music.*

*Page.* The music is come, sir.

*Fal.* Let them play. Play, sirs. Sit on my knee, Doll. A rascal bragging slave! the rogue fled from me like quicksilver.

*Dol.* I' faith, and thou followedst him like a church. Thou whoreson little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig, when wilt thou leave fighting o' days and foining o' nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven?

*Enter, behind, Prince Henry and Poins, disguised.*

*Fal.* Peace, good Doll! do not speak like a death's-head; do not bid me remember mine end.

256. *"thou whoreson little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig";* Doll says this in coaxing playful ridicule of Falstaff's enormous bulk. It was a common subject of allusion.—H. N. H.

*Dol.* Sirrah, what humor 's the prince of?

*Fal.* A good shallow young fellow: a' would have made a good pantler, a' would ha' chipped bread well.

*Dol.* They say Poins has a good wit.

*Fal.* He a good wit? hang him, baboon! his wit 's as thick as Tewksbury mustard; there 's no more conceit in him than is in a mallet.

*Dol.* Why does the prince love him so, then?

*Fal.* Because their legs are both of a bigness; and a' plays at quoits well; and eats conger and fennel; and drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons; and rides the wild-mare with the boys; and jumps upon joined-stools; and swears with a good grace; and wears his boots very smooth, like unto the sign of the leg; and breeds no bate with telling of discreet stories; and such other gambol faculties a' has, that show a weak mind and an able body, for the which the prince admits him: for the prince himself is such another; the weight of a hair will turn the scales between their avoirdupois.

*Prince.* Would not this nave of a wheel have his ears cut off?

279. *"the sign of the leg";* suspended over shoemakers' shops.—C. H. H.

280. *"discreet";* Poins, it is insinuated tells *in*discreet (*i. e.* indecent) stories.—C. H. H.

287. *"nave of a wheel";* Falstaff is humorously called *nave of a wheel,* from his rotundity of figure. The equivoque between *nave* and *knave* is obvious.—H. N. H.

IN THE BOAR'S-HEAD TAVERN.

Sir John Falstaff and Doll Tearsheet.

King Henry IV., P. 2. Act 2, Scene 4.

*Poins.* Let 's beat him before his whore.
*Prince.* Look, whether the withered elder hath not his poll clawed like a parrot.
*Poins.* Is it not strange that desire should so many years outlive performance?
*Fal.* Kiss me, Doll.
*Prince.* Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction! what says the almanac to that?
*Poins.* And, look, whether the fiery Trigon, his man, be not lisping to his master's old tables, his note-book, his counsel-keeper.
*Fal.* Thou dost give me flattering busses.
*Dol.* By my troth, I kiss thee with a most constant heart.
*Fal.* I am old, I am old.
*Dol.* I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young boy of them all.
*Fal.* What stuff wilt have a kirtle of? I shall

295. This was indeed a prodigy. The astrologers, says Ficinus, remark that *Saturn and Venus* are never conjoined.—H. N. H.

297. *"Fiery Trigon";* alluding to the astrological division of the zodiacal signs into four *trigons* or *triplicities;* one consisting of the three *fiery* signs (Aries, Leo, and Sagittarius); the others, respectively, of three airy, three watery, and three earthy signs. When the three superior planets were in the three fiery signs they formed a *fiery trigon;* when in Cancer, Scorpio, and Pisces, a *watery* one, etc. —I. G.

Poins of course refers to Bardolph, who is supposed to be whispering to the Hostess, Sir John's *counsel-keeper.*—H. N. H.

306. *"kirtle";* few words, as Mr. Gifford observes, have occasioned such controversy as *kirtle.* The most familiar terms are often the most baffling to the antiquary; for, being in general use, they were clearly understood by our ancestors, and therefore are not accurately defined in the dictionaries. A *kirtle,* from the Saxon *cyrtel,* to *gird,* was undoubtedly *a petticoat,* which sometimes had a body without sleeves attached to it. *"Vasquine,"* says Cotgrave, "a *kirtle* or *petticoat.*" *"Surcot,* an *upper kirtle,* or garment worn over a

receive money o' Thursday: shalt have a cap to-morrow. A merry song, come: it grows late; we 'll to bed. Thou 'lt forget me when I am gone.

*Dol.* By my troth, thou 'lt set me a-weeping, an thou sayest so: prove that ever I dress myself handsome till thy return: well, hearken at the end.

*Fal.* Some sack, Francis.

*Prince.* } Anon, anon, sir. [*Coming forward.*
*Poins.* }

*Fal.* Ha! a bastard son of the king's? And art not thou Poins his brother?

*Prince.* Why, thou globe of sinful continents, what a life dost thou lead!

*Fal.* A better than thou: I am a gentleman; thou art a drawer.

*Prince.* Very true, sir; and I come to draw you out by the ears.

*Host.* O, the Lord preserve thy good grace! by my troth, welcome to London. Now, the Lord bless that sweet face of thine! O Jesu, are you come from Wales?

*Fal.* Thou whoreson mad compound of maj-

*kirtle."* Also, *"cotte de femme,* a *kirtle."* Chaucer also uses *kirtle* for a tunic or sleeveless coat for a man. Florio explains *Tonaca* "a coate or jacket, or a sleeveless coate. Also, a *woman's petticoat* or *kirtle,* an upper safeguard." Cotgrave also translates *"un devant de robe,* a *kirtle* or *apron."* Minsheu renders the Spanish word "vasquina, a *woman's petticoat* or *kirtle."* And, finally, Torriano defines *"grembiale,* an *apron,* a *fore-kirtle."* All this dictionary learning may appear very ridiculous, but at least it has put an end to doubt upon the subject.—H. N. H.

318. *"Poins his";* Poins's.—C. H. H.

esty, by this light flesh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome.

*Dol.* How, you fat fool! I scorn you.

*Poins.* My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

*Prince.* You whoreson candle-mine, you, how vilely did you speak of me even now before this honest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman!

*Host.* God's blessing of your good heart! and so she is, by my troth.

*Fal.* Didst thou hear me?

*Prince.* Yea, and you knew me, as you did when you ran away by Gadshill: you knew I was at your back, and spoke it on purpose to try my patience.

*Fal.* No, no, no; not so; I did not think thou wast within hearing.

*Prince.* I shall drive you then to confess the willful abuse; and then I know how to handle you.

*Fal.* No abuse, Hal, o' mine honor; no abuse.

*Prince.* Not to dispraise me, and call me pantler and bread-chipper and I know not what?

*Fal.* No abuse, Hal.

*Poins.* No abuse?

*Fal.* No abuse, Ned, i' the world; honest Ned, none. I dispraised him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him; in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend and a true subject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No

abuse, Hal: none, Ned, none: no, faith, boys, none.

*Prince.* See now, whether pure fear and entire cowardice doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to close with us. Is she of the wicked? is thine hostess here of the wicked? or is thy boy of the wicked? or honest Bardolph, whose zeal burns in his nose, of the wicked?

*Poins.* Answer, thou dead elm, answer.

*Fal.* The fiend hath pricked down Bardolph irrecoverable; and his face is Lucifer's privy-kitchen, where he doth nothing but roast malt-worms. For the boy, there is a good angel about him; but the devil outbids him too.

*Prince.* For the women?

*Fal.* For one of them, she is in hell already, and burns poor souls. For the other, I owe her money; and whether she be damned for that, I know not.

*Host.* No, I warrant you.

*Fal.* No, I think thou art not; I think thou art quit for that. Marry, there is another in-

371. *"thou dead elm";* Falstaff is apparently so called "on account of the weak support he had given to Doll Tearsheet" (his "vine" or "female ivy") (Schmidt).—C. H. H.

385–387. *"Marry, there is another indictment,"* etc.; Baret defines a *"victualling-house,* a tavern where meate is eaten *out of due season."* By several statutes made in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I for the regulation and observance of fish days, victualers were expressly forbidden to utter *flesh in Lent.* The brothels were formerly screened under the pretence of being victualing houses and taverns.—H. N. H.

dictment upon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the law; for the which I think thou wilt howl.

*Host.* All victualers do so: what 's a joint of mutton or two in a whole Lent?

*Prince.* You, gentlewoman,—

*Dol.* What says your grace?

*Fal.* His grace says that which his flesh rebels against. [*Knocking within.*

*Host.* Who knocks so loud at door? Look to the door there, Francis.

*Enter Peto.*

*Prince.* Peto, how now! what news?

*Peto.* The king your father is at Westminster;
And there are twenty weak and wearied posts
Come from the north: and as I came along,
I met and overtook a dozen captains,
Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns,
And asking every one for Sir John Falstaff.

*Prince.* By heaven, Poins, I feel me much to blame,
So idly to profane the precious time;
When tempest of commotion, like the south
Borne with black vapor, doth begin to melt,
And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.
Give me my sword and cloak. Falstaff, good night.

[*Exeunt Prince Henry, Poins, Peto, and Bardolph.*

*Fal.* Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the night, and we must hence, and leave it un-

picked. [*Knocking within.*] More knocking at the door!

*Re-enter Bardolph.*

How now! what 's the matter?

*Bard.* You must away to court, sir, presently; A dozen captains stay at door for you.

*Fal.* [*To the Page*] Pay the musicians, sirrah. Farewell, hostess; farewell, Doll. You see, my good wenches, how men of merit are sought after: the undeserver may sleep, when the man of action is called on. Farewell, good wenches: if I be not sent away post, I will see you again ere I go.

*Dol.* I cannot speak; if my heart be not ready to burst,—well, sweet Jack, have a care of thyself.

*Fal.* Farewell, farewell.

[*Exeunt Falstaff and Bardolph.*

*Host.* Well, fare thee well: I have known thee these twenty nine years, come peascod-time; but an honester and truer-hearted man,— well, fare thee well.

*Bard.* [*Within*] Mistress Tearsheet!

*Host.* What 's the matter?

*Bard.* [*Within*] Bid Mistress Tearsheet come to my master.

*Host.* O, run, Doll, run; run, good Doll: come. [*She comes blubbered.*] Yea, will you come, Doll? [*Exeunt.*

# ACT THIRD

## Scene I

*Westminster. The palace.*

*Enter the King in his nightgown, with a Page.*

*King.* Go call the Earls of Surrey and of Warwick;
But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read these letters,
And well consider of them: make good speed.
[*Exit Page.*
How many thousand of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep! O sleep, O gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sound of sweetest melody?

1. The whole scene omitted in Q. 1 (*i. e.* the earlier copies of the edition).—I. G.

O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile
In loathsome beds, and leavest the kingly couch
A watch-case or a common 'larum-bell?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge,
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deafening clamor in the slippery clouds,
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?
Canst thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;
And in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? Then happy low, lie down!
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

15. *"why liest thou,"* etc.; the most probable meaning of this obscure passage is, that the *kingly couch,* when *sleep* has *left* it, is as the *case* or *box* which shelters the *watchman;* or as the *common bell* that is to sound the *alarm* and rouse the sleeping people at the coming of danger. Strutt, however, in his *Manners and Customs,* cites from an old inventory a passage that may fit the text with a different explanation: "Item, a *laume* or *watch* of iron, in an iron *case,* with two leaden plumets." Knight remarks, that "by this *laume* or watch of iron, we are to understand the instrument now called an *alarm,*—a machine attached to a clock so as to ring at a certain hour." And he adds,—"It is difficult to say whether Shakespeare means by the *watch-case* the box of a sentinel, and by the *common 'larum bell,* the alarm bell which is rung out in cases of danger; or whether the *watch-case* is the covering of an instrument which gives motion to the bell of an alarum."—H. N. H.

25. *"that";* so that.—C. H. H.

30. *"Then happy low, lie down!";* Q. reads *"Then (happy) low lie downe."* Coleridge suggested *"Then, happy low-lie-down";* Warburton, *"happy lowly clown."* The Folio seems to make the meaning

*Enter Warwick and Surrey.*

*War.* Many good morrows to your majesty!
*King.* Is it good morrow, lords?
*War.* 'Tis one o'clock, and past.
*King.* Why, then, good morrow to you all, my lords.
Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you?
*War.* We have, my liege.
*King.* Then you perceive the body of our kingdom
How foul it is; what rank diseases grow,
And with what danger, near the heart of it.
*War.* It is but as a body yet distemper'd;
Which to his former strength may be restored
With good advice and little medicine:
My Lord Northumberland will soon be cool'd.
*King.* O God! that one might read the book of fate,
And see the revolution of the times
Make mountains level, and the continent,
Weary of solid firmness, melt itself
Into the sea! and, other times, to see
The beachy girdle of the ocean
Too wide for Neptune's hips; how chances mock,
And changes fill the cup of alteration
With divers liquors! O, if this were seen,

quite clear:—*"Then happy Lowe, lye downe"; "low"* is used substantively, "You who are happy in your humble situations, lay down your heads to rest," etc.—I. G.

43. *"little"; i. e.* "a little."—I. G.

50. *"ocean";* (three syllables).—C. H. H.

53–56. Omitted in Ff.—I. G.

The happiest youth, viewing his progress through,
What perils past, what crosses to ensue,
Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.
'Tis not ten years gone
Since Richard and Northumberland, great friends,
Did feast together, and in two years after
Were they at wars: it is but eight years since
This Percy was the man nearest my soul;
Who like a brother toil'd in my affairs,
And laid his love and life under my foot;
Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard
Gave him defiance. But which of you was by—
You, cousin Nevil, as I may remember—
[*To Warwick.*
When Richard, with his eye brimful of tears,

55. The sense of this whole line is evidently future. "What perils *being* past, what crosses are to ensue"; that is, what crosses will still await us, when we shall have passed through how great perils. This note were needless, but that Dr. Johnson took upon him to misunderstand the line.—H. N. H.

60. *"but eight years since";* this would bring the supposed historic date of this scene to 1407. The death of Glendower, reported at l. 103, happened according to Holinshed in 1408–1409 (actually in 1415).—C. H. H.

65. *"but which of you was by—";* the reference here is to Act v. sc. 1 of *King Richard II,* where Northumberland visits Richard in the Tower, to order his removal to Pomfret. The Poet had probably forgotten that Bolingbroke had already mounted the throne, and that neither he nor Warwick was present at the interview referred to, unless the latter were among the attendants of Northumberland, as he is not named among the *Dramatis Personæ.*—H. N. H.

66. *"cousin Nevil";* the earldom of Warwick did not come into the family of the Nevilles till the latter part of the reign of Henry VI; at this time it was in the family of Beauchamp.—I. G.

Then check'd and rated by Northumberland,
Did speak these words, now proved a prophecy?
'Northumberland, thou ladder by the which
My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne;'
Though then, God knows, I had no such intent,
But that necessity so bow'd the state,
That I and greatness were compell'd to kiss:
'The time shall come,' thus did he follow it,
'The time will come, that foul sin, gathering head,
Shall break into corruption:' so went on,
Foretelling this same time's condition,
And the division of our amity.

*War.* There is a history in all men's lives
Figuring the nature of the times deceased;
The which observed, a man may prophesy,
With a near aim, of the main chance of things
As yet not come to life, which in their seeds
And weak beginnings lie intreasured.
Such things become the hatch and brood of time;
And by the necessary form of this
King Richard might create a perfect guess
That great Northumberland, then false to him,
Would of that seed grow to a greater falseness;
Which should not find a ground to root upon,
Unless on you.

*King.* Are these things then necessities?
Then let us meet them like necessities:

87. *"the necessary form of this";* the form which this historic observation necessarily assumed.—C. H. H.

And that same word even now cries out on us:
They say the bishop and Northumberland
Are fifty thousand strong.

*War.* It cannot be, my lord;
Rumor doth double, like the voice and echo,
The numbers of the fear'd. Please it your grace
To go to bed. Upon my soul, my lord,
The powers that you already have sent forth
Shall bring this prize in very easily.
To comfort you the more, I have received
A certain instance that Glendower is dead.
Your majesty hath been this fortnight ill;
And these unseason'd hours perforce must add
Unto your sickness.

*K. Hen.* I will take your counsel:
And were these inward wars once out of hand,
We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land.

[*Exeunt.*

## Scene II.

*Gloucestershire. Before Justice Shallow's house.*

*Enter Shallow and Silence, meeting; Mouldy, Shadow, Wart, Feeble, Bullcalf, a Servant or two with them.*

*Shal.* Come on, come on, come on, sir; give me your hand, sir, give me your hand, sir: an

*"Justice Shallow";* the character has, with much reason, been identified with Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecote (*cp. The Merry Wives of Windsor*); perhaps there is a reference to his arms in the words, *"If the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason in the law of nature but I may snap at line."*—I. G.

early stirrer, by the rood! And how doth my good cousin Silence?

*Sil.* Good morrow, good cousin Shallow.

*Shal.* And how doth my cousin, your bedfellow? and your fairest daughter and mine, my god-daughter Ellen?

*Sil.* Alas, a black ousel, cousin Shallow!

*Shal.* By yea and nay, sir, I dare say my cousin William is become a good scholar: he is at Oxford still, is he not?

*Sil.* Indeed, sir, to my cost.

*Shal.* A' must, then, to the inns o' court shortly: I was once of Clement's Inn, where I think they will talk of mad Shallow yet.

*Sil.* You were called 'lusty Shallow' then, cousin.

*Shal.* By the mass, I was called any thing; and I would have done any thing indeed, too, and roundly too. There was I, and little John Doit of Staffordshire, and black George Barnes, and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squele, a Cotswold man; you had not four such swinge-bucklers in all the inns o' court again: and I may say to you, we knew where the bona-robas were, and had the best of them all at commandment. Then was Jack Fal-

3. The *"rood"* is the *cross* or *crucifix.*—H. N. H.

26. *"bona-robas"; "Buona-roba,* as we say, good stuff; a good, wholesome, plump-cheeked wench" (Florio).—H. N. H.

27. *"Then was Jack Falstaff, now Sir John, a boy, and page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk";* this is generally given as one of the points of evidence that Falstaff was originally called Oldcastle, Sir John Oldcastle having actually been in his youth page to the Duke of Norfolk: but it would seem that the same is true of Sir John Fastolf.—I. G.

staff, now Sir John, a boy, and page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk.

*Sil.* This Sir John, cousin, that comes hither anon about soldiers? 30

*Shal.* The same Sir John, the very same. I see him break Skogan's head at the court-gate, when a' was a crack not thus high: and the very same day did I fight with one Sampson Stockfish, a fruiterer, behind Gray's Inn. Jesu, Jesu, the mad days that

32. *"I see* (Ff., *'saw'*) *him break Skogan's head"* (Q., *Skoggins;* F. 1, *"Scoggans"*); two Scogans must be carefully differentiated, though probably both are confused by Shakespeare in this passage:—(i.) Henry Scogan, the poet, Chaucer's Scogan, described by Ben Jonson in *The Fortunate Isles,* as

> *"a fine gentleman, and master of arts*
> *Of Henry the Fourth's times, that made disguises*
> *For the King's sons, and writ in ballad royal*
> *Daintily well";*

(ii.) John Scogan, "an excellent mimick, and of great pleasantry in conversation, the favorite buffoon of the court of Edward IV." A book of *Scogins Jests* was published in 1565 by Andrew Borde, and probably suggested the name to Shakespeare.—I. G.

There has been a doughty dispute between Ritson and Malone whether there were two Skogans, *Henry* and *John,* or only one. Holinshed, speaking of the distinguished persons of King Edward the Fourth's time, mentions *"Scogan,* a learned gentleman, and student for a time in Oxford, of a pleasaunte witte, and bent to mery devises, in respecte whereof he was called into the courte, where giving himself to his natural inclination of mirthe and pleasaunte pastime, he plaied many sporting parts, althoughe not in suche uncivil manner as hath beene of hym reported." The name Skogan being thus associated in the popular mind with jesting, Shakespeare probably did not trouble himself much about adjustment of dates, and therefore gives no sign whether he meant *John* Skogan, the court-buffoon of Henry IV or *Henry* Skogan, the author of the above-mentioned jests.—H. N. H.

36. *"behind Gray's Inn";* then a sequestered spot in the open fields. —C. H. H.

I have spent! and to see how many of my old acquaintance are dead!

*Sil.* We shall all follow, cousin.

*Shal.* Certain, 'tis certain; very sure, very sure: death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all; all shall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?

*Sil.* By my troth, I was not there.

*Shal.* Death is certain. Is old Double of your town living yet?

*Sil.* Dead, sir.

*Shal.* Jesu, Jesu, dead! a' drew a good bow; and dead! a' shot a fine shoot: John a Gaunt loved him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead! a' would have clapped i' the clout at twelve score; and carried you a forehand shaft a fourteen and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to see. How a score of ewes now?

*Sil.* Thereafter as they be: a score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

*Shal.* And is old Double dead?

53. *"twelve score";* hit the white mark at twelve score yards. By the statute 33 Hen. VIII, c. 9, every person turned of seventeen years of age, who shoots at a less distance than twelve score, is to forfeit six shillings and eight pence.—H. N. H.

*"carried you a forehand shaft";* shot fourteen (score yards) . . . with a "forehand shaft." The exact character of this arrow is doubtful; but Ascham (*Toxoph.* p. 126) implies that it was one with which the archer shot "right afore him"; it was preferably made, according to Ascham, with a "big breast," in order "to bear the great weight of the bow." The utmost range of the sixteenth-century archers is supposed to have not exceeded 300 yards, or half a score more than "old Double."—C. H. H.

*Sil.* Here come two of Sir John Falstaff's men, as I think.

*Enter Bardolph, and one with him.*

*Bard.* Good morrow, honest gentlemen: I beseech you, which is Justice Shallow?

*Shal.* I am Robert Shallow, sir; a poor esquire of this county, and one of the king's justices of the peace: what is your good pleasure with me?

*Bard.* My captain, sir, commends him to you; my captain, Sir John Falstaff, a tall gentleman, by heaven, and a most gallant leader.

*Shal.* He greets me well, sir. I knew him a good back-sword man. How doth the good knight? may I ask how my lady his wife doth?

*Bard.* Sir, pardon; a soldier is better accommodated than with a wife.

*Shal.* It is well said, in faith, sir; and it is well said indeed too. Better accommodated! it is good; yea, indeed, is it: good phrases are surely, and ever were, very commendable. Accommodated! it comes of 'accommodo:' very good, a good phrase.

*Bard.* Pardon me, sir; I have heard the word.

81. *"accommodated";* it appears that it was fashionable in the Poet's time to introduce this word *accommodate* upon all occasions. Ben Jonson, in his *Discoveries,* calls it one of the perfumed terms of the time. The indefinite use of it is well ridiculed by Bardolph's vain attempt to define it. In *Every Man in his Humour,* Ben Jonson gives an example of the fantastic use of the word: "Hostess, *accommodate* us with another bedstaff. *Lend* us another bedstaff,—the woman does not understand the words of action."—H. N. H.

Phrase call you it? by this good day, I know not the phrase; but I will maintain the word with my sword to be a soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command, by heaven. Accommodated; that is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated; or when a man is, being, whereby a' may be thought to be accommodated; which is an excellent thing.

*Shall.* It is very just.

*Enter Falstaff.*

Look, here comes good Sir John. Give me your good hand, give me your worship's good hand: by my troth, you like well and bear your years very well: welcome, good Sir John.

*Fal.* I am glad to see you well, good Master Robert Shallow: Master Surecard, as I think?

*Shal.* No, Sir John; it is my cousin Silence, in commission with me.

*Fal.* Good Master Silence, it well befits you should be of the peace.

*Sil.* Your good worship is welcome.

*Fal.* Fie! this is hot weather, gentlemen. Have you provided me here half a dozen sufficient men?

*Shal.* Marry, have we, sir. Will you sit?

*Fal.* Let me see them, I beseech you.

*Shal.* Where's the roll? where's the roll? where's the roll? Let me see, let me see,

let me see. So, so, so, so, so, so, so: yea, marry, sir: Ralph Mouldy! Let them appear as I call; let them do so, let them do so. Let me see; where is Mouldy?

*Moul.* Here, an 't please you.

*Shal.* What think you, Sir John? a good-limbed fellow; young, strong, and of good friends.

*Fal.* Is thy name Mouldy?

*Moul.* Yea, an 't please you.

*Fal.* 'Tis the more time thou wert used.

*Shal.* Ha, ha, ha! most excellent, i' faith! things that are mouldy lack use: very singular good! in faith, well said, Sir John; very well said.

*Fal.* Prick him.

*Moul.* I was pricked well enough before, an you could have let me alone: my old dame will be undone now, for one to do her husbandry and her drudgery: you need not to have pricked me; there are other men fitter to go out than I.

*Fal.* Go to: peace, Mouldy; you shall go. Mouldy, it is time you were spent.

*Moul.* Spent!

*Shal.* Peace, fellow, peace; stand aside: know you where you are? For the other, Sir John: let me see: Simon Shadow!

*Fal.* Yea, marry, let me have him to sit under: he 's like to be a cold soldier.

*Shal.* Where 's Shadow?

*Shad.* Here, sir.

*Fal.* Shadow, whose son art thou?
*Shad.* My mother's son, sir.
*Fal.* Thy mother's son! like enough, and thy father's shadow: so the son of the female is the shadow of the male: it is often so, indeed; but much of the father's substance!
*Shal.* Do you like him, Sir John?
*Fal.* Shadow will serve for summer; prick him, for we have a number of shadows to fill up the muster-book.
*Shal.* Thomas Wart!
*Fal.* Where 's he?
*Wart.* Here, sir.
*Fal.* Is thy name Wart?
*Wart.* Yea, sir.
*Fal.* Thou art a very ragged wart.
*Shal.* Shall I prick him down, Sir John?
*Fal.* It were superfluous; for his apparel is built upon his back, and the whole frame stands upon pins: prick him no more.
*Shal.* Ha, ha, ha! you can do it, sir; you can do it: I commend you well. Francis Feeble!
*Fee.* Here, sir.
*Shal.* What trade art thou, Feeble?
*Fee.* A woman's tailor, sir.
*Shal.* Shall I prick him, sir?
*Fal.* You may: but if he had been a man's

151. *"but much of the father's substance";* so Q.; Ff., *"not";* the Variorum of 1821 proposed *"not much";* the Quarto reading must be understood as ironical.—I. G.

154. *"shadows to fill up the muster-book"; i. e.* bogus names which the recruiting officer entered in his list and for which he drew pay; a common source of military revenue.—C. H. H.

tailor, he 'ad ha' pricked you. Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle as thou hast done in a woman's petticoat?

*Fee.* I will do my good will, sir: you can have no more.

*Fal.* Well said, good woman's tailor! well said, courageous Feeble! thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove or most magnanimous mouse. Prick the woman's tailor: well, Master Shallow; deep, Master Shallow.

*Fee.* I would Wart might have gone, sir.

*Fal.* I would thou wert a man's tailor, that thou mightst mend him and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to a private soldier, that is the leader of so many thousands: let that suffice, most forcible Feeble.

*Fee.* It shall suffice, sir.

*Fal.* I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble. Who is next?

*Shal.* Peter Bullcalf o' the green!

*Fal.* Yea, marry, let 's see Bullcalf.

*Bull.* Here, sir.

*Fal.* 'Fore God, a likely fellow! Come, prick me Bullcalf till he roar again.

*Bull.* O Lord! good my lord captain,—

*Fal.* What, dost thou roar before thou art pricked?

*Bull.* O Lord, sir! I am a diseased man.

*Fal.* What disease hast thou?

180. *"magnanimous"*; heroic.—C. H. H.

187. *"the leader of so many thousands"*; viz. in his ragged dress.—C. H. H.

FALSTAFF RECRUITING.

Fal. "What, dost thou roar before thou art prick'd?"

Bull. "O Lord, sir! I am a diseased man."

King Henry IV., P. 2. Act 3, Scene 2.

*Bull.* A whoreson cold, sir, a cough, sir, which I caught with ringing in the king's affairs upon his coronation-day, sir.

*Fal.* Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown; we will have away thy cold; and I will take such order that thy friends shall ring for thee. Is here all?

*Shal.* Here is two more called than your number; you must have but four here, sir: and so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

*Fal.* Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, by my troth, Master Shallow.

*Shal.* O, Sir John, do you remember since we lay all night in the windmill in Saint George's field?

*Fal.* No more of that, good Master Shallow, no more of that.

*Shal.* Ha! 'twas a merry night. And is Jane Nightwork alive?

*Fal.* She lives, Master Shallow.

*Shal.* She never could away with me.

*Fal.* Never, never; she would always say she could not abide Master Shallow.

*Shal.* By the mass, I could anger her to the heart. She was then a bona-roba. Doth she hold her own well?

207, 208. Shallow reckons six men in all; only five have appeared. Probably one of Shakespeare's occasional oversights in numbers.—C. H. H.

220. *"never could away";* this phrase,—equivalent to cannot *endure,* or cannot *abide,*—was quite common in Shakespeare's time, and is scarce obsolete even yet.—H. N. H.

*Fal.* Old, old, Master Shallow.

*Shal.* Nay, she must be old; she cannot choose but be old; certain she 's old; and had Robin Nightwork by old Nightwork before I came to Clement's Inn.

*Sil.* That 's fifty-five year ago.

*Shal.* Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that which this knight and I have seen! Ha, Sir John, said I well?

*Fal.* We have heard the chimes at midnight, Master Shallow.

*Shal.* That we have, that we have, that we have; in faith, Sir John, we have: our watch-word was 'Hem boys!' Come, let 's to dinner; come, let 's to dinner: Jesus, the days that we have seen! Come, come.

[*Exeunt Falstaff and the Justices.*

*Bull.* Good master corporate Bardolph, stand my friend; and here's four Harry ten shillings in French crowns for you. In very truth, sir, I had as lief be hanged, sir, as go; and yet, for mine own part, sir, I do not care; but rather, because I am unwilling, and, for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my friends; else, sir, I did not care, for mine own part, so much.

*Bard.* Go to; stand aside.

*Moul.* And, good master corporal captain, for my old dame's sake, stand my friend: she

243. *"Harry ten shillings";* there were no coins of ten shillings value in Henry the Fourth's time. Shakespeare's *Harry ten shillings* were those of Henry VII or Henry VIII. He thought that those might do for any other Henry.—H. N. H.

has nobody to do any thing about her when I am gone; and she is old, and cannot help herself: you shall have forty, sir.

*Bard.* Go to; stand aside.

*Fee.* By my troth, I care not; a man can die but once: we owe God a death: I 'll ne'er bear a base mind: an 't be my destiny, so; an't be not, so; no man 's too good to serve 's prince; and let it go which way it will, he that dies this year is quit for the next.

*Bard.* Well said; thou 'rt a good fellow.

*Fee.* Faith, I 'll bear no base mind.

*Re-enter Falstaff and the Justices.*

*Fal.* Come, sir, which men shall I have?

*Shal.* Four of which you please.

*Bard.* Sir, a word with you: I have three pound to free Mouldy and Bullcalf.

*Fal.* Go to; well.

*Shal.* Come, Sir John, which four will you have?

*Fal.* Do you choose for me.

*Shal.* Marry, then, Mouldy, Bullcalf, Feeble and Shadow.

*Fal.* Mouldy and Bullcalf: for you, Mouldy, stay at home till you are past service: and for your part, Bullcalf, grow till you come unto it: I will none of you.

*Shal.* Sir John, Sir John, do not yourself

256. *"forty"; i. e.* shillings.—C. H. H.

268. *"three pound";* Bardolph was to have *four* pound: perhaps he means to conceal part of his profit.—H. N. H.

wrong: they are your likeliest men, and I would have you served with the best.

*Fal.* Will you tell me, Master Shallow, how to choose a man? Care I for the limb, the thewes, the stature, bulk, and big assemblance of a man! Give me the spirit, Master Shallow. Here 's Wart; you see what a ragged appearance it is: a' shall charge you and discharge you with the motion of a pewterer's hammer, come off and on swifter than he that gibbets on the brewer's bucket. And this same half-faced fellow, Shadow; give me this man: he presents no mark to the enemy; the foeman may with as great aim level at the edge of a penknife. And for a retreat; how swiftly will this Feeble the woman's tailor run off! O, give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones. Put me a caliver into Wart's hand, Bardolph.

*Bard.* Hold, Wart, traverse; thus, thus, thus.

*Fal.* Come, manage me your caliver. So: very well: go to: very good, exceeding good. O, give me always a little, lean, old, chapt, bald

285. *"big assemblance";* big look, semblance. This is the only attested usage of the word; and note "a ragged appearance" in line 288. But probably there is a suggestion of "assemblage," "big aggregate," "large make."—C. H. H.

291. *"gibbets on the brewer's bucket";* Dr. Johnson explains this, from a personal acquaintance with the terms of the brewery,—"Swifter than he who puts the buckets on the beam, or gibbet, that passes across his shoulders, in order to carry the beer from the vat to the barrel."—H. N. H.

shot. Well said, i' faith, Wart; thou 'rt a good scab: hold, there 's a tester for thee.

*Shal.* He is not his craft's-master; he doth not do it right. I remember at Mile-end Green, when I lay at Clement's Inn,—I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthur's show,—there was a little quiver fellow, and a' would manage you his piece thus; and a' would about and about, and come you in and come you in: 'rah, tah, tah,' would a' say; 'bounce' would a' say; and away again would a' go, and again would a' come: I shall ne'er see such a fellow.

*Fal.* These fellows will do well, Master Shallow. God keep you, Master Silence: I will not use many words with you. Fare you well, gentlemen both: I thank you: I must

305. *"shot,"* for *shooter.* So in the *Exercise of Arms,* 1609: "First of all is in this figure showed to every *shot* how he shall stand and march, and carry his *caliver.*"—*"Well said"* was used where we should say "well *done.*"—H. N. H.

310. *"Dagonet in Arthur's show"; Sir Dagonet* is Arthur's fool in the story of *Tristram de Lyonesse; "Arthur's show"* was an exhibition of archery by a society of 58 members which styled itself *"The Auncient Order, Society, and Unitie laudable of Prince Arthur and his Knightly Armory of the Round Table,"* and took the names of the knights of the old romance. Mulcaster referred to it in his *Positions, concerning the training up of children* (1581). The meeting-place of the society was Mile-end Green.—I. G.

It is significant of the slight repute of Arthurian story—even after Spenser—among Elizabethan men of letters, that most of Shakespeare's allusions to it occur in connection with Falstaff.—C. H. H.

Shakespeare has admirably heightened the ridicule of Shallow's vanity and folly, by making him boast in this parenthesis that he was *Sir Dagonet,* who, though one of the knights, is also represented in the romance as King Arthur's *fool.—Quiver* is *nimble, active.*—H. N. H.

a dozen mile to-night. Bardolph, give the soldiers coats.

*Shal.* Sir John, the Lord bless you! God prosper your affairs! God send us peace! At your return visit our house; let our old acquaintance be renewed: peradventure I will with ye to the court.

*Fal.* 'Fore God, I would you would, Master Shallow.

*Shal.* Go to; I have spoke at a word. God keep you.

*Fal.* Fare you well, gentle gentlemen. [*Exeunt Justices.*] On, Bardolph; lead the men away. [*Exeunt Bardolph, Recruits, etc.*] As I return, I will fetch off these justices: I do see the bottom of Justice Shallow. Lord, Lord, how subject we old men are to this vice of lying! This same starved justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth, and the feats he hath done about Turnbull Street; and every third word a lie, duer paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute. I do remember him at Clement's Inn like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring: when a' was naked, he was, for all the world, like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife: a' was so forlorn, that his dimensions to any thick sight were invisible: a' was the very genius of

331. *"at a word";* in one word.—C. H. H.

350. *"invisible";* Rowe's emendation; Q. and Ff., *"invincible"; i. e.*

famine; yet lecherous as a monkey, and the whores called him mandrake: a' came ever in the rearward of the fashion, and sung those tunes to the overscutched huswives that he heard the carmen whistle, and sware they were his fancies or his goodnights. And now is this Vice's dagger become a squire, and talks as familiarly of John a Gaunt as if he had been sworn brother to him; and I 'll be sworn a' ne'er saw him but once in the Tilt-yard; and then he burst his head for crowding among the marshal's men. I saw it, and told John a Gaunt he beat his own name; for you might have thrust him and all his apparel into an eel-skin; the case of a treble hautboy was a mansion for him, a court: and now has he land and beefs. Well, I 'll be acquainted with him, if I return; and it shall go hard but I will make him a philosopher's two

(?) "not to be evinced, not to be made out, indeterminable" (Schmidt).—I. G.

351, 352. *"yet . . . mandrake";* 352–355, *"a' came . . . good-nights";* omitted in Ff.—I. G.

356. *"fancies . . . good-nights";* common titles of little poems. —C. H. H.

357. *"And now is this Vice's dagger become a squire";* there is something excessively ludicrous in the comparison of Shallow to this powerless weapon of that droll personage, the Old Vice or fool.—H. N. H.

359. *"sworn brother";* in the language of chivalry a term for knights who swore to share all dangers (*fratres jurati*).—C. H. H.

362. *"burst," brast,* and *broken* were formerly synonymous.—H. N. H.

364. *"his own name"; i. e.* Gaunt's.—C. H. H.

370. *"philosopher's two stones";* "one of which was an universal

stones to me: if the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason in the law of nature but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end. [*Exit.*

medicine, the other a transmuter of base metals into gold"; so Warburton; Malone explains:—"I will make him of *twice* the value of the philosopher's stone."—I. G.

# ACT FOURTH

## Scene I

*Yorkshire. Gaultree Forest.*

*Enter the Archbishop of York, Mowbray, Hastings, and others.*

*Arch.* What is this forest call'd?
*Hast.* 'Tis Gaultree Forest, an 't shall please your grace.
*Arch.* Here stand, my lords; and send discoverers forth
To know the numbers of our enemies.
*Hast.* We have sent forth already.
*Arch.* 'Tis well done.
My friends and brethren in these great affairs,
I must acquaint you that I have received
New-dated letters from Northumberland;
Their cold intent, tenor and substance, thus:
Here doth he wish his person, with such powers
As might hold sortance with his quality,
The which he could not levy; whereupon
He is retired, to ripe his growing fortunes,
To Scotland: and concludes in hearty prayers

11. *"hold sortance with";* sort with, be in keeping with.—C. H. H.

That your attempts may overlive the hazard
And fearful meeting of their opposite.

*Mowb.* Thus do the hopes we have in him touch ground
And dash themselves to pieces.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Hast.* Now, what news?

*Mess.* West of this forest, scarcely off a mile,
In goodly form comes on the enemy;
And, by the ground they hide, I judge their number
Upon or near the rate of thirty thousand.

*Mowb.* The just proportion that we gave them out.
Let us sway on and face them in the field.

*Arch.* What well-appointed leader fronts us here?

*Enter Westmoreland.*

*Mowb.* I think it is my Lord of Westmoreland.

*West.* Health and fair greeting from our general,
The prince, Lord John and Duke of Lancaster.

*Arch.* Say on, my Lord of Westmoreland, in peace:
What doth concern your coming?

*West.* Then, my lord,
Unto your grace do I in chief address
The substance of my speech. If that rebellion
Came like itself, in base and abject routs,
Led on by bloody youth, guarded with rags,

25. *"well-appointed";* completely accoutered.—H. N. H.
30. *"What does your coming import?"*—C. H. H.
34. *"bloody; guarded";* Baret carefully distinguishes between

And countenanced by boys and beggary;
I say, if damn'd commotion so appear'd,
In his true, native and most proper shape,
You, reverend father, and these noble lords
Had not been here, to dress the ugly form
Of base and bloody insurrection
With your fair honors. You, lord Archbishop,
Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd,
Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath touch'd,
Whose learning and good letters peace hath tutor'd,
Whose white investments figure innocence,
The dove and very blessed spirit of peace,
Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself
Out of the speech of peace that bears such grace,
Into the harsh and boisterous tongue of war;
Turning your books to graves, your ink to blood,
Your pens to lances, and your tongue divine
To a loud trumpet and a point of war?

*Arch.* Wherefore do I this? so the question stands.
Briefly to this end: we are all diseased,

*bloody,* full of blood, *sanguineous,* and *bloody,* desirous of blood, *sanguinarius.* In this speech Shakespeare uses the word in both senses.—*"Guarded"* is a metaphor taken from dress; to *guard* being to ornament with guards or facings.—H. N. H.

45. *"investments";* formerly all bishops wore white, even when they traveled. This *white investment* was the episcopal rochet.—H. N. H.

50. *"graves";* Warburton proposed *glaives,* Steevens *greaves;* which latter Singer approves and remarks "that *greaves,* or leg-armour, is sometimes spelt *graves.*" Mr. Verplanck concurs in the same emendation.—H. N. H.

And with our surfeiting and wanton hours
Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,
And we must bleed for it; of which disease
Our late king, Richard, being infected, died.
But, my most noble Lord of Westmoreland,
I take not on me here as a physician,
Nor do I as an enemy to peace
Troop in the throngs of military men;
But rather show a while like fearful war,
To diet rank minds sick of happiness,
And purge the obstructions which begin to stop
Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.
I have in equal balance justly weigh'd
What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we suffer,
And find our griefs heavier than our offenses.
We see which way the stream of time doth run,
And are enforced from our most quiet there
By the rough torrent of occasion;
And have the summary of all our griefs,
When time shall serve, to show in articles;
Which long ere this we offer'd to the king,
And might by no suit gain our audience:
When we are wrong'd and would unfold our griefs,
We are denied access unto his person

55–79. Omitted in Q.—I. G.

60. *"I take not on me as"*; I do not assume the part of.—C. H. H.

71. *"our most quiet there"*; our perfect acquiescence in its course. The idea is that of smoothly running waters suddenly diverted by the inrush of a turbulent torrent.—C. H. H.

*"there"*; the reading of the Ff.; Hanmer conjectured *"sphere"*; Collier *"chair."*—I. G.

Even by those men that most have done us wrong.
The dangers of the days but newly gone,
Whose memory is written on the earth
With yet appearing blood, and the examples
Of every minute's instance, present now,
Hath put us in these ill-beseeming arms,
Not to break peace or any branch of it,
But to establish here a peace indeed,
Concurring both in name and quality.

*West.* When ever yet was your appeal denied?
Wherein have you been galled by the king?
What peer hath been suborn'd to grate on you,
That you should seal this lawless bloody book
Of forged rebellion with a seal divine,
And consecrate commotion's bitter edge?

82. *"examples of every minute's instance";* are examples which every minute *instances* or supplies.—H. N. H.

93. That is, the *edge* of bitter strife and *commotion;* the sword of rebellion.—H. N. H.

Neither this line nor 95 is to be found in the Ff., and they are omitted in some copies of the Q. To some corruption of the text is due the obscurity of ll. 94–96, which Clarke paraphrases:—"The grievances of my brother general, the commonwealth, and the home cruelty to my born brother, cause me to make this quarrel my own." The archbishop's brother had been beheaded by the king's order.—I. G.

This most obscure passage seems quite incapable of a satisfactory explanation. Perhaps the best is that proposed by Monck Mason: "My brother-general makes the commonwealth his cause of quarrel; an household cruelty to one born my brother I make my quarrel in particular"; which, however unsatisfactory otherwise, has the merit of agreeing very well with what Worcester says in The First Part, Act i. sc. 3: "The archbishop,—who bears hard his brother's death at Bristol, the lord Scroop." Dr. Johnson would read, "My *quarrel* general," which is perhaps worth considering, as it makes a sort of antithesis between *general* and *particular,* where something of the kind seems intended. The meaning in that case would be,—The

*Arch.* My brother general, the commonwealth,
To brother born an household cruelty,
I make my quarrel in particular.
*West.* There is no need of any such redress;
Or if there were, it not belongs to you.
*Mowb.* Why not to him in part, and to us all
That feel the bruises of the days before,
And suffer the condition of these times
To lay a heavy and unequal hand
Upon our honors?
*West.* O, my good Lord Mowbray,
Construe the times to their necessities,
And you shall say indeed, it is the time,
And not the king, that doth you injuries.
Yet for your part, it not appears to me
Either from the king or in the present time
That you should have an inch of any ground
To build a grief on: were you not restored
To all the Duke of Norfolk's signories,
Your noble and right well remember'd father's?
*Mowb.* What thing, in honor, had my father lost,
That need to be revived and breathed in me?
The king that loved him, as the state stood then,
Was force perforce compell'd to banish him:
And then that Henry Bolingbroke and he,

commonwealth I make my *general,* an household cruelty my *particular,* cause of quarrel. Several other changes have been proposed, but they do not appear to relieve the obscurity. One can scarce doubt that a line must have been dropped out in the printing; but this of course is what no editor can supply. The second line of the speech is wanting in the folio; which somewhat abridges the obscurity indeed, but that is all it does.—H. N. H.

103–109. Omitted in Q.—I. G.

Being mounted and both roused in their seats,
Their neighing coursers daring of the spur,
Their armed staves in charge, their beavers down,
Their eyes of fire sparkling through sights of steel
And the loud trumpet blowing them together,
Then, then, when there was nothing could have stay'd
My father from the breast of Bolingbroke,
O, when the king did throw his warder down,
His own life hung upon the staff he threw;
Then threw he down himself and all their lives
That by indictment and by dint of sword
Have since miscarried under Bolingbroke.

*West.* You speak, Lord Mowbray, now you know not what.
The Earl of Hereford was reputed then
In England the most valiant gentleman:
Who knows on whom fortune would then have smiled?
But if your father had been victor there,
He ne'er had borne it out of Coventry:
For all the country in a general voice
Cried hate upon him; and all their prayers and love
Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on
And bless'd and graced indeed, more than the king.

120. *"their armed staves in charge";* that is, their *lances* fixed in the rest for the encounter.—H. N. H.

131. *"Earl"; duke* of Hereford.—H. N. H.

139. *"indeed";* Ff., *"and did."*—C. H. H.

But this is mere digression from my purpose.
Here come I from our princely general
To know your griefs; to tell you from his grace
That he will give you audience; and wherein
It shall appear that your demands are just,
You shall enjoy them, every thing set off
That might so much as think you enemies.
*Mowb.* But he hath forced us to compel this offer;
And it proceeds from policy, not love.
*West.* Mowbray, you overween to take it so;
This offer comes from mercy, not from fear:
For, lo! within a ken our army lies,
Upon mine honor, all too confident
To give admittance to a thought of fear.
Our battle is more full of names than yours,
Our men more perfect in the use of arms,
Our armor all as strong, our cause the best;
Then reason will our hearts should be as good:
Say you not then our offer is compell'd.
*Mowb.* Well, by my will we shall admit no parley.
*West.* That argues but the shame of your offense:
A rotten case abides no handling.
*Hast.* Hath the Prince John a full commission,
In very ample virtue of his father,
To hear and absolutely to determine
Of what conditions we shall stand upon?
*West.* That is intended in the general's name:
I muse you make so slight a question.

154. *"of names";* of notable men.—C. H. H.

166. *"intended in the general's name";* implied in the title of general which he bears.—C. H. H.

*Arch.* Then take, my Lord of Westmoreland, this schedule,
For this contains our general grievances:
Each several article herein redress'd,
All members of our cause, both here and hence,
That are insinewed to this action,
Acquitted by a true substantial form,
And present execution of our wills
To us and to our purposes confined,
We come within our awful banks again,
And knit our powers to the arm of peace.
*West.* This will I show the general. Please you, lords,
In sight of both our battles we may meet;
And neither end in peace, which God so frame!
Or to the place of difference call the swords
Which must decide it.
*Arch.* My lord, we will do so. [*Exit West.*
*Mowb.* There is a thing within my bosom tells me
That no conditions of our peace can stand.

173. *"true substantial form"; i. e.* "in due form and legal validity." —I. G.

174, 175. *"Immediate execution of our wishes being confirmed to us and our demands."* Q., Ff. read *"purposes confined."* Unless we suppose a harsh break in construction, this makes the Archbishop lay down as one of the conditions that the execution of their wishes should be restricted. Johnson proposed "consigned." But even so, the sentence is feebly expressed, and can only be saved from tautology by distinguishing between "our wills"= our wishes in general, and "our purposes"= our explicit demands. The whole scene is, for Shakespeare, languidly written.—C. H. H.

176. *"awful";* of course the image of a river is suggested; human life being compared to a stream that ought to flow in reverential obedience to the order and institutions of the state. Keeping itself within the proper bounds, it moves in reverence and awe; in overflowing them it renounces this. This sense of *awful* is peculiar to Shakespeare.—H. N. H.

*Hast.* Fear you not that: if we can make our peace
Upon such large terms and so absolute
As our conditions shall consist upon,
Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.

*Mowb.* Yea, but our valuation shall be such
That every slight and false-derived cause,
Yea, every idle, nice and wanton reason
Shall to the king taste of this action;
That, were our royal faiths martyrs in love,
We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind
That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff
And good from bad find no partition.

*Arch.* No, no, my lord. Note this; the king is weary
Of dainty and such picking grievances:
For he hath found to end one doubt by death
Revives two greater in the heirs of life,
And therefore will he wipe his tables clean,
And keep no tell-tale to his memory
That may repeat and history his loss
To new remembrance; for full well he knows
He cannot so precisely weed this land
As his misdoubts present occasion:
His foes are so enrooted with his friends
That, plucking to unfix an enemy,
He doth unfasten so and shake a friend.
So that this land, like an offensive wife

193. *"royal faiths";* the faith due to a king. So in *King Henry VIII:* "The citizens have shown at full their *royal* minds," that is, their minds well affected to the king.—H. N. H.

198. *"dainty and such picking grievances";* such minute and capricious grounds of quarrel.—C. H. H.

That hath enraged him on to offer strokes,
As he is striking, holds his infant up,
And hangs resolved correction in the arm
That was uprear'd to execution.

*Hast.* Besides, the king hath wasted all his rods
On late offenders, that he now doth lack
The very instruments of chastisement:
So that his power, like to a fangless lion,
May offer, but not hold.

*Arch.* 'Tis very true:
And therefore be assured, my good lord marshal,
If we do now make our atonement well,
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,
Grow stronger for the breaking.

*Mowb.* Be it so.
Here is return'd my Lord of Westmoreland.

*Re-enter Westmoreland.*

*West.* The prince is here at hand: pleaseth your lordship
To meet his grace just distance 'tween our armies.

*Mowb.* Your grace of York, in God's name, then, set forward.

*Arch.* Before, and greet his grace: my lord, we come.

[*Exeunt.*

## Scene II

*Another part of the forest.*

*Enter, from one side, Mowbray, attended; afterwards, the Archbishop, Hastings, and others: from the other side, Prince John of Lancaster, and Westmoreland; Officers, and others with them.*

*Lan.* You are well encounter'd here, my cousin Mowbray:
Good day to you, gentle lord archbishop;
And so to you, Lord Hastings, and to all.
My Lord of York, it better show'd with you
When that your flock, assembled by the bell,
Encircled you to hear with reverence
Your exposition on the holy text,
Than now to see you here an iron man,
Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,
Turning the word to sword and life to death.
That man that sits within a monarch's heart,
And ripens in the sunshine of his favor,
Would he abuse the countenance of the king,
Alack, what mischiefs might he set abroach
In shadow of such greatness! With you, lord bishop,
It is even so. Who hath not heard it spoken
How deep you were within the books of God?

8. *"iron man";* Holinshed says of the Archbishop, that, *"coming* foorth amongst them *clad in armour,* he encouraged and pricked them foorth to take the enterprise in hand."—H. N. H.

To us the speaker in his parliament;
To us the imagined voice of God himself;
The very opener and intelligencer
Between the grace, the sanctities of heaven
And our dull workings. O, who shall believe
But you misuse the reverence of your place,
Employ the countenance and grace of heaven,
As a false favorite doth his prince's name,
In deeds dishonorable? You have ta'en up,
Under the counterfeited zeal of God,
The subjects of his substitute, my father,
And both against the peace of heaven and him
Have here up-swarm'd them.

*Arch.* Good my Lord of Lancaster,
I am not here against your father's peace;
But, as I told my Lord of Westmoreland,
The time misorder'd doth, in common sense,
Crowd us and crush us to this monstrous form,
To hold our safety up. I sent your grace
The parcels and particulars of our grief,
The which hath been with scorn shoved from the court,
Whereon this Hydra son of war is born;
Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleep

27. *"zeal"*; perhaps with a play on *"seal."*—C. H. H.

33. *"in common sense"*; *i. e.* through the agency of mere ordinary perception and understanding. York urges that his extraordinary action (in leading a revolt) springs from the normal instinct of self-defense.—C. H. H.

34. *"monstrous"*; unusual, extraordinary.—C. H. H.

38. *"this Hydra son of war"*; the revolt has started up at the scornful rejection of the complaints, as a new Hydra-head from the lopping off of the old.—C. H. H.

With grant of our most just and right desires,
And true obedience, of this madness cured,
Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty.

*Mowb.* If not, we ready are to try our fortunes
To the last man.

*Hast.* And though we here fall down,
We have supplies to second our attempt:
If they miscarry, theirs shall second them;
And so success of mischief shall be born,
And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up,
Whiles England shall have generation.

*Lan.* You are too shallow, Hastings, much too shallow,
To sound the bottom of the after-times.

*West.* Pleaseth your grace to answer them directly
How far forth you do like their articles.

*Lan.* I like them all, and do allow them well;
And swear here, by the honor of my blood,
My father's purposes have been mistook;
And some about him have too lavishly
Wrested his meaning and authority.
My lord, these griefs shall be with speed redress'd;
Upon my soul, they shall. If this may please you,
Discharge your powers unto their several counties,
As we will ours: and here between the armies
Let 's drink together friendly and embrace,

47. *"success of mischief";* a continuous succession of calamities.—C. H. H.

60. In Holinshed this treacherous proposal is made by Westmoreland.—C. H. H.

That all their eyes may bear those tokens home
Of our restored love and amity.

*Arch.* I take your princely word for these redresses.

*Lan.* I give it you, and will maintain my word:
And thereupon I drink unto your grace.

*Hast.* Go, captain, and deliver to the army
This news of peace: let them have pay, and part:
I know it will well please them. Hie thee, captain. [*Exit Officer.*

*Arch.* To you, my noble Lord of Westmoreland.

*West.* I pledge your grace; and, if you knew what pains
I have bestow'd to breed this present peace,
You would drink freely: but my love to ye
Shall show itself more openly hereafter.

*Arch.* I do not doubt you.

*West.* I am glad of it.
Health to my lord and gentle cousin, Mowbray.

*Mowb.* You wish me health in very happy season;
For I am, on the sudden, something ill.

*Arch.* Against ill chances men are ever merry;
But heaviness foreruns the good event.

*West.* Therefore be merry, coz; since sudden sorrow
Serves to say thus, 'some good thing comes to-morrow.'

*Arch.* Believe me, I am passing light in spirit.

*Mowb.* So much the worse, if your own rule be true. [*Shouts within.*

*Lan.* The word of peace is render'd: hark, how they shout!

*Mowb.* This had been cheerful after victory.

*Arch.* A peace is of the nature of a conquest;
For then both parties nobly are subdued,
And neither party loser.

*Lan.* Go, my lord,
And let our army be discharged too.
[*Exit Westmoreland.*
And, good my lord, so please you, let our trains
March by us, that we may peruse the men
We should have coped withal.

*Arch.* Go, good Lord Hastings,
And, ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by.
[*Exit Hastings.*

*Lan.* I trust, lords, we shall lie to-night together.

*Re-enter Westmoreland.*

Now, cousin, wherefore stands our army still?

*West.* The leaders, having charge from you to stand,
Will not go off until they hear you speak.

*Lan.* They know their duties.

*Re-enter Hastings.*

*Hast.* My lord, our army is dispersed already:
Like youthful steers unyoked, they take their courses
East, west, north, south; or, like a school broke up,
Each hurries toward his home and sporting-place.

*West.* Good tidings, my Lord Hastings; for the which
I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason:
And you, lord archbishop, and you, Lord Mowbray,
Of capital treason I attach you both.
*Mowb.* Is this proceeding just and honorable?
*West.* Is your assembly so?
*Arch.* Will you thus break your faith ?
*Lan.* I pawn'd thee none:
I promised you redress of these same grievances
Whereof you did complain; which, by mine honor,
I will perform with a most Christian care.
But for you, rebels, look to taste the due
Meet for rebellion and such acts as yours.
Most shallowly did you these arms commence,
Fondly brought here and foolishly sent hence.
Strike up our drums, pursue the scatter'd stray:
God, and not we, hath safely fought to-day.
Some guard these traitors to the block of death,
Treason's true bed and yielder up of breath.
[*Exeunt.*

120. *"stray"*; stragglers.—C. H. H.

122, 123. Johnson and other critics have been mighty indignant that the Poet did not put into the mouth of some character a strain of hot indignation against this instance of treachery. In answer to which Mr. Verplanck very aptly quotes a remark said to have been made by Chief Justice Marshall. The counsel, it seems, had been boring the court a long time with trying to prove points that nobody doubted; and the judge, after hearing it as long as he well could, very quietly informed him that "there were some things which the

## Scene III

*Another part of the forest.*

*Alarum. Excursions. Enter Falstaff and Colevile, meeting.*

*Fal.* What 's your name, sir? of what condition are you, and of what place, I pray?

*Cole.* I am a knight, sir; and my name is Colevile of the dale.

*Fal.* Well, then, Colevile is your name, a knight is your degree, and your place the dale: Colevile shall be still your name, a traitor your degree, and the dungeon your place, a place deep enough; so shall you be still Colevile of the dale. 10

*Cole.* Are not you Sir John Falstaff?

*Fal.* As good a man as he, sir, whoe'er I am. Do ye yield, sir? or shall I sweat for you? If I do sweat, they are the drops of thy lovers, and they weep for thy death: there-

court might safely be presumed to know." Perhaps the critics in question did not duly consider, that the surest way in such cases to keep down right feeling, is to take for granted that men don't know how to feel, and so go about to school and cudgel them up to it. Mr. Verplanck justly observes, that, when Mowbray asks,—"Is this proceeding just and honorable?" the Poet "took for granted that his audience would find an unhesitating and unanimous negative and indignant reply in their own hearts, without hearing a sermon upon it from the deceived Archbishop, or a lecture from some bystander."—H. N. H.

*Sc. 3. "Colevile";* Sir John Colevile of the dale is mentioned by Holinshed as one of the rebels who were taken and executed. His name was pronounced "Colëvile."—C. H. H.

fore rouse up fear and trembling, and do observance to my mercy.

*Cole.* I think you are Sir John Falstaff, and in that thought yield me.

*Fal.* I have a whole school of tongues in this belly of mine, and not a tongue of them all speaks any other word but my name. An I had but a belly of any indifferency, I were simply the most active fellow in Europe: my womb, my womb, my womb, undoes me. Here comes our general.

*Enter Prince John of Lancaster, Westmoreland, Blunt, and others.*

*Lan.* The heat is past; follow no further now:
Call in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland.
[*Exit Westmoreland.*
Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this while?
When every thing is ended, then you come:
These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life,
One time or other break some gallows' back.

*Fal.* I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be thus: I never knew yet but rebuke and check was the reward of valor. Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet? have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought? I have speeded hither with the very extremest inch of possibility;

25. *"womb";* belly.—C. H. H.

39. *"the very extremest inch of possibility";* the utmost possible speed.—C. H. H.

I have foundered nine score and odd posts: and here, travel-tainted as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate valor, taken Sir John Colevile of the dale, a most furious knight and valorous enemy. But what of that? he saw me, and yielded; that I may justly say, with the hook-nosed fellow of Rome, 'I came, saw, and overcame.'

*Lan.* It was more of his courtesy than your deserving.

*Fal.* I know not: here he is, and here I yield him: and I beseech your grace, let it be booked with the rest of this day's deeds; or, by the Lord, I will have it in a particular ballad else, with mine own picture on the top on 't, Colevile kissing my foot: to the which course if I be enforced, if you do not all show like gilt two-pences to me, and I in the clear sky of fame o'ershine you as much as the full moon doth the cinders of the element, which show like pins' heads to her, believe not the word of the noble: therefore let me have right, and let desert mount.

*Lan.* Thine 's too heavy to mount.

*Fal.* Let it shine, then.

*Lan.* Thine 's too thick to shine.

40. *"foundered";* disabled by over-riding.—C. H. H.

46. *"hook-nosed fellow of Rome";* Q. adds *"there cosin"* before *"I came,"* which Johnson took to be a corruption of *"there, Cæsar."* —I. G.

59. *"the cinders of the element";* the "embers of the air"; *i. e.* stars.—C. H. H.

*Fal.* Let it do something, my good lord, that may do me good, and call it what you will.
*Lan.* Is thy name Colevile?
*Cole.* It is, my lord.
*Lan.* A famous rebel art thou, Colevile?
*Fal.* And a famous true subject took him.
*Cole.* I am, my lord, but as my betters are
That led me hither: had they been ruled by me,
You should have won them dearer than you have.
*Fal.* I know not how they sold themselves: but thou, like a kind fellow, gavest thyself away gratis; and I thank thee for thee.

*Re-enter Westmoreland.*

*Lan.* Now, have you left pursuit?
*West.* Retreat is made and execution stay'd.
*Lan.* Send Colevile with his confederates
To York, to present execution:
Blunt, lead him hence; and see you guard him sure.
[*Exeunt Blunt and others with Colevile.*
And now dispatch we toward the court, my lords:
I hear the king my father is sore sick:
Our news shall go before us to his majesty,
Which, cousin, you shall bear to comfort him;
And we with sober speed will follow you.
*Fal.* My lord, I beseech you, give me leave to go

87–89. Falstaff's rare use of verse is explained here by the seriousness of the request. Delius prints it as prose.—C. H. H.

Through Gloucestershire: and, when you come to court,
Stand my good lord, pray, in your good report.

*Lan.* Fare you well, Falstaff: I, in my condition,
Shall better speak of you than you deserve.
[*Exeunt all except Falstaff.*

*Fal.* I would you had but the wit: 'twere better than your dukedom. Good faith, this same young sober-blooded boy doth not love me; nor a man cannot make him laugh; but that 's no marvel, he drinks no wine. There 's never none of these demure boys come to any proof; for thin drink doth so over-cool their blood, and making many fish-meals, that they fall into a kind of male

91. *"condition"* is often used by Shakespeare for *nature, disposition.* The prince may therefore mean, "I shall in my good nature speak better of you than you deserve."—H. N. H.

96. *"cannot make him laugh";* Falstaff's pride of wit—a pride which is most especially gratified in the fascination he has upon Prince Henry—is shrewdly manifested here, while at the same time a very important and operative principle of human character in general, and of Prince John's character in particular, is most hintingly touched. Falstaff sees that the brain of this sober-blooded boy has nothing for him to get hold of or work upon; that be he never so witty in himself he cannot be the cause of any wit in him; and he is vexed and mortified that his wit fails upon him. And the Poet meant no doubt to have it understood that Prince Henry was drawn and held to Falstaff by virtue of something that raised him immeasurably above his brother; and that the frozen regularity, which was proof against all the batteries of wit and humor, was all of a piece, vitally, with the moral hardness which would not flinch from such an abominable act of perfidy as that towards the Archbishop and his party. Well, therefore, does Johnson remark upon the passage: "He who cannot be softened into gayety, cannot easily be melted into kindness." And we may add, that none are so hopeless as they that have no bowels.—H. N. H.

green-sickness; and then, when they marry, they get wenches: they are generally fools and cowards; which some of us should be too, but for inflammation. A good sherris-sack hath a two-fold operation in it. It ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish and dull and crudy vapors which environ it; makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery and delectable shapes; which, delivered o'er to the voice, the tongue, which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherris is, the warming of the blood; which, before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice; but the sherris warms it and makes it course from the inwards to the

112. *"becomes excellent wit";* concerning this first "property of your excellent sherris," some curious matter has been quoted by Hughson in his *History of London,* from an unpublished *Diary* of Ben Jonson preserved at Dulwich College. One memorandum runs thus: "I laid the plot of my *Volpone,* and wrote most of it, after a present of ten doz. of *Palm sack,* from my very good lord T——; that play, I am positive, will last to posterity, when I and Envy are friends with Applause." Again, speaking of his *Catiline,* he thinks one of its scenes is flat, and therefore resolves to drink no more water with his wine. And he describes *The Alchemist* and *The Silent Woman* as the product of much and good wine, adding, withal, that *The Divil is an Ass* "was written when I and my boys drank bad wine." Doubtless Shakespeare and rare old Ben had discussed the virtues of sack in more senses than one in some of their wit-combats at the Mermaid; though which of them was the master, and which the pupil, in this deep science, cannot now be ascertained. Both their establishments, no doubt, were pretty good at converting wine into wit; but surely Shakespeare's must have been far the best, since all the benefit of Falstaff's full-grown and ripe experience had accrued to him.—H. N. H.

parts extreme: it illumineth the face, which as a beacon gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm; and then the vital commoners and inland petty spirits muster me all to their captain, the heart, who, great and puffed up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage; and this valor comes of sherris. So that skill in the weapon is nothing without sack, for that sets it a-work; and learning a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil, till sack commences it and sets it in act and use. Hereof comes it that Prince Harry is valiant; for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean sterile and bare land, manured, husbanded and tilled with excellent endeavor of drinking good and good store of fertile sherris, that he is become very hot and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first humane principle I would teach them should be, to forswear thin potations, and to addict themselves to sack.

*Enter Bardolph.*

128. *"hoard of gold kept by a devil";* it was anciently supposed that all the mines of gold, etc., were guarded by evil spirits.—H. N. H.

129, 130. *"commences it and sets it in act and use";* Tyrwhitt saw in these words an allusion "to the Cambridge *Commencement* and the Oxford *Act;* for by those different names the two Universities have long distinguished the season at which each gives to her respective students a complete authority to use *those hoards of learning* which have entitled them to their several degrees."—I. G.

135. *"fertile";* fertilizing.—C. H. H.

137. *"humane principle";* rule of manliness.—C. H. H.

How now, Bardolph?

*Bard.* The army is discharged all and gone.

*Fal.* Let them go. I 'll through Gloucestershire; and there will I visit Master Robert Shallow, esquire: I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I seal with him. Come away.

[*Exeunt.*

## Scene IV

*Westminster. The Jerusalem Chamber.*

*Enter the King, the Princes Thomas of Clarence and Humphrey of Gloucester, Warwick, and others.*

*King.* Now, lords, if God doth give successful end
To this debate that bleedeth at our doors,
We will our youth lead on to higher fields
And draw no swords but what are sanctified.
Our navy is address'd, our power collected,
Our substitutes in absence well invested,
And every thing lies level to our wish:
Only, we want a little personal strength;
And pause us, till these rebels, now afoot,
Come underneath the yoke of government.

*War.* Both which we doubt not but your majesty
Shall soon enjoy.

*King.* Humphrey, my son of Gloucester,
Where is the prince your brother?

*Glou.* I think he 's gone to hunt, my lord, at Windsor.

*King.* And how accompanied?
*Glou.* I do not know, my lord.
*King.* Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence, with him?
*Glou.* No, my good lord; he is in presence here.
*Clar.* What would my lord and father?
*King.* Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence.
How chance thou art not with the prince thy brother?
He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, Thomas;
Thou hast a better place in his affection
Than all thy brothers: cherish it, my boy,
And noble offices thou mayst effect
Of mediation, after I am dead,
Between his greatness and thy other brethren.
Therefore omit him not; blunt not his love,
Nor lose the good advantage of his grace
By seeming cold or careless of his will;
For he is gracious, if he be observed:
He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity:
Yet notwithstanding, being incensed, he 's flint,
As humorous as winter, and as sudden
As flaws congealed in the spring of day.
His temper, therefore, must be well observed:

35. *"as flaws congealed in the spring of day";* according to Warburton the allusion is "to the opinion of some philosophers that the vapors being congealed in the air by the cold (which is most intense in the morning), and being afterwards rarefied and let loose by the warmth of the sun, occasion those sudden and impetuous gusts of wind which are called flaws"; Malone explained *flaws* to

Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
When you perceive his blood inclined to mirth;
But, being moody, give him line and scope,
Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,
Confound themselves with working. Learn this, Thomas,
And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends,
A hoop of gold to bind thy brothers in,
That the united vessel of their blood,
Mingled with venom of suggestion
As, force perforce, the age will pour it in—
Shall never leak, though it do work as strong
As aconitum or rash gunpowder.

*Clar.* I shall observe him with all care and love.

*King.* Why art thou not at Windsor with him, Thomas?

*Clar.* He is not there to-day; he dines in London.

*King.* And how accompanied? canst thou tell that?

*Clar.* With Poins, and other his continual followers.

*King.* Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds;
And he, the noble image of my youth,
Is overspread with them: therefore my grief,
Stretches itself beyond the hour of death:

mean "small blades of ice which are stuck on the edges of the water in winter mornings."—I. G.

The more usual meaning of *flaws* is sudden gusts or starts of wind, such as are apt to spring up in the morning. But in this sense *flaws* evidently will not cohere with *congealed,* unless the latter be taken for *congealing,* the passive for the active; an usage quite common with the Poet and other writers of his time.—H. N. H.

40. *"like a whale on ground";* the image was perhaps suggested by a vivid account in Holinshed of the stranding of "a monstrous fish or whale" in Kent, in 1573–74 (ed. Stone, p. 156).—C. H. H.

The blood weeps from my heart when I do shape,
In forms imaginary, the unguided days
And rotten times that you shall look upon,
When I am sleeping with my ancestors.
For when his headstrong riot hath no curb,
When rage and hot blood are his counselors,
When means and lavish manners meet together,
O, with what wings shall his affections fly
Towards fronting peril and opposed decay!

*War.* My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite:
The prince but studies his companions
Like a strange tongue, wherein, to gain the language,
'Tis needful that the most immodest word
Be look'd upon and learn'd; which once attain'd,
Your highness knows, comes to no further use
But to be known and hated. So, like gross terms,
The prince will in the perfectness of time
Cast off his followers; and their memory
Shall as a pattern or a measure live,
By which his grace must mete the lives of others,
Turning past evils to advantages.

*King.* 'Tis seldom when the bee doth leave her comb
In the dead carrion.

64. *"lavish";* licentious.—C. H. H.

79, 80. As the bee, having once placed her comb in a carcass, stays by her honey, so he that has once taken pleasure in bad company will continue to associate with those that have the art of pleasing him.—H. N. H.

*Enter Westmoreland.*

Who 's here? Westmoreland?

*West.* Health to my sovereign, and new happiness
Added to that that I am to deliver!
Prince John your son doth kiss your grace's hand:
Mowbray, the Bishop Scroop, Hastings and all
Are brought to the correction of your law;
There is not now a rebel's sword unsheathed,
But Peace puts forth her olive every where.
The manner how this action hath been borne
Here at more leisure may your highness read,
With every course in his particular.

*King.* O Westmoreland, thou art a summer bird,
Which ever in the haunch of winter sings
The lifting up of day.

*Enter Harcourt.*

Look, here 's more news.

*Har.* From enemies heaven keep your majesty;
And, when they stand against you, may they fall
As those that I am come to tell you of!
The Earl Northumberland and the Lord Bardolph,
With a great power of English and of Scots,
Are by the sheriff of Yorkshire overthrown:
The manner and true order of the fight,
This packet, please it you, contains at large.

90. The detail contained in Prince John's letter.—H. N. H.

*King.* And wherefore should these good news make me sick?
Will Fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words still in foulest letters?
She either gives a stomach and no food;
Such are the poor, in health; or else a feast
And takes away the stomach; such are the rich,
That have abundance and enjoy it not.
I should rejoice now at this happy news;
And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy:
O me! come near me; now I am much ill.
*Glou.* Comfort, your majesty!
*Clar.* O my royal father!
*West.* My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself, look up.
*War.* Be patient, princes; you do know, these fits
Are with his highness very ordinary.
Stand from him, give him air; he 'll straight be well.
*Clar.* No, no, he cannot long hold out these pangs:
The incessant care and labor of his mind
Hath wrought the mure, that should confine it in,
So thin that life looks through and will break out.
*Glou.* The people fear me; for they do observe

119. *"mure"* for *wall* is another of Shakespeare's Latinisms. It was not in frequent use by his contemporaries.—*"Wrought it thin"* is *made it thin by gradual wearing.* Daniel, also speaking of the sickness of Henry IV, in Book iii. stan. 116 of his *Civil Wars,* 1595, has the same figure:

"Wearing the wall so thin that now the mind
Might well look thorough, and his frailty find."—H. N. H.

Unfather'd heirs and loathly births of nature:
The seasons change their manners, as the year
Had found some months asleep and leap'd them over.

*Clar.* The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb between;
And the old folk, time's doting chronicles,
Say it did so a little time before
That our great-grandsire, Edward, sick'd and died.

*War.* Speak lower, princes, for the king recovers.

*Glou.* This apoplexy will certain be his end.

*King.* I pray you, take me up, and bear me hence
Into some other chamber: softly, pray.

[*Exeunt.*

## Scene V

*Another chamber*

*The King lying on a bed: Clarence, Gloucester, Warwick, and others in attendance.*

*King.* Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends;

122. *"loathly births of nature"; i. e.* unnatural births.—I. G.

123. *"as the year";* that is, as if the year.—H. N. H.

125. *"the river hath thrice flow'd";* Holinshed says that on October 12, 1411, three floods occurred without an ebb between, in the Thames, "which thing no man living could remember the like to be seen." But no portents are recorded to have preceded Edward III's death.—C. H. H.

The old editions mark no break here. Some modern editions suppose that the king is merely placed on a bed in the inner part of the stage, and add a stage direction to that effect. It is clear, however, from *2* iv. *5.* 240 that what follows does not take place in the Jerusalem chamber, and, in consequence, that there is a change of scene.—C. H. H.

Unless some dull and favorable hand
Will whisper music to my weary spirit.
*War.* Call for the music in the other room.
*King.* Set me the crown upon my pillow here.
*Clar.* His eye is hollow, and he changes much.
*War.* Less noise, less noise!

*Enter Prince Henry.*

*Prince.* Who saw the Duke of Clarence?
*Clar.* I am here, brother, full of heaviness.
*Prince.* How now! rain within doors, and none abroad?
How doth the king?
*Glou.* Exceeding ill.
*Prince.* Heard he the good news yet?
Tell it him.
*Glou.* He alter'd much upon the hearing it.
*Prince.* If he be sick with joy, he 'll recover without physic.
*War.* Not so much noise, my lords: sweet prince, speak low;
The king your father is disposed to sleep.
*Clar.* Let us withdraw into the other room.
*War.* Will 't please your grace to go along with us?
*Prince.* No; I will sit and watch here by the king.

[*Exeunt all except the Prince.*

Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,
Being so troublesome a bedfellow?
O polish'd perturbation! golden care!
That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide
To many a watchful night! sleep with it now!

Yet not so sound and half so deeply sweet
As he whose brow with homely biggen bound
Snores out the watch of night. O majesty!
When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit
Like a rich armor worn in heat of day,
That scalds with safety. By his gates of breath
There lies a downy feather which stirs not:
Did he suspire, that light and weightless down
Perforce must move. My gracious lord! my father!
The sleep is sound indeed; this is a sleep,
That from this golden rigol hath divorced
So many English kings. Thy due from me
Is tears and heavy sorrows of the blood,
Which nature, love, and filial tenderness,
Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously:
My due from thee is this imperial crown,
Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,
Derives itself to me. Lo, here it sits,
Which God shall guard: and put the world's whole strength
Into one giant arm, it shall not force
This lineal honor from me: this from thee
Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me. [*Exit.*

*King.* Warwick! Gloucester! Clarence!

*Re-enter Warwick, Gloucester, Clarence and the rest.*

*Clar.* Doth the king call?

*War.* What would your majesty? How fares your grace?

31. *"scalds with safety";* burns while it protects.—C. H. H.

*King.* Why did you leave me here alone, my lords?
*Clar.* We left the prince my brother here, my liege,
Who undertook to sit and watch by you.
*King.* The Prince of Wales! Where is he? let me see him:
He is not here.
*War.* This door is open; he is gone this way.
*Glou.* He came not through the chamber where we stay'd.
*King.* Where is the crown? who took it from my pillow?
*War.* When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.
*King.* The prince hath ta'en it hence: go, seek him out.
Is he so hasty that he doth suppose
My sleep my death?
Find him, my Lord of Warwick; chide him hither. [*Exit Warwick.*
This part of his conjoins with my disease,
And helps to end me. See, sons, what things you are!
How quickly nature falls into revolt
When gold becomes her object!
For this the foolish over-careful fathers
Have broke their sleep with thoughts, their brains with care,
Their bones with industry;
For this they have engrossed and piled up
The canker'd heaps of strange-achieved gold;
For this they have been thoughtful to invest
Their sons with arts and martial exercises:

73. *"thoughtful";* anxious.

When, like the bee, culling from every flower
The virtuous sweets,
Our thighs pack'd with wax, our mouths with honey,
We bring it to the hive; and, like the bees,
Are murder'd for our pains. This bitter taste
Yield his engrossments to the ending father.

*Re-enter Warwick.*

Now, where is he that will not stay so long
Till his friend sickness hath determined me?

*War.* My lord, I found the prince in the next room,
Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks,
With such a deep demeanor in great sorrow,
That tyranny, which never quaff'd but blood,
Would, by beholding him, have wash'd his knife
With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.

*King.* But wherefore did he take away the crown?

*Re-enter Prince Henry.*

Lo, where he comes. Come hither to me, Harry.
Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.

[*Exeunt Warwick and the rest.*

*Prince.* I never thought to hear you speak again.

*King.* Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought:

75. *"culling from every flower the virtuous sweets";* so in the folio: the quarto has simply *"tolling* from every flower." *Tolling* gives a fine image, if the clause end with *flower;* but the addition of "the virtuous sweets" seems to require another word. So that we may safely presume the change to have been made by the Poet himself. —H. N. H.

77. *"thighs";* (two syllables). So *"hour"* in l. 109.—C. H. H.

I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.
Dost thou so hunger for mine empty chair
That thou wilt needs invest thee with my honors
Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!
Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.
Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling with so weak a wind
That it will quickly drop: my day is dim.
Thou hast stolen that which after some few hours
Were thine without offense; and at my death
Thou hast seal'd up my expectation:
Thy life did manifest thou lovedst me not,
And thou wilt have me die assured of it.
Thou hidest a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
To stab at half an hour of my life.
What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour?
Then get thee gone and dig my grave thyself,
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.
Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse
Be drops of balm to sanctify thy head:
Only compound me with forgotten dust;
Give that which gave thee life unto the worms.
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;
For now a time is come to mock at form:
Harry the fifth is crown'd: up, vanity!

94. *"by thee";* in thy opinion.—C. H. H.

Down, royal state! all you sage counselors, hence!
And to the English court assemble now,
From every region, apes of idleness!
Now, neighbor confines, purge you of your scum:
Have you a ruffian that will swear, drink, dance,
Revel the night, rob, murder, and commit
The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more;
England shall double gild his treble guilt,
England shall give him office, honor, might;
For the fifth Harry from curb'd license plucks
The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog
Shall flesh his tooth on every innocent.
O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!
When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?
O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants!

*Prince.* O, pardon me, my liege! but for my tears,
The moist impediments unto my speech,
I had forstall'd this dear and deep rebuke,
Ere you with grief had spoke and I had heard
The course of it so far. There is your crown;
And He that wears the crown immortally
Long guard it yours! If I affect it more
Than as your honor and as your renown,
Let me no more from this obedience rise,
Which my most inward true and duteous spirit

132. *"the wild dog"; i. e.* license, now unmuzzled.—C. H. H.
141. *"dear and deep";* sharp and piercing.—C. H. H.

Teacheth, this prostrate and exterior bending.
God witness with me, when I here came in,
And found no course of breath within your majesty,
How cold it struck my heart! If I do feign,
O, let me in my present wildness die,
And never live to show the incredulous world
The noble change that I have purposed!
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
And dead almost, my liege, to think you were,
I spake unto this crown as having sense,
And thus upbraided it: 'The care on thee depending
Hath fed upon the body of my father;
Therefore, thou best of gold art worst of gold:
Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,
Preserving life in medicine potable;
But thou, most fine, most honor'd, most renown'd,
Hast eat thy bearer up.' Thus, my most royal liege,
Accusing it, I put it on my head,
To try with it, as with an enemy
That had before my face murder'd my father,
The quarrel of a true inheritor.
But if it did infect my blood with joy,
Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride;
If any rebel or vain spirit of mine

163. *"preserving life in medicine potable";* it was long a prevailing opinion that a solution of gold had great medicinal virtues; and that the incorruptibility of the metal might be communicated to the body impregnated with it. *Potable gold* was one of the panacea of ancient quacks.—H. N. H.

Did with the least affection of a welcome
Give entertainment to the might of it,
Let God for ever keep it from my head,
And make me as the poorest vassal is,
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!

*King.* O my son,
God put it in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou mightst win the more thy father's love,
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it!
Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed;
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel
That ever I shall breathe. God knows, my son,
By what by-paths and indirect crook'd ways
I met this crown; and I myself know well
How troublesome it sat upon my head.
To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation;
For all the soil of the achievement goes
With me into the earth. It seem'd in me
But as an honor snatched with boisterous hand,
And I had many living to upbraid
My gain of it by their assistances;
Which daily grew to quarrel and to bloodshed,
Wounding supposed peace: all these bold fears
Thou see'st with peril I have answered;
For all my reign hath been but as a scene
Acting that argument: and now my death
Changes the mode; for what in me was purchased,
Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort;

197. *"answered";* met.—C. H. H.

So thou the garland wear'st successively.
Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I could do,
Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green;
And all my friends, which thou must make thy friends,
Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out;
By whose fell working I was first advanced
And by whose power I well might lodge a fear
To be again displaced: which to avoid,
I cut them off; and had a purpose now
To lead out many to the Holy Land,
Lest rest and lying still might make them look
Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry,
Be it thy course to busy giddy minds
With foreign quarrels; that action, hence borne out,
May waste the memory of the former days.
More would I, but my lungs are wasted so
That strength of speech is utterly denied me.
How I came by the crown, O God forgive;
And grant it may with thee in true peace live!

*Prince.* My gracious liege,

205. *"And all my friends"*; Tyrwhitt's conjecture for *"thy friends"* of the Ff. and Q. Dyce *"my foes."* Clarke explains the original reading thus:—"By the first *thy friends* the King means those who are friendly inclined to the prince, and who, he goes on to say, must be made securely friends."—I. G.

210. *"I cut them off"*; Mason proposes to read, "I cut *some* off"; which seems indeed necessary. The sense would then be, *"Some* I have cut off, and many I intended to lead to the Holy Land."—H. N. H.

You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;
Then plain and right must my possession be:
Which I with more than with a common pain
'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

*Enter Lord John of Lancaster.*

*King.* Look, look, here comes my John of Lancaster.
*Lan.* Health, peace, and happiness to my royal father!
*King.* Thou bring'st me happiness and peace, son John;
But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown
From this bare wither'd trunk: upon thy sight
My worldly business makes a period.
Where is my Lord of Warwick?
*Prince.* My Lord of Warwick!

*Re-enter Warwick, and others.*

*King.* Doth any name particular belong
Unto the lodging where I first did swoon?
*War.* 'Tis call'd Jerusalem, my noble lord.
*King.* Laud be to God! even there my life must end.
It hath been prophesied to me many years,
I should not die but in Jerusalem;
Which vainly I supposed the Holy Land:
But bear me to that chamber; there I 'll lie;
In that Jerusalem shall Harry die. [*Exeunt.*

235. *"'Tis called Jerusalem";* probably from the tapestries of the history of Jerusalem with which it was hung; now used for the meetings of Convocation.—I. G.

# ACT FIFTH

## Scene I

*Gloucestershire. Shallow's house.*

*Enter Shallow, Falstaff, Bardolph, and Page.*

*Shal.* By cock and pie, sir, you shall not away to-night. What, Davy, I say!

*Fal.* You must excuse me, Master Robert Shallow.

*Shal.* I will not excuse you; you shall not be excused; excuses shall not be admitted; there is no excuse shall serve; you shall not be excused. Why, Davy

*Enter Davy.*

*Davy.* Here, sir.

*Shal.* Davy, Davy, Davy, Davy, let me see, Davy; let me see, Davy; let me see: yea, marry, William cook, bid him come hither. Sir John, you shall not be excused.

*Davy.* Marry, sir, thus; those precepts cannot

1. *"By cock and pie";* a trivial oath, originally containing a corruption of the names God and "pica" (the Catholic service-book); but in Shakespeare's time supposed to refer to the two birds.—C. H. H.

12. *"William cook";* that is, William *the* cook; servants being then often thus distinguished by the quality of their service.—H. N. H.

be served: and, again, sir, shall we sow the headland with wheat?

*Shal.* With red wheat, Davy. But for William cook: are there no young pigeons?

*Davy.* Yes, sir. Here is now the smith's note for shoeing and plow-irons.

*Shal.* Let it be cast and paid. Sir John, you shall not be excused.

*Davy.* Now, sir, a new link to the bucket must needs be had: and, sir, do you mean to stop any of William's wages, about the sack he lost the other day at Hinckley fair?

*Shal.* A' shall answer it. Some pigeons, Davy, a couple of short-legged hens, a joint of mutton, and any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William cook.

*Davy.* Doth the man of war stay all night, sir?

*Shal.* Yea, Davy. I will use him well: a friend i' the court is better than a penny in purse. Use his men well, Davy; for they are arrant knaves, and will backbite.

*Davy.* No worse than they are backbitten, sir; for they have marvelous foul linen.

*Shal.* Well conceited, Davy: about thy business, Davy.

*Davy.* I beseech you, sir, to countenance Wil-

32, 33. *"A friend i' court is better than a penny in purse"; cp. The Romaunt of the Rose,* 5540:—

*"For frende in court aie better is*
*Than peny is in purse, certis";*

Camden gives the same proverbial expression.—I. G.

liam Visor of Woncot against Clement Perkes o' the hill.

*Shal.* There is many complaints, Davy, against that Visor: that Visor is an arrant knave, on my knowledge.

*Davy.* I grant your worship that he is a knave, sir; but yet, God forbid, sir, but a knave should have some countenance at his friend's request. An honest man, sir, is able to speak for himself when a knave is not. I have served your worship truly, sir, this eight years; and if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave against an honest man, I have but a very little credit with your worship. The knave is mine honest friend, sir; therefore, I beseech your worship, let him be countenanced.

*Shal.* Go to; I say he shall have no wrong. Look about, Davy. [*Exit Davy.*] Where are you, Sir John? Come, come, come, off with your boots. Give me your hand, Master Bardolph.

41. *"Woncot,"* a village in Gloucestershire, Woodmancote (still pron. Woncot); a family of Visor or Vizard has been associated with it since the sixteenth century, and a house on the adjoining Stinchcombe Hill (now as then locally known as "the Hill") was then occupied by the family of Perkes. (Cf. Madden, *The Diary of William Silence,* p. 86.)—C. H. H.

52. *"and if I cannot,"* etc.; this is no exaggerated picture of the course of justice in Shakespeare's time. Sir Nicholas Bacon, in a speech to parliament, 1559, says, "Is it not a monstrous disguising to have a justice a maintainer, acquitting some for gain, enditing others for malice, bearing with him as his servant, overthrowing the other as his enemy?" A member of the house of commons, in 1601, says, "A justice of peace is a living creature, that for half a dozen chickens will dispense with a dozen of penal statutes."—H. N. H.

*Bard.* I am glad to see your worship.

*Shal.* I thank thee with all my heart, kind Master Bardolph: and welcome, my tall fellow [*to the Page*]. Come, Sir John.

*Fal.* I 'll follow you, good Master Robert Shallow. [*Exit Shallow.*] Bardolph, look to our horses. [*Exeunt Bardolph and Page.*] If I were sawed into quantities, I should make four dozen of such bearded hermits' staves as Master Shallow. It is a wonderful thing to see the semblable coherence of his men's spirits and his: they, by observing of him, do bear themselves like foolish justices; he, by conversing with them, is turned into a justice-like serving-man: their spirits are so married in conjunction with the participation of society that they flock together in consent, like so many wild-geese. If I had a suit to Master Shallow, I would humor his men with the imputation of being near their master: if to his men, I would curry with Master Shallow that no man could better command his servants. It is certain that either wise bearing or ignorant carriage is caught, as men take diseases, one of another:

80–85. This is a most shrewd and searching commentary on what has just passed between Shallow and Davy in Falstaff's presence. It is impossible to hit them more aptly, to take them off more felicitously. Of course Sir John could not be the greatest of make-sports, as he is, unless he were, or at least were capable of being something more. And in fact he has as much practical sagacity and penetration as the king, there being no other person in the play, except Prince Henry, that dives so quickly and deeply into the characters of those about him.—H. N. H.

therefore let men take heed of their company. I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow to keep Prince Harry in continual laughter the wearing out of six fashions, which is four terms, or two actions, and a' shall laugh without intervallums. O, it is much that a lie with a slight oath and a jest with a sad brow will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders! O, you shall see him laugh till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up!

*Shal.* [*Within*] Sir John!

*Fal.* I come, Master Shallow; I come, Master Shallow. [*Exit.*

## Scene II

*Westminster. The palace.*

*Enter Warwick and the Lord Chief Justice, meeting.*

*War.* How now, my lord chief justice! whither away?

*Ch. Just.* How doth the king?

*War.* Exceeding well; his cares are now all ended.

*Ch. Just.* I hope, not dead.

92. *"four terms, or two actions";* these *terms* were the terms or sittings of the courts, by which the seasons were then commonly reckoned. Of course during the law *terms,* many people went up from the country into the city to transact business, and learn the *fashions,* and do sundry other things. Some one has justly remarked upon the humor of making a spendthrift thus compute time by those periods which a hard-up debtor would be apt to remember. —H. N. H.

*War.* He 's walk'd the way of nature;
And to our purposes he lives no more.
*Ch. Just.* I would his majesty had call'd me with him:
The service that I truly did his life
Hath left me open to all injuries.
*War.* Indeed I think the young king loves you not.
*Ch. Just.* I know he doth not, and do arm myself
To welcome the condition of the time,
Which cannot look more hideously upon me
Than I have drawn it in my fantasy.

*Enter Lancaster, Clarence, Gloucester, Westmoreland and others.*

*War.* Here come the heavy issue of dead Harry:
O that the living Harry had the temper
Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen!
How many nobles then should hold their places,
That must strike sail to spirits of vile sort!
*Ch. Just.* O God, I fear all will be overturn'd!
*Lan.* Good morrow, cousin Warwick, good morrow.
*Glou.* } Good morrow, cousin.
*Clar.* }
*Lan.* We meet like men that had forgot to speak.
*War.* We do remember; but our argument
Is all too heavy to admit much talk.
*Lan.* Well, peace be with him that hath made us heavy!
*Ch. Just.* Peace be with us, lest we be heavier!

14. *"heavy"*; mourning.—C. H. H.
16. *"of him, the worst"*; *i. e.* of the worst (whichever it be).—C. H. H.

*Glou.* O, good my lord, you have lost a friend indeed;
And I dare swear you borrow not that face
Of seeming sorrow, it is sure your own.
*Lan.* Though no man be assured what grace to find,
You stand in coldest expectation:
I am the sorrier: would 'twere otherwise.
*Clar.* Well, you must now speak Sir John Falstaff fair;
Which swims against your stream of quality.
*Ch. Just.* Sweet princes, what I did, I did in honor,
Led by the impartial conduct of my soul;
And never shall you see that I will beg
A ragged and forestall'd remission.
If truth and upright innocency fail me,
I 'll to the king my master that is dead,
And tell him who hath sent me after him.
*War.* Here comes the prince.

*Enter King Henry the fifth, attended.*

*Ch. Just.* Good morrow, and God save your majesty!
*King.* This new and gorgeous garment, majesty,
Sits not so easy on me as you think.

38. *"A ragged and forestall'd remission"; forestall'd* has been variously interpreted; the simplest interpretation seems to be "anticipated, asked for before being granted," not necessarily by the Chief-Justice himself, but by his friends; the explanation fits in well with the dignified utterance of the speaker. Others explain, "a pardon that is sure not to be granted, the case having been prejudged"; "a pardon which is precluded from being absolute, by the refusal of the offender to accuse or alter his conduct," etc.—I. G.

Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear:
This is the English, not the Turkish court;
Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,
But Harry Harry. Yet be sad, good brothers,
For, by my faith, it very well becomes you:
Sorrow so royally in you appears
That I will deeply put the fashion on,
And wear it in my heart: why then, be sad;
But entertain no more of it, good brothers,
Than a joint burden laid upon us all.
For me, by heaven, I bid you be assured,
I 'll be your father and your brother too;
Let me but bear your love, I 'll bear your cares:
Yet weep that Harry 's dead; and so will I;
But Harry lives, that shall convert those tears
By number into hours of happiness.

*Princes.* We hope no other from your majesty.

*King.* You all look strangely on me: and you most;
You are, I think, assured I love you not.

*Ch. Just.* I am assured, if I be measured rightly,
Your majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

*King.* No!
How might a prince of my great hopes forget
So great indignities you laid upon me?
What! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison
The immediate heir of England! Was this easy?
May this be wash'd in Lethe, and forgotten?

*Ch. Just.* I then did use the person of your father;
The image of his power lay then in me:
And, in the administration of his law,

61. *"by number"; i. e.* tear for tear.—C. H. H.

Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,
Your highness pleased to forget my place,
The majesty and power of law and justice,
The image of the king whom I presented,
And struck me in my very seat of judgment;
Whereon, as an offender to your father,
I gave bold way to my authority,
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
To have a son set your decrees at nought,
To pluck down justice from your awful bench,
To trip the course of law and blunt the sword
That guards the peace and safety of your person;
Nay, more, to spurn at your most royal image
And mock your workings in a second body.
Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours;
Be now the father and propose a son,
Hear your own dignity so much profaned,
See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,
Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd;
And then imagine me taking your part,
And in your power soft silencing your son:
After this cold considerance, sentence me;
And, as you are a king, speak in your state

80. While Sir William Gascoigne was at the bar Henry of Bolingbroke was his client, and appointed him his attorney to sue out his livery in the Court of Wards; but Richard II defeated his purpose. When Bolingbroke became Henry IV he appointed Gascoigne chief justice. In that station he acquired the character of a learned, upright, wise and intrepid judge. The story of his committing the prince is told by Sir Thomas Elyot, in his book entitled *The Governour;* but Shakespeare followed the Chronicles.—H. N. H.

What I have done that misbecame my place,
My person, or my liege's sovereignty.
*King.* You are right, justice, and you weigh this well;
Therefore still bear the balance and the sword:
And I do wish your honors may increase,
Till you do live to see a son of mine
Offend you, and obey you, as I did.
So shall I live to speak my father's words:
'Happy am I, that have a man so bold,
That dares do justice on my proper son;
And not less happy, having such a son,
That would deliver up his greatness so
Into the hands of justice.' You did commit me:
For which, I do commit into your hand
The unstained sword that you have used to bear;
With this remembrance, that you use the same
With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit
As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand.
You shall be as a father to my youth:
My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear,
And I will stoop and humble my intents
To your well-practised wise directions.

120, 121. This retaining of Gascoigne in office after the death of Henry IV has been commonly set down as a breach of history, justifiable, perhaps, dramatically, but untrue in point of fact, he having died before the king. The main authority for this seems to have been Fuller, who in his *Worthies of Yorkshire* says that Sir William Gascoigne "died December 17th, in the fourteenth of king Henry the Fourth." And he adds,—"This date of his death is fairly written in his stately monument in Harwood church." It has been found, however, that among the persons summoned to the first parliament of Henry V was "Sir William Gascoigne, Knight, Chief Justice of our Lord the King." A royal warrant

And, princes all, believe me, I beseech you;
My father is gone wild into his grave,
For in his tomb lie my affections;
And with his spirit sadly I survive,
To mock the expectation of the world,
To frustrate prophecies, and to raze out
Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down
After my seeming. The tide of blood in me
Hath proudly flow'd in vanity till now:
Now doth it turn and ebb back to the sea,
Where it shall mingle with the state of floods,
And flow henceforth in formal majesty.
Now call we our high court of parliament:
And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel,
That the great body of our state may go
In equal rank with the best govern'd nation;
That war, or peace, or both at once, may be
As things acquainted and familiar to us;
In which you, father, shall have foremost hand.

has also come to light, dated November 28, 1414, granting to "our dear and well-beloved William Gascoigne, Knt., an allowance, during the term of his natural life, of four bucks and four does every year out of our forest of Pontifract." And Mr. Tyler has put the matter beyond question by discovering his last will and testament, which was made December 15, 1419. From all which Lord Campbell, in his *Lives of the Chief Justices,* concludes it certain that he did survive Henry IV, who died March 20, 1413, and was reappointed to the King's Bench by Henry V. So that we can take the Poet's noble lesson of magnanimity without any abatement or drawback on the score of history.—H. N. H.

123. The meaning is, My *wild* dispositions having ceased on my father's death, and being now as it were buried in his tomb, he and wildness are interred in the same grave.—H. N. H.

125. *"with his spirit sadly I survive";* his serious spirit alone survives in me.—C. H. H.

128. *"rotten opinion";* false reputation.—C. H. H.

132. *"the state of floods";* the majesty of the ocean.—C. H. H.

Our coronation done, we will accite,
As I before remember'd, all our state:
And, God consigning to my good intents,
No prince nor peer shall have just cause to say,
God shorten Harry's happy life one day!
[*Exeunt.*

## Scene III

*Gloucestershire. Shallow's orchard.*

*Enter Falstaff, Shallow, Silence, Davy, Bardolph, and the Page.*

*Shal.* Nay, you shall see my orchard, where, in an arbor, we will eat a last year's pippin of my own graffing, with a dish of caraways, and so forth: come, cousin Silence: and then to bed.

*Fal.* 'Fore God, you have here a goodly dwelling and a rich.

*Shal.* Barren, barren, barren; beggars all, beggars all, Sir John: marry, good air. Spread, Davy; spread, Davy; well said, Davy.

*Fal.* This Davy serves you for good uses; he is your serving-man and your husband.

*Shal.* A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good

2, 3. *"we will eat,"* etc.; this passage has been properly explained by the following quotations from Cogan's *Haven of Health,* 1599: "For the same purpose *careway seeds* are used to be made in comfits, *and to be eaten with apples,* and surely very good for that purpose, for all such things as breed wind would be eaten with other things that breake wind."—H. N. H.

varlet, Sir John: by the mass, I have drunk too much sack at supper: a good varlet. Now sit down, now sit down: come, cousin.

*Sil.* Ah, sirrah! quoth-a, we shall
Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer,
[*Singing*
And praise God for the merry year;
When flesh is cheap and females dear,
And lusty lads roam here and there
So merrily,
And ever among so merrily.

*Fal.* There 's a merry heart! Good Master Silence, I 'll give you a health for that anon.

*Shal.* Give Master Bardolph some wine, Davy.

*Davy.* Sweet sir, sit; I 'll be with you anon; most sweet sir, sit. Master page, good master page, sit. Proface! What you want in meat, we 'll have in drink: but you must bear; the heart 's all. [*Exit.*

*Shal.* Be merry, Master Bardolph; and, my little soldier there, be merry.

*Sil.* Be merry, be merry, my wife has all;
[*Singing.*

24. *"ever among"; "Ever among,"* says Mr. Collier, "is an idiomatic expression used by Chaucer and many later writers." And he adds, —"No originals of this and other musical outbreaks of Silence have been discovered."—H. N. H.

30. *"Proface!";* as thus explained by old Heywood: *"Reader,* reade this thus: for preface, *proface, much good may it do you."* It occurs also in Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey:* "Before the second course, my lord cardinal came in among them, booted and spurred, all suddenly, and bade them *proface."*—H. N. H.

31. *"but you must bear; the heart's all";* that is, you must put up with plain fare, and take the will for the deed in regard to better.—H. N. H.

For women are shrews, both short and tall:
'Tis merry in hall when beards wag all,
And welcome merry Shrove-tide.
Be merry, be merry.

*Fal.* I did not think Master Silence had been a man of this mettle.

*Sil.* Who, I? I have been merry twice and once ere now.

*Re-enter Davy.*

*Davy.* There 's a dish of leather-coats for you. [*To Bardolph.*

*Shal.* Davy!

*Davy.* Your worship! I 'll be with you straight [*to Bardolph*]. A cup of wine, sir?

*Sil.* A cup of wine that 's brisk and fine, [*Singing.*
And drink unto the leman mine;
And a merry heart lives long-a.

*Fal.* Well said, Master Silence.

*Sil.* An we shall be merry, now comes in the sweet o' the night.

*Fal.* Health and long life to you, Master Silence.

*Sil.* Fill the cup, and let it come; [*Singing.*
I 'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.

*Shal.* Honest Bardolph, welcome: if thou wantest any thing, and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart. Welcome, my little tiny thief [*to the Page*], and welcome indeed too. I 'll

58. *"pledge you a mile to the bottom";* to the bottom if it were a mile.—C. H. H.

drink to Master Bardolph, and to all the cavaleros about London.

*Davy.* I hope to see London once ere I die.

*Bard.* An I might see you there, Davy—

*Shal.* By the mass, you 'll crack a quart together, ha! will you not, Master Bardolph?

*Bard.* Yea, sir, in a pottle-pot.

*Shal.* By God's liggens, I thank thee: the knave will stick by thee, I can assure thee that. A' will not out; he is true bred.

*Bard.* And I 'll stick by him, sir.

*Shal.* Why, there spoke a king. Lack nothing: be merry. [*Knocking within.*] Look who 's at door there, ho! who knocks?

[*Exit Davy.*

*Fal.* Why, now you have done me right.

[*To Silence, seeing him take off a bumper.*

*Sil.* Do me right, [*Singing.*
And dub me knight:
Samingo.

Is 't not so?

77. *"Do me right";* "to do a man right" was formerly, according to Steevens, the usual expression in pledging healths.—I. G.

*"And dub me knight";* it was a custom in Shakespeare's day to drink a bumper kneeling to the health of one's mistress. He who performed this exploit was *dubbed a knight* for the evening, *cp. A Yorkshire Tragedy,* "They call it knighting in London when they drink upon their knees" (Malone).—I. G.

A fragment of a drinking-song. As more fully quoted in Nashe's *Summer's Last Will and Testament,* it ran:—

Monsieur Mingo
For quaffing doth surpass
In cup, in can, or glass;
God Bacchus, do me right,
And dub me knight,
Domingo.

—C. H. H.

*Fal.* 'Tis so.
*Sil.* Is 't so? Why then, say an old man can do somewhat.

*Re-enter Davy.*

*Davy.* An 't please your worship, there 's one Pistol come from the court with news.
*Fal.* From the court! let him come in.

*Enter Pistol.*

How now, Pistol!
*Pist.* Sir John, God save you!
*Fal.* What wind blew you hither, Pistol? 90
*Pist.* Not the ill wind which blows no man to good. Sweet knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in this realm.
*Sil.* By 'r lady, I think a' be, but goodman Puff of Barson.
*Pist.* Puff!
Puff in thy teeth, most recreant coward base!
Sir John, I am thy Pistol and thy friend,
And helter-skelter have I rode to thee,
And tidings do I bring and lucky joys 100
And golden times and happy news of price.
*Fal.* I pray thee now, deliver them like a man of this world.
*Pist.* A foutre for the world and worldlings base!
I speak of Africa and golden joys.
*Fal.* O base Assyrian knight, what is thy news?
Let King Cophetua know the truth thereof.
*Sil.* And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John.
[*Singing.*

*Pist.* Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons?
And shall good news be baffled? 110
Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap.
*Shal.* Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.
*Pist.* Why then, lament therefore.
*Shal.* Give me pardon, sir: if, sir, you come with news from the court, I take it there 's but two ways, either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am, sir, under the king, in some authority.
*Pist.* Under which king, Besonian? speak, or 120 die.
*Shal.* Under King Harry.
*Pist.* Harry the fourth? or fifth?
*Shal.* Harry the fourth.
*Pist.* A foutre for thine office!
Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king;
Harry the fifth 's the man. I speak the truth:
When Pistol lies, do this; and fig me, like
The bragging Spaniard.
*Fal.* What, is the old king dead?
*Pist.* As nail in door: the things I speak are just.

126. *"fig me";* an expression of contempt or insult by putting the thumb between the fore and middle finger, and forming a coarse representation of a disease to which the name of *ficus* has always been given. Pistol seems to accompany the phrase with an appropriate gesture. In explaining the *higas dar* of the Spaniards, Minshew says, after describing it, "a manner as they use in England *to bore the nose with the finger, as in disgrace.*"—H. N. H.

129. *"Dead? As nail in door";* an ancient proverbial expression; the door-nail was probably the nail on which the knocker struck. "It is therefore used as a comparison to anyone irrevocably dead, one who has fallen (as Virgil says) *multa morte,* that is, with abundant death, such as iteration of strokes on the head would naturally produce."—I. G.

*Fal.* Away, Bardolph! saddle my horse. Master Robert Shallow, choose what office thou wilt in the land, 'tis thine. Pistol, I will double-charge thee with dignities.

*Bard.* O joyful day!
I would not take a knighthood for my fortune.

*Pist.* What! I do bring good news.

*Fal.* Carry Master Silence to bed. Master Shallow, my Lord Shallow,—be what thou wilt; I am fortune's steward—get on thy boots: we 'll ride all night. O sweet Pistol! Away, Bardolph! [*Exeunt Bard.*] Come, Pistol, utter more to me; and withal devise something to do thyself good. Boot, boot, Master Shallow! I know the young king is sick for me. Let us take any man's horses; the laws of England are at my commandment. Blessed are they that have been my friends; and woe to my lord chief justice!

*Pist.* Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also!
'Where is the life that late I led?' say they:
Why, here it is; welcome these pleasant days!
[*Exeunt.*

143. *"boot";* boots on!—C. H. H.

150. *"Where is the life that late I led";* a scrap of an old song; *cp. Taming of the Shrew,* IV. i.—I. G.

## Scene IV

*London. A street.*

*Enter Beadles, dragging in Hostess Quickly and Doll Tearsheet.*

*Host.* No, thou arrant knave; I would to God that I might die, that I might have thee hanged: thou hast drawn my shoulder out of joint.

*First Bead.* The constables have delivered her over to me; and she shall have whipping-cheer enough, I warrant her: there hath been a man or two lately killed about her.

*Dol.* Nut-hook, nut-hook, you lie. Come on; I 'll tell thee what, thou damned tripe-visaged rascal, an the child I now go with do miscarry, thou wert better thou hadst struck thy mother, thou paper-faced villain.

*Host.* O the Lord, that Sir John were come! he would make this a bloody day to somebody. But I pray God the fruit of her womb miscarry!

*First Bead.* If it do, you shall have a dozen of

*"Enter Beadles";* in the quarto we have "Enter *Sincklo,* and three or four officers." And the name *Sincklo* is prefixed to the Beadle's speeches. Sincklo is also introduced in *The Taming of the Shrew:* he was an actor in the same company with Shakespeare.—H. N. H.

18. *"you shall have a dozen of cushions";* evidently insinuating that the *child* of which Mistress Doll is so careful is but one of Mrs. Quickly's dozen *cushions.* So in *Greene's He Conycatcher:* "To wear a *cushion* under her own kirtle, and to faine herself with child."—H: N. H.

cushions again; you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you both with me; for the man is dead that you and Pistol beat amongst you.

*Dol.* I 'll tell you what, you thin man in a censer, I will have you as soundly swinged for this—you blue-bottle rogue, you filthy famished correctioner, if you be not swinged, I 'll forswear half-kirtles.

*First Bead.* Come, come, you she knight-errant, come.

*Host.* O God, that right should thus overcome might! Well, of sufferance comes ease.

*Dol.* Come, you rogue, come; bring me to a justice.

*Host.* Aye, come, you starved blood-hound.

*Dol.* Goodman death, goodman bones!

*Host.* Thou atomy, thou!

*Dol.* Come, you thin thing; come, you rascal.

*First Bead.* Very well. [*Exeunt.*

## Scene V

*A public place near Westminster Abbey.*

*Enter two grooms, strewing rushes.*

*First Groom.* More rushes, more rushes.

*Sec. Groom.* The trumpets have sounded twice.

23. *"thin man in a censer";* Doll humorously compares the beadle's spare figure to the embossed figures in the middle of the pierced convex lid of a censer made of thin metal. The sluttery of rush-strewed chambers rendered censers or fire pans in which coarse perfumes were burned most necessary utensils.—H. N. H.

*First Groom.* 'Twill be two o'clock ere they come from the coronation: dispatch, dispatch. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter Falstaff, Shallow, Pistol, Bardolph, and Page.*

*Fal.* Stand here by me, Master Robert Shallow; I will make the king do you grace: I will leer upon him as a' comes by; and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.

*Pist.* God bless thy lungs, good knight.

*Fal.* Come here, Pistol; stand behind me. O, if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have bestowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you. But 'tis no matter; this poor show doth better: this doth infer the zeal I had to see him.

*Shal.* It doth so.

*Fal.* It shows my earnestness of affection,—

*Shal.* It doth so.

*Fal.* My devotion,—

*Shal.* It doth, it doth, it doth.

*Fal.* As it were, to ride day and night; and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me,—

*Shal.* It is best, certain.

*Fal.* But to stand stained with travel, and sweating with desire to see him; thinking of

13. *"to have made new liveries"; i. e.* to have them made.—C. H. H.

18, 20, 22. *"it doth so"*; Q. assigns these three speeches to Pistol, Ff. the first to Shallow, the others to Pistol. Hanmer was undoubtedly right in giving them all to Shallow.—C. H. H.

nothing else, putting all affairs else in oblivion, as if there were nothing else to be done but to see him.

*Pist.* 'Tis 'semper idem,' for 'obsque hoc nihil est:' 'tis all in every part.

*Shal.* 'Tis so, indeed.

*Pist.* My knight, I will inflame thy noble liver,
And make thee rage.
Thy Doll, and Helen of thy noble thoughts,
Is in base durance and contagious prison;
Haled thither
By most mechanical and dirty hand:
Rouse up revenge from ebon den with fell Alecto's snake,
For Doll is in. Pistol speaks nought but truth.

*Fal.* I will deliver her.

[*Shouts within, and the trumpets sound.*

*Pist.* There roar'd the sea, and trumpet-clangor sounds.

*Enter the King and his train, the Lord Chief Justice among them.*

*Fal.* God save thy grace, King Hal! my royal Hal!

32. *"obsque hoc nihil est"; "'tis all in every part";* the second and later Ff. correct *obsque* to *absque,* but the error may have been intentional on the author's part. Pistol uses a Latin expression "ever the same, for without this there is nothing," and then goes on to allude to an English proverbial expression, "All in all, and all in every part," which he seems to give as its free rendering.—I. G.

41. *"rouse up Revenge,"* etc. Probably an allusion to the *Spanish Tragedy,* Act iv. end, where the Ghost's cry, "Awake Revenge" (or Alecto) is four times reiterated.—C. H. H.

*Pist.* The heavens thee guard and keep, most royal imp of fame!
*Fal.* God save thee, my sweet boy!
*King.* My lord chief justice, speak to that vain man.
*Ch. Just.* Have you your wits? know you what 'tis you speak?
*Fal.* My king! my Jove! I speak to thee, my heart!
*King.* I know thee not, old man: fall to thy prayers;
How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!
I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,
So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so profane;
But, being awaked, I do despise my dream.
Make less thy body hence, and more thy grace;
Leave gormandizing; know the grave doth gape
For thee thrice wider than for other men.
Reply not to me with a fool-born jest:

54–79. Hall, Holinshed, and Stowe give much the same account of this matter. In Holinshed it runs thus: "Whereas aforetime he had made himselfe a companion unto misrulie mates of dissolute order and life, he now banished them all from his presence, (but not unrewarded, or else unpreferred,) inhibiting them upon a great paine, not once to approach, lodge, or sojourne within ten miles of his court; calling to mind how once, to hie offence of the king his father, he had with his fists striken the cheefe justice for sending one of his minions (upon desert) to prison, when the justice stoutlie commanded himselfe also into streict to ward, and he (then prince) obeied."—The king's treatment of his old make-sport, when he has no longer any use or time for his delectations, has been censured by several critics. In reference to which censure Johnson rightly observes,—"If it be considered that the fat knight has never uttered one sentiment of generosity, and, with all his powers of exciting mirth, he has nothing in him that can be esteemed, no great pain will be suffered from the reflection that he is compelled to live honestly, and maintained by the king, with a promise of advancement when he shall deserve it."—H. N. H.

King. "I know thee not, old man: fall to thy prayers;"

King Henry IV., P. 2. Act 5, Scene 5.

Presume not that I am the thing I was;
For God doth know, so shall the world perceive,
That I have turn'd away my former self;
So will I those that kept me company.
When thou dost hear I am as I have been,
Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou wast,
The tutor and the feeder of my riots:
Till then, I banish thee, on pain of death,
As I have done the rest of my misleaders,
Not to come near our person by ten mile.
For competence of life I will allow you,
That lack of means enforce you not to evil:
And, as we hear you do reform yourselves,
We will, according to your strengths and qualities,
Give you advancement. Be it your charge, my lord,
To see perform'd the tenor of our word.
Set on. [*Exeunt King, etc.*

*Fal.* Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.

*Shal.* Yea, marry, Sir John; which I beseech you to let me have home with me.

*Fal.* That can hardly be, Master Shallow. Do not you grieve at this; I shall be sent for in private to him: look you, he must seem thus to the world: fear not your advancements; I will be the man yet that shall make you great.

*Shal.* I cannot well perceive how, unless you should give me your doublet, and stuff me out with straw. I beseech you, good Sir

John, let me have five hundred of my thousand.

*Fal.* Sir, I will be as good as my word: this that you heard was but a color.

*Shal.* A color that I fear you will die in, Sir John.

*Fal.* Fear no colors: go with me to dinner: come, Lieutenant Pistol; come, Bardolph: I shall be sent for soon at night.

*Re-enter Prince John, and the Lord Chief Justice; Officers with them.*

*Ch. Just.* Go, carry Sir John Falstaff to the Fleet:
Take all his company along with him.

*Fal.* My lord, my lord,—

*Ch. Just.* I cannot now speak: I will hear you soon.
Take them away.

*Pist.* Si fortuna me tormenta, spero contenta.

[*Exeunt all but Prince John and the Chief-Justice.*

*Lan.* I like this fair proceeding of the king's:
He hath intent his wonted followers

101. *"soon at night";* this very night.—C. H. H.

107. *"si fortuna,"* etc., so in Q. Pistol had quoted his motto before (2 ii. 4. 201) in an equally incorrect but indifferent form according to the old texts; he is not intended to be either correct or consistent. His use of it in his present situation may be suggested by the tale of Hannibal Gonzaga (as pointed out by Farmer), "who vaunted on yielding himself a prisoner, as you may read in an old collection of tales called *Wits Fits and Fancies*:—

Si Fortuna me tormenta
Il Speranza me contenta."—C. H. H.

Shall all be very well provided for;
But all are banish'd till their conversations
Appear more wise and modest to the world.
*Ch. Just.* And so they are.
*Lan.* The king hath call'd his parliament, my lord.
*Ch. Just.* He hath.
*Lan.* I will lay odds that, ere this year expire,
We bear our civil swords and native fire
As far as France: I heard a bird so sing,
Whose music, to my thinking, pleased the king.
Come, will you hence? [*Exeunt.*

113. *"I heard a bird so sing";* a proverbial expression still extant. —I. G.

# EPILOGUE

*Spoken by a Dancer.*

First my fear; then my courtesy; last my speech. My fear is, your displeasure; my courtesy, my duty; and my speech, to beg your pardons. If you look for a good speech now, you undo me: for what I have to say is of mine own making; and what indeed I should say will, I doubt, prove mine

Epilogue. Shakespeare's authorship of this epilogue has been doubted, and it has been described as "a manifest and poor imitation of the epilogue to *As You Like It.*" It is noteworthy that it occurs already in the Q. (1600), though with one important difference; the words *"and so kneel down . . . queen"* (ll. 36, 37) are printed there at the end of the first paragraph, after *"infinitely."* It seems probable, therefore, that the epilogue originally ended there, and that the remaining lines were added somewhat later. One is strongly tempted to infer that the additions to the epilogue were called forth by the success of the first and second parts of the play of *Sir John Oldcastle,* written evidently to vindicate the character of Falstaff's original, and put on the stage as a counter-attraction to *Henry IV,* hence the words, added in a spirit of playful defiance, *"for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man"* (l. 33). The first part of *Sir John Oldcastle* was performed for the first time about November 1, 1599, the second part, dealing with the Lollard's death, was evidently written by the end of the year. *The First Part of the true and honourable history of the Life of Sir John Oldcastle, the good Lord Cobham,* appeared in two editions in 1600; Shakespeare's name had been impudently printed on the title-page of the former and less correct edition; the authors were Munday, Drayton, Wilson, and Chettle. The "Second Part" is not known to exist.—I. G.

own marring. But to the purpose, and so to the venture. Be it known to you, as it is very well, I was lately here in the end of a displeasing play, to pray your patience for it and to promise you a better. I meant indeed to pay you with this; which, if like an ill venture it come unluckily home, I break, and you, my gentle creditors, lose. Here I promised you I would be, and here I commit my body to your mercies: bate me some, and I will pay you some, and, as most debtors do, promise you infinitely.

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will you command me to use my legs? and yet that were but light payment, to dance out of your debt. But a good conscience will make any possible satisfaction, and so would I. All the gentlewomen here have forgiven me: if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not agree with the gentlewomen, which was never seen before in such an assembly.

One word more, I beseech you. If you be not too much cloyed with fat meat, our

31, 32. *"our humble author will continue the story, with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katharine in France";* Shakespeare changed his mind. "The public was not to be indulged in laughter for laughter's sake at the expense of his play. The tone of the entire play of *Henry V* would have been altered if Falstaff had been allowed to appear in it. . . . Agincourt is not the field for splendid mendacity. . . . There is no place for Falstaff any longer on earth; he must find refuge 'in Arthur's bosom.'" But the public would not absolve "our humble author of his promise, and they were to make merry again with their favorite

*round about the oak*
*Of Herne the hunter.'"*—I. G.

humble author will continue the story, with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katharine of France: where, for any thing I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already a' be killed with your hard opinions; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man. My tongue is weary: when my legs are too, I will bid you good night: and so kneel down before you; but, indeed, to pray for the queen.

41. *"pray for the queen";* most of the ancient interludes conclude with a prayer for the king or queen. Hence, perhaps, the *Vivant Rex et Regina,* at the bottom of our modern play bills.—H. N. H.

# GLOSSARY

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## By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

A', he; (Qq., *"a"*; Ff., *"hee"* or *"he"*); I. ii. 52.

Abated, *"reduced to lower temper,* or as the workmen call it, *let down* (Johnson); I. i. 117.

Abide, undergo, meet the fortunes of; II. iii. 36.

Able, active; I. i. 43.

Abroach; "set a.," cause, ? set flowing; IV. ii. 14.

Accite, summon; V. ii. 141.

Accites, incites (Ff. 3, 4, *"ex- . . cites"*); II. ii. 69.

Accommodated, supplied (satirized as an affected word); (Q., *"accommodate"*); III. ii. 75.

Achitophel, Ahithopel, the counselor of Absalom, cursed by David (F. 2, *"Architophel"*); I. ii. 43.

Aconitum, aconite; IV. iv. 48.

Address'd, prepared; IV. iv. 5.

Advised, well aware; I. i. 172.

Affect, love; IV. v. 145.

Affections, inclinations; IV. iv. 65.

After, according to; V. ii. 129.

Against, before, in anticipation of; IV. ii. 81.

Agate, a figure cut in an agate stone and worn in a ring or as a seal; a symbol of smallness (Johnson's emendation of Ff., *"agot"*); I. ii. 20.

Aggravate, Mrs. Q.'s blunder for *moderate;* II. iv. 181.

All, quite; IV. i. 156.

Allow, approve; IV. ii. 54.

Amurath, the name of the Turkish Sultans; Amurath III died in 1596, leaving a son Amurath, who, on coming to the throne, invited his brothers to a feast, where he had them all strangled, in order to prevent any inconvenient disputes concerning the succession. This is probably the circumstance which is here referred to (the allusion helps to fix the date of the play); V. ii. 48.

An, if (Q., *"and"*; Ff., *"if"*); I. ii. 63.

Anatomize, lay open, show distinctly (F. 4, *"anatomize"*; Q., *"anothomize"*; Ff. 1, 2, 3, *"Anathomize"*); Induct. 21.

Ancient, ensign; II. iv. 76.

Angel, with play upon angel, the gold coin, of the value of ten shillings; I. ii. 195.

Anon, anon, Sir, the customary reply of the Drawers; II. iv. 316.

Antiquity, old age; I. ii. 219.

Appertinent, belonging; I. ii. 203.

Apple-johns, a particular kind

of apple, which shriveled by keeping; II. iv. 2.

APPREHENSIVE, imaginative; IV. iii. 109.

APPROVE, prove; I. ii. 225.

AFTER, more ready; I. i. 69.

ARGUMENT, subject; V. ii. 23.

ARMED, with spurs (Q., *"armed"* Ff., *"able"*; Pope, *"agile"*); I. i. 44.

ASSEMBLANCE, aggregate, *tout ensemble* (Pope, *"semblance"*; Capell, *"assemblage"*); III. ii 285.

ASSURANCE, surety; I. ii. 38.

AT A WORD, in a word, briefly; III. ii. 331.

ATOMY, Mrs. Q.'s blunder for *"anatomy,"* skeleton (Ff., *"Anatomy"*); V. iv. 36.

ATONEMENT, reconciliation; IV. i. 221.

ATTACH, arrest; IV. ii. 109.

ATTACHED, seized; II. ii. 3.

ATTEND, await, waits for; I. i. 3.

AWAY WITH; "could a. w. me," *i. e.* could endure me; III. ii. 220.

AWFUL, inspiring awe; V. ii. 86.

AWFUL BANKS, bounds of respect, reverence (Warburton, *"lawful"*); IV. i. 176.

BACK-SWORD MAN, fencer at single-sticks; III. ii. 72.

BALM, consecrated oil used for anointing kings; IV. v. 115.

BAND, bond (Ff., *"bond"*); I. ii. 39.

BARBARY HEN, a hen whose feathers are naturally ruffled; II. iv. 111.

BARSON, corruption of Barston, in Warwickshire; V. iii. 95.

BARTHOLOMEW BOAR-PIG, roast pig was one of the attractions of Bartholomew Fair; II. iv. 256.

BASINGSTOKE, in Hampshire, about fifty miles from London (Q., *"Billingsgate"*); II. i. 191.

BASKET HILT, the hilt of a sword with a covering of narrow plates of steel in the shape of a basket, and serving as a protection to the hand; II. iv. 145.

BASTARDLY, ? dastardly; II. i. 58.

BATE, contention; II. iv. 280.

BATE, remit; Epil. 17.

BATTLE, army; IV. i. 154.

BATTLE, battalion; III. ii. 174.

BAWL OUT, bawl out from (Q., *"bal out"*; Capell *"bawl out from"*); II. ii. 29.

BAYING, driving to bay (a term of the chase); I. iii. 80.

BEAR-HERD, leader of a tame bear (F. 4, *"bear-herd"*; Q., *"Berod"*; Ff. 1, 2, *"Beare-heard"*; F. 3, *"Bear-heard"*); I. ii. 200.

BEAR IN HAND, flatter with false hopes, keep in expectation; I. ii. 44.

BEAVERS, movable fronts of helmets; IV. i. 120.

BEEFS, oxen, (?) cattle (Ff., *"beeues"*); III. ii. 368.

BEFORE, go before me; IV. i. 228.

BEING YOU ARE, since you are (Gould conjectured *"seeing"*); II. i. 208.

BELIKE, I suppose; II. ii. 12.

BESEEK, beseech; II. iv. 181.

BESONIAN, base fellow, beggar; V. iii. 120.

BESTOW, behave; II. ii. 194.

BESTOWED, spent; V. v. 14.

BIG, pregnant; Induct. 13.

BIGGEN, "nightcap"; properly, a

coarse headband or cap worn by the Béguines, an order of Flemish nuns; IV. v. 27.

BLEED, be bled; IV. i. 57.

BLOODY, headstrong, intemperate; IV. i. 34.

BLUBBERED, blubbering, weeping; II. iv. 437.

BLUE-BOTTLE ROGUE; alluding to the blue uniforms of the beadles; V. iv. 25.

BLUNT, dull-witted; Induct. 18.

BONA-ROBAS, handsome wenches; III. ii. 26.

BORNE WITH, laden with; II. iv. 407.

BOUNCE, bang; III. ii. 314.

BRAVE, defy; II. iv. 238.

BRAWN, mass of flesh; I. i. 19.

BREAK, am bankrupt; Epil. 14.

BREATHE, let take breath, rest; I. i. 38.

BRUITED, noised, rumored abroad; I. i. 114.

BUCKLE, bow, bend (Bailey conjectured *"knuckle"*); I. i. 141.

BUNG, sharper; II. iv. 142.

BURST, broke, cracked; III. ii. 362.

BUSSES, kisses; II. iv. 300.

BUT, except; V. iii. 94.

BY, on, consequent upon; IV. v. 87.

BY COCK AND PIE, a slight oath commonly used; *cock,* a corruption of *God*; *pie* (= Latin *pica*) was the old name of the Ordinate; V. i. 1.

BY GOD'S LIGGENS, an oath, probably of the same force as "bodikins" (omitted in Ff.); V. iii. 70.

BY THE ROOD, by the holy cross, an asseveration; III. ii. 3.

BY YEA AND NAY, without doubt, III. ii. 10.

CALIVER, a very light musket; III. ii. 299.

CALM, qualm; II. iv. 40.

CAME, became; II. iii. 57.

CANARIES, canary wine (F. 4, *"Canary"*); II. iv. 29.

CANDLE-MINE, magazine of tallow; II. iv. 326.

CANKER'D, polluted; IV. v. 72.

CANKERS, canker-worms; II. ii. 102.

CANNIBALS, Hannibals; II. iv. 186.

CAPABLE, susceptible; I. i. 172.

CARAT, quality (Ff. 1, 2, 3, *"Charract"*; F. 4. *"Carract"*; Q., *"Karrat"*); IV. v. 162.

CARAWAYS, a kind of confection made with cumin seeds, "caraway seeds"; V. iii. 3.

CARE, mind; I. ii. 148.

CAST, calculated; I. i. 166.

CAVALEROS, cavaliers (Q., *"cabileros"*; Ff., *"Cauileroes"*); V. iii. 63.

CENSER; *"thin man in a censer"*; censers were used for burning perfumes in dwelling-houses; they were made of thin metal, and often had rudely hammered or embossed figures in the middle of the pierced convex lid; V. iv. 23.

CHANCE; "how c.," how comes it; IV. iv. 20.

CHANNEL, gutter (Pope, *"kennel"*); II. i. 55.

CHAPT, worn, wrinkled (Q., Ff., *"chopt"*); III. ii. 304.

CHARGE; "in c.," *i. e.* "ready for the charge"; IV. i. 120.

CHARGE, pledge; II. iv. 135.

CHEATER; "a tame ch.," a low gamester; a cant term (Q., *"cheter"*; some eds. *"chetah,"* a leopard); II. iv. 109.

CHEATER, escheator, an officer of the exchequer; II. iv. 114.
CHECK, reproof; IV. iii. 35.
CHECKED, reproved; I. ii. 232.
CHURLISH, rude, rough; I. iii. 62.
CIVIL, well-ordered; IV. i. 42.
CLAPPED I' THE CLOUT, hit the white mark in the target without effort; III. ii. 52.
CLOSE, make peace; II. iv. 366.
COHERENCE, agreement, accord; V. i. 73.
COLD, calm; V. ii. 98.
COLDEST, most hopeless; V. ii. 31.
COLOR, pretense; V. v. 96.
COLORS; "fear no colors," fear no enemy, fear nothing; V. v. 99.
COLOR, excuse; I. ii. 292.
COMMANDMENT, command; V. iii. 146.
COMMIT, commit to prison; V. ii. 83.
COMMODITY, profit; I. ii. 294.
COMMOTION, insurrection; IV. i. 36.
COMPANION, fellow, used contemptuously; II. iv. 136.
COMPLICES, accomplices, allies; I. i. 163.
CONDITION, "official capacity"; IV. iii. 91.
CONFIRMITIES, Mrs. Q.'s blunder for *infirmities*; II. iv. 64.
CONFOUND, exhaust; IV. iv. 41.
CONGER, sea-eel (Q., *"Cunger"*); II. iv. 58.
CONSENT, agreement; V. i. 79.
CONSENT, agree, decide (Collier MS. *"Consult"*); I. iii. 52.
CONSIDERANCE, consideration; V. ii. 98.
CONSIGNING TO, confirming; V. ii. 143.
CONSIST UPON, claim, stand upon (Rowe, *"insist"*); IV. i. 187.
CONTAGIOUS, pernicious; V. v. 38.
CONTINUANTLY, Mrs. Quickly's blunder for *continually* (Qq., *"continually"*); II. i. 29.
CONVERSATIONS, habits; V. v. 111.
COPHETUA; alluding to the ballad of *King Cophetua and the Beggar* to be found in Percy's *Reliques* (Q., *"Couetua"*; Ff., *"Couitha"*); V. iii. 107.
CORPORATE, Bullcalf's blunder for *corporal*; III. ii. 242.
CORPSE, corpses (Ff. 1, 2, *"Corpes"*; Ff. 3, 4, *"Corps"*; Dyce, *"corpse'"*); I. i. 192.
CORRECTIONER, one who inflicts punishment; V. iv. 26.
COST; "part-created cost," partly erected costly building; (Vaughan conjectured *"part-erected, castle"*; Herr conjectured *"part-erected, cast"*; Keightley, *"house"*); I. iii. 60.
COSTERMONGER, commercial, petty dealing; (Q., *"costar-mongers times"*; Ff. 1, 2, *"Costor-mongers"*; Ff. 3, 4, *"costermongers days"*); I. ii. 199.
COTSWOLD MAN, a man from the Cotswold Downs, celebrated for athletic games and rural sports of all kinds, hence an athlete (Qq., *"Cotsole man"*; Ff., *"Cot-sal-man"*; Capell, *"Cotsall man"*); III. ii. 23.
COURTESY, curtsy (F. 1, *"Curtsie"*; Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"Curtesie"*; Q., *"cursie"*); Epil. 1.
COVER, lay the table; II. iv. 11.
CRACK, "a pert little boy"; III. ii. 34.
CRAFTY-SICK, feigning sickness; Induct. 37.

Crosses, coins stamped with a cross (used quibblingly); I. ii. 267.

Crudy, crude, raw; IV. iii. 108.

Current, genuine, with pun upon *sterling*; II. i. 139.

Curry with, curry favor with; V. i. 83.

Cuttle, knife used by cut-purses, hence, cutpurse; II. iv. 144

Day, day of battle, battle; I. i. 20.

Dear, earnest; IV. v. 141.

Debate, contest; IV. iv. 2.

Defensible, furnishing the means of defense (F. 4, *"sensible"*); II. iii. 38.

Depart, leave; IV. v. 91.

Derives itself, descends; IV. v. 43.

Descension, descent, decline (Ff., *"declension"*); II. ii. 199.

Determined, put an end to, settled; IV. v. 82.

"Devil's book," "alluding to the old belief that the Devil had a register of the persons who were subject to him"; II. ii. 53.

Directly, in a direct manner, plainly; IV. ii. 52.

Discharge, disband, dismiss; IV. ii. 61.

Discolors; "d. the complexion of my greatness"=makes me blush; II. ii. 5.

Discomfort, uneasiness (Capell conjectured *"discomfit"*); I. ii. 123.

Discoverers, scouts (Ff. 3, 4, *"discoveries"*); IV. i. 3.

Distempfr'd, disordered, out of health; III. i. 41.

Distracted, made mad; II. i. 122.

Dole, dealing, interchange; I. i. 169.

Doubt, fear, suspect; Epil. 7.

Draw, draw together, muster; I. iii. 109; withdraw; II. i. 171.

Drew, drew aside; I. i. 72.

Drollery, (probably) a humorous painting; II. i. 164.

Drooping, declining; Induct. 3.

Dub me knight, referring to the custom of the time, that he who drank a large potation on his knees to the health of his mistress, was said to be dubbed a knight, and retained the title for the evening; V. iii. 79.

Duer, more duly (Q., *"dewer"*; Pope, *"more duly"*); III. ii. 342.

Dull, soothing, drowsy; IV. v. 2.

Easy, easy to be borne; V. ii. 71.

Ebon, black, dark; V. v. 41.

Effect, suitable manner; II. i. 150.

Element, sky; IV. iii. 59.

Endear'd, bound (Q., *"endeere"*); II. iii. 11.

Ending, dying; IV. v. 80.

Enforcement, application of force; I. i. 120.

Engaged, bound, tied; I. i. 180.

Engrafted to, firmly attached to; II. ii. 72.

Engrossed, piled up, amassed; IV. v. 71.

Engrossments, accumulations; IV. v. 80.

Enlarge, extend, widen; I. i. 204.

Ephesians, jolly companions (a cant term of the day); II. ii. 172.

Equal with, cope with; I. iii. 67.

Ever among, "perhaps a corrup-

tion of *ever and anon;* V. iii. 24.

EXCLAMATION, outcry against you; II. i. 92.

EXION, Mrs. Q.'s blunder for *action* (Ff. 3, 4, *"action"*). II. i. 33.

EXTRAORDINARILY, Mrs. Q.'s blunder for *ordinarily*; II. iv. 26.

FACE-ROYAL, used equivocally for (i) a royal face, and (ii) the figure stamped upon "a royal," a coin of the value of ten shillings; I. ii. 27.

FAITORS, evil-doers (Q., *"faters"*; Ff., *"Fates"*) II. iv. 178.

FAMILIARITY, Mrs. Q.'s blunder for *familiar* (Ff., *"familiar"*); II. i. 113.

FANCIES AND GOOD-NIGHTS, the common title of little poems; III. ii. 356.

FANTASY, imagination; V. ii. 13.

FEAR, frighten; IV. iv. 121.

FEAR, a fearful thing; I. i. 95.

FEARFUL, full of fear; Induct. 12.

FEARS, causes of fear; IV. v. 196.

FENNELL, an inflammatory herb; II. iv. 275.

FETCH OFF, make a prey of, fleece; III. ii 335.

FEW; "in f.," in a few words, in short; I. i. 112.

FIG, insult by putting the thumb between the fore and middle finger; V. iii. 126.

FILLIP, strike; I. ii. 270.

FLAP-DRAGON, snap-dragon; II. v. 267.

FLEET, the prison for debtors; V. v. 102.

FLESH'D, "made fierce and eager for combat, as a dog fed with flesh only" (Capell conjectured *"flush'd"*); I. i. 149.

FOIN, make a thrust in fencing; II. i. 18.

FOLLOW'D, followed up the advantage gained; I. i. 21.

FOND, foolish; I. iii. 91.

FONDLY, foolishly; IV. ii. 119.

FOOLISH-COMPOUNDED, composed of absurdity; I. ii. 8.

FOR, in spite of; I. i. 93.

FORCE PERFORCE, an emphatic form of *perforce*; (Theobald's emendation of Ff., *"forc'd, perforce"*); IV. i. 116.

FOREHAND SHAFT; "an arrow particularly formed for shooting straight forward, concerning which Ascham says it should be big breasted" (Nares); (Collier MS., *"fourehand"*); III. ii. 54.

FORGETIVE, inventive; IV. iii. 110.

FORSPENT, utterly worn out (*for* intensive); I. i. 37.

FORTUNE; "in the f.," by the good fortune; I. i. 15.

FOURTEEN AND A HALF, *i. e.* two hundred and ninety yards; the maximum distance reached by the archers of the time being three hundred yards; III. ii. 54.

FOUTRE, an expression of contempt; (Q., *"fowtre"*; Ff., *"footra"*); V. iii. 104.

FRANK, sty; II. ii. 169.

FRIGHT, affright, terrify; I. i. 67.

FUBBED OFF, deluded with false promises; II. i. 38.

FUSTIAN, nonsensical; II. iv. 209.

FUSTILARIAN, a word of Falstaff's coinage (? connected with *"fusty,"* or perhaps from *"fustis,"* with reference to the cudgel of the bailiff; II. i. 69.

GAINSAID, contradicted; I. i. 91.

GALLED, injured, annoyed; IV. i. 89.

GALLOWAY NAGS, a small and inferior breed of horses; common hackneys; II. iv. 210.

'GAN, began; I. i. 129.

GARLAND, crown; V. ii. 84.

GAULTREE, the ancient forest of Galtres to the north of the City of York (Ff., *"Gualtree"*); IV. i. 2.

GAVE OUT, described; IV. i. 23.

GERMAN HUNTING; "hunting subjects were much in favor for the decoration of interiors, and the chase of the wild boar in Germany would naturally form a spirited scene" (Clarke); (Q., *"Iarman"*; Ff. 1, 2, 3, *"Germane"*); II. i. 165.

GIBBETS ON, hangs on; alluding to the manner of carrying beer-barrels, by hanging them on a sling; III. ii. 291.

GIDDY, excitable, hot-brained; IV. v. 214.

GIRD, jeer, gibe; I. ii. 7.

GOD'S LIGHT, by God's light; an oath; (Ff., *"what"*); II. iv. 146.

GOOD CASE, good circumstances; II. i. 121.

GOOD FAITH, indeed (Ff., *"good-sooth"*); II. iv. 40.

GRAFFING, grafting; V. iii. 3.

GRATE ON, vex, be offensive; IV. i. 90.

GREEN, fresh; IV. v. 204.

GRIEF, (1) pain; (2) sorrow; I. i. 144.

GROAT, a coin of the value of four-pence; I. ii. 278.

GROWS TO, incorporates with; I. ii. 105.

GUARDED WITH RAGS, trimmed, ornamented with rags (Pope, *"goaded"*; Singer, *"rags"*; Q., Ff., *"rage"*); IV. i. 34.

HALED, dragged (Q., *halde"*; Ff. 1, 2, 3, *"Hall'd"*; F. 4, *"Hal'd"*; Pope, *"Hauld"*); V. v. 39.

HALF-KIRTLES, jackets, or the petticoats attached to them; V. iv. 27.

HALLOING, shouting (Q., Ff. 1, 2, *"hallowing"*; Ff. 3, 4, *"hollowing"*); I. ii. 224.

HANDS; "of my h.," of my size; II. ii. 78.

HANGS, suspends; IV. i. 213.

HAPLY, mayhap, perhaps; I. i. 32.

HARRY TEN SHILLINGS; "four H. t. s. in French crowns"; there were no ten-shilling pieces till the reign of Henry VII; French crowns were worth somewhat less than five shillings each; III. ii. 243.

HAUNCH, hinder (*i. e.* latter) part; IV. iv. 92.

HAUTBOY, a wind-instrument (Q., *"hoboy"*; Ff., *"Hoe-boy"*); III. ii. 366.

HAVE AT HIM, I am ready; I. ii. 229.

HEAD; "make head," raise an army; I. i. 168.

HEADLAND, a strip of unplowed land at the end of the furrows; V. i. 16.

HEART, will, intention; V. iii. 31.

HEAT, pursuit; IV. iii. 27.

HENCE, henceforth; V. v. 59.

HILDING, base, menial (Ff., *"hielding"*); I. i. 57.

HINCKLEY, a market town in Leicestershire (Q., *"Hunkly"*); V. i. 26.

HIS, its (F. 4, *"its"*); I. ii. 137.

HISTORY, relate; IV. i. 203.
HOLD, fastness, fortress (Theobald's correction of Q. and Ff., *"Hole"*); Induct. 35.
HOLD SORTANCE, be in accordance; IV. i. 11.
HOLLAND, a kind of linen; with a quibble upon *Holland*; II. ii. 28.
HONEY-SEED, Mrs. Q.'s blunder for *homicide*; II. i. 61.
HONEY-SUCKLE, Mrs. Q.'s blunder for *homicidal;* II. i. 59.
HOOK ON, don't lose sight of her; keep close to her; II. i. 184.
HOW, what price; III. ii. 43.
HUMANE, human (omitted in Ff.); IV. iii. 137.
HUMOROUS, capricious; IV. iv. 34.
HUMORS OF BLOOD, caprices of disposition; II. iii. 30.
HUNT COUNTER, are on the wrong scent; I. ii. 108.
HURLY, hurly-burly, tumult; III. i. 25.
HUSBAND, husbandman (Ff. 3, 4, *"husbandman"*); V. iii. 13.

IMBRUE, draw blood; II. iv. 216.
IMMEDIATE, next in line; IV. v. 42.
IMP, youngling; V. v. 48.
IN, with; I. iii. 7.
INCERTAIN, uncertain (Ff. 1, 2, *"incertain"*; Ff. 3, 4, *"uncertain"*); I. iii. 24.
INCISION, draw blood; II. iv. 216.
INDIFFERENCY, moderate dimensions; IV. iii. 23.
INDITED, Mrs. Q.'s blunder for *invited;* (Ff. 3, 4, *"invited"*); II. i. 30.
INFER, suggest; V. v. 16.
INFINITIVE, Mrs. Quickly's blunder for *infinite*; II. i. 26.
INSET, set (Ff., *"set"*); I. ii. 20.
INSINEWED, allied; IV. i. 172.
INSTANCE, proof; III. i. 103.
INTELLIGENCER, mediator; IV. ii. 20.
INTENDED, understood; IV. i. 166.
INTERVALLUMS, intervals; V. i. 93.
INTREASURED, stored; III. i. 85.
INVESTED, invested with authority; IV. iv. 6.
INVESTMENTS, vestments; IV. i. 45.
IRON MAN, armed man, clad in armor (Q., *man talking"*); IV. ii. 8.
IT = its; (Q., Ff. 1, 2, *"it"*; Ff. 3, 4, *"its"*); I. ii. 137.
IT IS, he is; used contemptuously; II. iv. 79.

JADE, a term of pity for a maltreated horse; I. i. 45.
JOINED-STOOLS, a kind of folding chairs; II. iv. 277.
JUGGLER, trickster, cheat; II. iv. 145.
JUVENAL, youth; I. ii. 23.

KEECH, "the fat of an ox or cow, rolled up by the butcher in a round lump; hence a name given to a butcher's wife"; II. i. 106.
KICKSHAWS, trifles; V. i. 29.
KINDLY, natural; IV. v. 84.
KIRTLE, a jacket with a petticoat attached to it; II. iv. 306.

LARUM-BELL, alarm bell; III. i. 17.
LAW, justice; V. ii. 87.
LAY, stayed, resided; III. ii. 309.
LEATHER-COATS, a kind of apple, brown-russets; V. iii. 44.
LEER, simper, smile; V. v. 7.
LEMAN, sweetheart, lover; V. iii. 50.

LETHE, the river in the infernal regions whose waters caused forgetfulness (Q., *"lethy"*); V. ii. 72.

LIE, lodge; IV. ii. 97.

LIEF, willingly (Q., *"liue"*); I. ii. 50.

LIGHTEN, enlighten; II. i. 217.

LIKE, (?) look (Ff., *"look"*); III. ii. 96.

LIKE, likely; I. iii. 81.

LIKING, likening (Ff., *"lik'ning him"*); II. i. 102.

LINED, strengthened; I. iii. 27.

LISTEN AFTER, enquire for; I. i. 29.

LIVERS, formerly considered the seat of the passions; I. ii. 207.

LOATHLY, loathsome; IV. iv. 122.

LOOK BEYOND, misjudge; IV. iv. 67.

LOOKED, anticipated, expected; I. ii. 52.

LUBBER'S-HEAD, Libbard's-head, *i. e.* Leopard's-head, the sign of a house (Ff., *"Lubbars"*); II. i. 31.

LUMBERT STREET, Lombard Street; in early times frequented by the Lombardy merchants (Ff., *"Lombard"*); II. i. 31.

LUSTY, lively, merry; III. ii. 17.

MALMSEY-NOSE, red-nosed; II. i. 45.

MALT-WORMS, ale-topers; II. iv. 375.

MANAGE, handle; III. ii. 302.

MANDRAKE, "the plant *Aropa Mandragora,* the root of which was thought to resemble the human figure, and to cause madness and even death, when torn from the ground"; I. ii. 17.

MAN-QUELLER, manslayer, murderer; II. i. 62.

MANY, multitude (Douce conjectured *"meyny"*); I. iii. 91.

MARE, nightmare; II. i. 87.

MARKS; a mark is of the value of thirteen shillings and fourpence; I. ii. 228.

MARRY, a corruption of *Mary;* a mild form of oath (Q., *"Mary"*; Ff., *"Why"*); II. ii. 46.

MARTLEMAS, Martinmas, the Feast of St. Martin, which marked the close of autumn; used figuratively = an old man; II. ii. 118.

MATTER; "no such m.," it is nothing of the kind; Induct. 15.

MECHANICAL, vulgar, occupied in low drudgery; V. v. 40.

MEDICINE POTABLE, alluding to the *aurum potabile* of the alchemists; IV. v. 163.

MELTING, softening, pitying (Q., *"meeting"*); IV. iv. 32.

MESS, "common term for a small portion of any thing belonging to the kitchen"; II. i. 108.

MET, obtained; IV. v. 186.

METAL, ardor, high courage (used in both senses, *"metal"* and *"mettle"*); (F. 4, *"metal"*; Q., *"mettal"*; Ff. 1, 2, 3, *"Mettle"*); I. i. 116.

METE, judge of; IV. iv. 77.

MILE-END GREEN, the usual ground for military drill, and also for public sports; III. ii. 308.

MISDOUBTS, apprehensions; IV. i. 206.

MISCARRIED, perished; IV. i. 129.

MISORDER'D, disordered; IV. ii. 33.

MISTOOK, mistaken, misunderstood; IV. ii. 56.

MODE, form of things (Q. and Ff., *"mood"*); IV. v. 200.

MODEL, plans; I. iii. 42.

MORE AND LESS, high and low; I. i. 209.

MUCH! an exclamation of ironical admiration; II. iv. 147.

MUCH ILL, very ill; IV. iv. 111.

MUSE, wonder, am surprised; IV. i. 167.

NEAF, fist; II. iv. 206.

NEAR, in the confidence; V. i. 82.

NEIGHBOR CONFINES, neighboring boundaries; IV. v. 124.

NEW-DATED, recently dated; IV. i. 8.

NICE, over-delicate, dainty; I. i. 145; trivial, petty; IV. i. 191.

"NINE WORTHIES"; these were commonly enumerated as follows:—Hector, Alexander, and Julius Cæsar; Joshua, David, and Judas Maccabeus; Arthur, Charlemagne, and Godfrey of Bouillon; II. iv. 245.

NOBLES, a gold coin worth six shillings and eightpence; II. i. 175.

NOISE, company of musicians; II. iv. 12.

NO OTHER, nothing else (Q., *"otherwise"*); V. ii. 62.

NUT-HOOK, contemptuous term for a catchpole; V. iv. 9.

OBEDIENCE, obeisance; IV. v. 147.

OBSERVANCE, obeisance, homage; IV. iii. 16.

OBSERVED, deferred to; IV. iv. 30.

O'ER-POSTING, getting clear of; I. ii. 179.

OFFER, menace; IV. i. 219.

OFFICES, domestic offices, apartments (especially servants' quarters); I. iii. 47.

OMIT, neglect; IV. iv. 27.

ON, of; I. iii. 102.

ONE, *i. e.* mark, score; pronounced *"own"* (Theobald conjectured *"Lone"=loan;* Collier MS., *"score"*); II. i. 36.

OPPOSITE, adversary, opponent; I. iii. 55.

ORCHARD, garden; V. iii. 1.

OSTENTATION, outward show; II. ii. 58.

OUCHES, ornaments; II. iv. 53.

OUSEL, blackbird; (Q., *"woosel"*; Ff., *"Ouzel"*); III. ii. 9.

OUT; "will not out," will not fail you; a sportsman's expression; V. iii. 72.

OUTBREATHED, out of breath, exhausted; I. i. 108.

OVERLIVE, outlive; IV. i. 15.

OVER-RODE, caught him up, outrode; I. i. 30.

OVERSCUTCHED, (?) over-scotched, or, overwhipped; (Q., *"ouerschucht"*; Grant White, *"over-switched"; "over-switched housewife"*=(according to Ray) a strumpet); III. ii. 354.

OVERWEEN, think arrogantly; IV. i. 149.

PANTLER, the servant who had charge of the pantry; II. iv. 265.

PARCELS, small parts, particulars; IV. ii. 36.

PARCEL-GILT, part-gilt, generally only the embossed portions; II. i. 98.

PART, depart; IV. ii. 70.

PART, "characteristic action"; IV. v. 64.

PARTICULAR; "his particular," its details; IV. iv. 90.

PASSING, surprisingly, exceedingly; IV. ii. 85.

"PAULS"; "The body of old St. Paul's Church in London was a constant place of resort for

business and amusement. Advertisements were fixed up there, bargains made, servants hired, and politics discussed" (Nares); I. ii. 62.

PAWN'D, pledged; IV. ii. 112.

PEASANT, rural, provincial (Collier MS., *"pleasant"*); Induct. 33.

PEASCOD-TIME, the time when peas are in pod; II. iv. 429.

PERSISTENCY, persistency in evil; II. ii. 54.

PERUSE, survey, examine; IV. ii. 94.

PICKING, petty; IV. i. 198.

"PIE-CORNER," near Giltspur Street; the Great Fire ended at this corner; II. i. 29.

PLEASE IT, if it please; I. i. 5.

POINT, a signal given by the blast of a trumpet (Collier MS., *"report"*; Singer, *"a bruit"*); IV. i. 52.

POINT, a tagged lace, used to tie parts of the dress; I. i. 53.

POINTS, mark of commission; perhaps the same as the shoulder-knots worn by soldiers and livery servants; II. iv. 147.

PORTS, portals; IV. v. 24.

POSTS, post-horses; IV. iii. 40.

POTTLE-POT, a tankard holding two quarts; II. ii. 90.

POWER, armed force; I. iii. 29.

PRECEPTS, summonses; V. i. 14.

PRECISELY, exactly; IV. i. 205.

PREGNANCY, ready wit; I. ii. 201.

PRESENT, immediate; IV. iii. 81.

PRESENTED, represented; V. ii. 79.

PRICK, mark, put him on the list; III. ii. 130.

PRICKED DOWN, marked; II. iv. 372.

PROFACE; "an Anglicized form of the Italian *prò vi faccia;* "much good may it do you"; V. iii. 30.

PROJECT, expectation; I. iii. 29.

PROOF; "come to any proof," show themselves worth anything when it comes to the test; IV. iii. 99.

PROPER, handsome; II. ii. 77.

PROPER, appropriate; I. iii. 32.

PROPER, own; V. ii. 109.

PROPOSAL, suppose; V. ii. 92.

PULSIDGE, Mrs. Q.'s blunder for *pulse;* II. iv. 26.

PUNISH BY THE HEELS, the technical term for committing to prison; I. ii. 147

PURCHASED, "used probably in its legal sense, *acquired by a man's own act,* as opposed to an acquisition by descent" (Malone); IV. v. 200.

PUSH, thrust; II. ii. 44.

QUANTITIES, small pieces; V. i. 70.

QUEAN, contemptible wench, hussy; II. i. 54.

QUEASINESS, sickly feeling, nausea; I. i. 196.

QUESTION; "in q.," under judicial trial; I. ii. 72.

QUIT, safe, free; III. ii. 263.

QUITTANCE, requital, return of blows; I. i. 108.

QUIVER, nimble; III. ii. 311.

QUOIF, cap or hood; "sickly q.," cap which is the badge of sickness; I. i. 147.

QUOIT, throw, pitch (Q., *"Quaite"*); II. iv. 212.

RAGGED'ST, roughest (Theobald conjectured, *"rugged'st"*); I. i. 151.

RALPH (Q., *"Rafe"*; Ff. 1, 2, *"Raphe"*); III. ii. 115.

RAMPALLIAN, an abusive epithet (*cp. "rapscallion"*); II. i. 68.

Rapier, a small sword used in thrusting; II. iv. 221.
Rascals; originally lean deer not fit to hunt or kill; II. iv. 45.
Rash, quickly ignited; IV. iv. 48.
Rated, chided; III. i. 68.
Recordation to, memory of; II. iii. 61.
Red lattice, an ale-house window, commonly red; II. ii. 92.
Red wheat, late wheat, spring wheat; V. i. 17.
Remember'd, mentioned; V. ii. 142.
Remembrance, memory; II. iii. 59; admonition; V. ii. 115.
Render'd, reported, told; I. i. 27.
Resolved correction, the chastisement determined upon; IV. i. 213.
Respect, regard, consideration; I. i. 184.
Rheumatic, probably a blunder for *splenetic;* II. iv. 62.
Rides the wild-mare, plays at see-saw; II. iv. 276.
Rigol, circlet; IV. v. 36.
Ripe, mature; IV. i. 13.
Rising, insurrection; I. i. 204.
Roundly, without much ceremony; III. ii. 20.
Routs, gangs; IV. i. 33.
Rowel-head, the axis on which the wheel-shaped points of a spur turns; I. i. 46.
Royal faiths, faith to the king (Hanmer conjectured, *"loyal"*); IV. i. 193.

Sack; generic term for Spanish wines; I. ii. 222.
Sad, sober, serious; V. i. 95.
Sadly, soberly; V. ii. 125.
Samingo, probably a blunder for *San Domingo,* the patron saint of topers; a common burden of drinking-songs; V. iii. 80.
Saving your manhoods, saving your reverence; II. i. 29.
Scab, a term of contempt and disgust; III. ii. 306.
Scattered stray, stragglers; IV. ii. 120.
Seal'd up, fully confirmed; IV. v. 104.
Sect, sex; II. iv. 41.
Semblable, similar; V. i. 73.
Set off, (?)= cast out, ignored, or = rendered account for (Clarke); (perhaps the phrase is intentionally vague); IV. i. 145.
Set on, begin to march; I. iii. 109.
Seven stars, the Pleiades; II. iv. 207.
Shadows; "s. to fill up the musterbook," *i. e.* "we have in the musterbook many names for which we receive pay, though we have not the men" (Johnson); III. ii. 154.
Shall, will; I. ii. 26.
Sherris-sack, sherry; a Spanish wine, so called from the town of Xeres; IV. iii. 105.
Shot, marksman; III. ii. 305.
Shove-groat; "s. shilling," alluding to a game which consisted in pushing pieces of money on a board to reach certain marks; II. iv. 212.
Shrewd, mischievous; II. iv. 234.
Shrove-tide, a time of special merriment, as the close of the carnival season; V. iii. 38.
Sights, eye-holes; IV. i. 121.
Sign of the leg, the sign over a boot-maker's shop; II. iv. 279.
Silkman, silk mercer; II. i. 32.
Single, simple, silly (used quibblingly); I. ii. 217.

Slops, loose breeches; I. ii. 36.
Smack, taste, savor; I. ii. 116.
Smooth-pates, sleek-headed; "a synonym for the later and more historical name *roundheads*" (Q., *"smoothy-pates"*); I. ii. 45.
Sneap, snubbing, rebuke; II. i. 141.
So, so be it; III. ii. 260.
Soft; "s. silencing," gently reproving; V. ii. 97.
Something a, a somewhat (Collier MS., *"something of"*); I. ii. 223.
Soon; "soon at night," this very night; V. v. 101.
Sort, manner; IV. v. 201.
South, south wind; II. iv. 406.
Spirits, monosyllabic (as often); I. i. 198.
Spoke on, spoken of (Ff., *"spoken of"*); II. ii. 74.
Stand; "s. my good lord," be my kind master, patron; IV. iii. 89.
Stand upon, insist upon; I. ii. 44.
State, regal character; V. ii. 99.
State of floods; "the majestic dignity of the ocean" (Malone); (Hanmer, *"floods of state"*); V. ii. 132.
Stick, hesitate; I. ii. 27.
Stiff-borne, obstinately pursued; I. i. 177.
Still, continually; Induct. 4.
Still-discordant, ever-discordant; Induct. 19.
Still-stand, standstill; II. iii. 64.
Stomach, appetite; IV. iv. 105.
Stops, the holes in a wind instrument by the opening or closing of which by the fingers the sounds are produced; Induct. 17.
Strained, excessive; I. i. 161.
Strange-achieved, (?) strangely acquired (by wrong means); according to some, "gained in foreign lands"; (Schmidt, "gained and not yet enjoyed"); IV. v. 72.
Stratagem, "anything amazing and appalling"; I. i. 8.
Strengths, armies, forces; I. iii. 76.
Strond, strand; I. i. 62.
Studied, inclined; II. ii. 10.
Success, succession, continuation; IV. ii. 47.
Successively, by right of succession; IV. v. 202.
Sufferance, suffering; V. iv. 31.
Suggestion, temptation; IV. iv. 45.
Supplies, additional forces, reserves; IV. ii. 45.
Surecard; "surecard was used as a term for a *boon-companion* as lately as the latter end of the last century" (Malone); (Qq., *"Soccard"*); III. ii. 100.
Suspire, breathe; IV. v. 33.
Swaggerers, bullies, blusterers; II. iv. 85.
Sway on, move on (Collier *"Let's away"*); IV. i. 24.
Swinge-bucklers, roisterers; III. ii. 24.
Swinged, whipped; V. iv. 24.

Tables, table-books, memorandum books; II. iv. 298.
Ta'en up, taken up, levied (Q., *"tane"*; Ff., *"taken"*); IV. ii. 26.
Take the heat, get the start of him; II. iv. 335.
Take such order, give such orders; III. ii. 206.
Take up, encounter; I. iii. 73.
Taking up, obtaining on trust; I. ii. 48.
Tall, used ironically; V. i. 65.

TALL, sturdy; III. ii. 69.
TAP FOR TAP, tit for tat; II. i. 215.
TEMPERING, becoming soft like wax; IV. iii. 145.
TEMPERALITY, Mrs. Q.'s blunder for *temper;* II. iv. 25.
TENDS, contributes (Ff., *"tends"*; Q., *"intends"*); I. ii. 10.
TESTER, sixpence; III. ii. 306.
TEWKSBURY MUSTARD, mustard made in Tewksbury; II. iv. 269.
THAT THAT, that which; IV. iv. 82.
THAT, so that; I. i. 197.
THEME, business; I. iii. 22.
THEWES, muscles and sinews; III. ii. 285.
THICK, fast; II. iii. 24.
THIN MAN IN A CENSER, evidently meaning that the officer wore some kind of cap which is here likened to a censer; V. iv. 23.
THREE-MAN BEETLE, "a heavy rammer with three handles used in driving piles, requiring three men to wield it"; I. ii. 270.
TILLY-FALLY, an exclamation of contempt; II. iv. 92.
TIRRITS, Mrs. Q.'s blunder for (?) *terrors;* II. iv. 225.
TO, compared to; IV. iii. 57.
TO, for; III. ii. 186.
TOLLING, ringing for (Q., *"tolling"*; Ff., *"knolling"*); I. i. 103.
TOWARD, in preparation; II. iv. 220.
TOYS, trifles; II. iv. 189.
TRADE, activity, intercourse with; I. i. 174.
TRAVERSE, march; III. ii. 301.
TRIMM'D, trimmed up, furnished with (Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"trimm'd up"*; Vaughan, *"Cramm'd"*); I. iii. 94.
TRIP, defeat; V. ii. 87.
TURK; "the Turk," the Grand Turk—the Sultan; III. ii. 343.
TURNBULL STREET, a corruption of Turnmill Street, near Clerkenwell; the resort of bullies, rogues, etc. (Ff., *"Turnball"*); III. ii. 341.
TWELVE SCORE, twelve score yards; III. ii. 52.

UNEASY, uncomfortable; III. i. 10.
UNFIRM, weak; I. iii. 73.
UNSEASON'D, unseasonable; III. i. 105.
UP-SWARM'D, raised in swarms; IV. ii. 30.
UTIS; "old utis," great fun (utis, *cp. huit;* originally applied to the eighth day of a festival); II. iv. 21.

VAIL HIS STOMACH, lower his haughty pride; I. i. 129.
VALUATION; "our v.," the estimation of us; IV. i. 189
VARLET, knave, rascal; V. iii. 14.
VAWARD, vanguard (Theobald conjectured *"rearguard"* or *"waneward"*; I. ii. 209.
VENT, small hole made for passage; Induct. 2.
VENTURE, let us venture; I. i. 185.
VESSEL; "the united v. of their blood," the vessel of their united blood; IV. iv. 44.
VICE, grip, grasp, (Q., *"view"*); II. i. 24.
VICE'S DAGGER, the wooden dagger carried by the *Vice* of the old Morality plays; III. ii. 357.

WANTON, luxurious, effeminate; I. i. 148.
WARDER, staff of command; IV. i. 125.
WASSAIL CANDLE, a large candle lighted up at a feast; I. ii. 187.

WATCH-CASE, sentry-box; III. i. 17.

WATER-WORK, water colors; II. i. 166.

WELL CONCEITED, clevered, retorted; V. i. 38.

WELL ENCOUNTER'D, well met; IV. ii. 1.

WHAT, an exclamation of impatience; V. i. 2.

WHAT, who; I. i. 2.

WHAT THE GOOD-YEAR, supposed to be a corruption from *goujère, i. e.* the French disease; a mild oath; II. iv. 64.

WHEESON, Whitsun; (Ff., *"Whitson"*); II. i. 100.

WHIPPING-CHEER, whipping fare; V. iv. 6.

WHO, which; V. ii. 128.

WINKING, closing his eyes; I. iii. 33.

WITH, by; I. i. 204.

WITHAL, with; IV. ii. 95.

WITHIN A KEN, in sight; IV. i. 151.

"WITNESS'D USURPATION"="witnesses, or traces, of its usurpation"; I. i. 63.

WOE-BEGONE, overwhelmed with grief; (Bentley conjectured *"Ucalegon"*); I. i. 71.

WOMAN-QUELLER, woman-killer; II. i. 62.

WONCOT, Wilnecote, a village near Stratford (Collier MS., *"Wilnecot"*); V. i. 41.

WO'T, wouldst; "Thou wo't, wo't thou? thou wo't, wo't ta?" (Q., *"thou wot, wot thou, thou wot, wot ta"; Ff., "Thou wilt not? thou wilt not?"*); II. i. 66, 67.

WROUGHT THE MURE, worn away the wall; IV. iv. 119.

YEA-FORSOOTH KNAVE; "one saying *yea* and *forsoo*th; alluding to the mild quality of citizen oaths"; I. ii. 43.

YEOMAN, a kind of under-bailiff, sheriff's officer; II. i. 4.

YET, still; I. i. 82.

ZEAL; "z. of God," *i. e.* "devotion to God's cause" (Capell conjectured *"seal"*); IV. ii. 27.

# STUDY QUESTIONS

II

By Emma D. Sanford

### GENERAL

1. When was Part Two first published? Was this first edition a Quarto or a Folio?

2. Does the variety of Part Two make up for the solidity of Part One? Give reasons for opinion.

3. Characterize Part Two in comparison with Part One. Which part is significant of military conflict and which of political warfare?

4. Whom do you consider to be the hero of this play—King Henry or Prince Henry? Why?

### ACT I

5. What author gave Shakespeare the idea for the personified character of Rumor? What is the dramatic value of such an introduction?

6. How does Northumberland discern, from Morton's behavior, that his son is dead? What effect does the news have upon his illness?

7. By what appeal does the Archbishop of York arouse the rebels to fight?

8. How do Falstaff's words (scene ii), "I am . . . . . the cause that wit is in other men," reveal his dramatic value to the play?

9. What is the significance of "Paul's" and "Smithfield" (scene ii)?

10. Is Falstaff's impudence (scene ii) to the Lord Chief Justice merely a cloak to cover up his guilt, or a vehicle for his wit?

11. What metaphor does Bardolph employ to determine whether or not the rebels have sufficient strength to engage in battle?

12. How does the Archbishop convey the fact of the fickleness of the rebels?

ACT II

13. Judging from Mrs. Quickly's behavior, was she fond of Falstaff or not? How does he make use of his military office upon her charge against him?

14. Why does Prince Henry refrain from tears and seek gay company during his father's illness? Wherein does Falstaff's levity become of service to the Prince, at this time?

15. What is the gist of Falstaff's letter to the Prince?

16. How does the scene (iii) with his wife and daughter help to reveal Northumberland's sense of honor?

17. Relate an incident to show that Prince Henry insulted Falstaff (scene iv).

18. What is Shakespeare's motive in introducing the characters, Doll and Poins?

19. What influence does the extravagant vulgarity of scene iv have upon Prince Henry and his friendship with Falstaff?

20. What announcement occurs to break up the revel at the tavern?

ACT III

21. What is the King's mood at the opening of Act III? Does his soliloquy express regret for his past life?

22. What expedition is the King very desirous of taking and why?

23. Characterize and compare Shallow and Silence.

24. Does Shakespeare invent the selection of soldiers by Falstaff as one more opportunity for the latter to display his entertaining wit?

25. Comment on Falstaff's young life as deduced from his reunion with Shallow.

26. How does Falstaff intend to make use of his meeting with Shallow?

ACT IV

27. Where does Act IV open?

28. What words spoken by the Archbishop convey his opinion of Northumberland's inability to lend aid?

29. What news is received immediately after the message from Northumberland?

30. What is Westmoreland's manner when presenting the overture from the King to the rebels?

31. Explain the Archbishop's words, "the summary of all our griefs . . . . .Which long ere this we offer'd to the king, And might by no suit gain our audience"?

32. What is the individual reception of Northumberland by Mowbray and the Archbishop?

33. What is the meaning of "his foes are so enrooted with his friends" (scene i)? How do they help to foretell the result of the peace conference?

34. How does Prince John's greeting to the rebels (scene ii) resemble that of Westmoreland in the previous scene?

35. Does Prince John intend to deceive the Archbishop by flattery?

36. What is the result of the peace conference?

37. How does Prince John justify his arrest of the rebels after his friendly overtures?

38. To whom does Falstaff refer when he says "the hook-nosed fellow of Rome" (scene iii)?

39. What is meant (in this scene) by celebrating anything in a "ballad"?

40. What is Falstaff's defence of much wine-drinking?

41. Where does scene iv open? What two sons of the King are here first given prominence?

42. What characteristics of Prince Henry are brought to his brother Thomas's attention by their father?

43. What excuse does Warwick give the King for Henry's association with low companions?

44. How does the King receive the news of the victory?

45. What act of Prince Henry's (scene v) arouses his father's suspicion of his filial respect and loyalty?

46. How does Prince Henry absolve himself of his father's accusation?

47. What farewell advice does the King give to Prince Henry?

48. Where does the King die? What is the significance, if any?

ACT V

49. Compare Shallow's words, "I will use him [Falstaff] well," with Falstaff's last words in Act III, scene ii.

50. What is the general opinion of the Court as to the future of the kingdom under Henry V?

51. What is the ancient grudge here (scene ii) revived by the Lord Chief Justice, and where has there been previous mention of it in this play?

52. In scene iii what forms of merriment does Silence indulge in?

53. What news does Pistol bring to Falstaff?

54. What is the dramatic value of scene iv?

55. What treatment does Falstaff receive at the hands of Henry V? Is the King's virtue genuine or assumed?

56. What delusion does Falstaff cherish after the King's dismissal of him?

57. What lines in the Epilogue prepare the reader for Shakespeare's play, *Henry V?*

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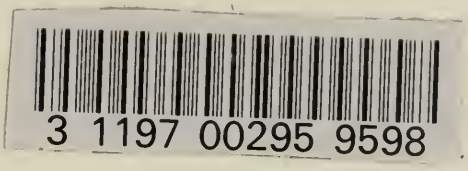
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